

THE ROYAL SHAKSPERE



W. T. Fry.

From the Monumental Bust at Stratford-upon-Avon.

THE
ROYAL SHAKSPEARE

The Poet's Works in Chronological Order

FROM THE TEXT OF PROFESSOR DELIUS

WITH

“THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN” AND “EDWARD III.”

AND

AN INTRODUCTION BY F. J. FURNIVALL

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.
 PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *Suitors to Portia.*
 PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
 ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*
 BASSANIO, *his Friend*
 GRATIANO, }
 SOLANIO, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
 SALARINO, }
 LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*
 SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
 TUBAL, *a Jew, his Friend.*
 LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown.*

OLD GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot.*
 LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*
 BALTHAZAR, }
 STEPHANO, } *Servants to Portia.*

PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*
 NERISSA, *her Waiting-maid.*
 JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE—Partly at VENICE, and partly at BELMONT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
 It wearies me : you say, it wearies you ;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn ;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
 That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
 There, where your argosies with portly sail,
 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood.
 Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
 That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture
 forth,
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass to know where sits the
 wind,

Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and
 roads ;
 And every object that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows and of flats,
 And see my wealthy Andrew, decks in sand,
 Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous
 rocks,

Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the-
 thought

To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing bechanc'd would make me
 sad?

But tell not me : I know, Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune
 for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year.
 Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie !

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let's say
 you are sad,
 Because you are not merry ; and 't were as
 easy

For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;
 And other of such vinegar aspect,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
 Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well :
 We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very deaf in my regard.
 I take it, your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?

You grow exceeding strange : must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[Exeunt SALARINO and SOLANIO.]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
 We two will leave you ; but at dinner-time,
 I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio ;
 You have too much respect upon the world :
 They lose it that do buy it with much care.
 Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world,
 Gratiano ;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
 And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool :
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,

And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what,
 Antonio,—

I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
 There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
 And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
 O! my Antonio, I do know of these,
 That therefore only are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing ; when, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time :
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
 Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well awhile :
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith ; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.]

Ant. Is that anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice.
 His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff : you shall seek all day ere you find them ; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well : tell me now, what lady is the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
 That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
 How much I have disabled mine estate,
 By something showing a more swelling port
 Than my faint means would grant continuance :

Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
 From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
 Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
 Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
 Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
 I owe the most, in money and in love ;
 And from your love I have a warranty

To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;

And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,

I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,

In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then, do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done.
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes

I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia;
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand;

And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;

Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.

Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. An Apartment in
• PORTIA'S House.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes

it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose

the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquess of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

How now? what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. A public Place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me?

Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound. 10

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man:

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no:—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves, I mean, pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats:—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio? 31

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news of the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks! 40

I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear? 51

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—[*To ANTONIO.*] Rest you
fair, good signior;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, 60

By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possess'd,
How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot:—three months; you told me so.

Well then, your bond; and let me see.—But hear you:

Metthought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow

Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,— 70

This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No; not take interest; not, as you would say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the earlings which were streak'd and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,

In end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for; 90

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast. - -

But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio, The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,

A goodly apple rotten at the heart. 100

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats; - 't is a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me

About my moneys, and my usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, 110

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears, you need my help:

Go to then; you come to me, and you say,

"Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,

"Hath a dog money? Is it possible, 120

A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,

With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

Say this: - -

"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time

You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies

I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. 130

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends; for when did friendship take

A breed of barren metal of his friend?

But lend it rather to thine enemy:

Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face

Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!

I would be friends with you, and have your

love,

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me

with,

Supply your present wants, and take no doit

Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not

hear me. 140

This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.

Go with me to a notary, seal me there

Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,

If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are

Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound

Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your body pleaseth me. 150

Ant. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,

And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:

I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:

Within these two months, that's a month before

This bond expires, I do expect return

Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram! what these Christians are,

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect 160

The thoughts of others! - Pray you, tell me this:

If he should break his day, what should I gain

By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,

Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,

To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:

If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;

And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond. 170

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.

Give him direction for this merry bond,

And I will go and purse the ducats straight,

See to my house, left in the fearful guard

Of an unthrifty knave, and presently

I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

[Exit SHYLOCK.]

This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay; 175

My ships come home a month before the day.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. An Apartment in
PORTIA'S House.

Enter the Prince of MOROCCO, and his Followers; PORTIA, NERISSA, and others of her Train. Flourish cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or
mine.

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this
hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle
queen.

• • *Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scant'd me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told
you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young suckling cubs from the she-
bear,

Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, so
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose,—if you choose
wrong,

Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not: come, bring me unto
my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after
dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest, or curs'd 'st among men!
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve
me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend
is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to
me,—“Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launce-
lot,” or “good Gobbo,” or “good Launcelot
Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run
away.” My conscience says,—“No; take
heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest
Gobbo;” or, as aforesaid, “honest Launcelot
Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy
heels.” Well, the most courageous fiend bids
me pack: “Via!” says the fiend; “away!”
says the fiend; “for the heavens, rouse up a
brave mind,” says the fiend, “and run.”
Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck
of my heart, says very wisely to me,—“My
honest friend Launcelot, being an honest
man's son,”—or rather an honest woman's
son;—for, indeed, my father did something
smack,—something grow to,—he had a kind
of taste:—well, my conscience says, “Launce-
lot, budge not.” “Budge,” says the fiend:
“Budge not,” says my conscience. “Con-
science,” say I, “you counsel well;”
“fiend,” say I, “you counsel well;” to
be ruled by my conscience, I should stay
with the Jew my master, who (God bless the
mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away
from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend,
who, saving your reverence, is the devil him-
self. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil
incarnation, and, in my conscience, my con-
science is but a kind of hard conscience to
offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew.
The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I
will run, fiend; my heels are at your com-
mandment; I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you ; I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's ?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens ! this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not :—I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's ?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left ; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down directly to the Jew's house. 42

Gob. By God's ~~son~~sonties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me, whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no ?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot ?—[*Aside.*] Mark me now ; now will I raise the waters.—[*To him.*] Talk you of young Master Launcelot ?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son : his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man ; and, God be thanked, well to live. 51

Laun. Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot ?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father ; for the young gentleman (according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased ; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven. 63

Gob. Marry, God forbid ! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop ?—Do you know me, father ?

Gob. Alack the day ! I know you not, young gentleman ; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul !) alive, or dead ? 70

Laun. Do you not know me, father ?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind ; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me : it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son.

[*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing : truth will come to light ; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing : I am Launcelot, your boy, that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that ; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed : I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be ! what a beard hast thou got : thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin's my phill-horse has on his tail. 72

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward : I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord ! how art thou changed ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now !

Laun. Well, well ; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew : give him a present ! give him a halter : I am famish'd in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come : give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. —O rare fortune ! here comes the man :—to him, father ; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer. 100

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so ;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered : put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship !

Bass. Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me ?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saying your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both.—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well: thou hast obtain'd thy suit.

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
141 The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out.—[*To his Followers.*] Give him a livery

More guarded than his fellows': see it done.
149

Laun. Father, in,—I cannot get a service,—no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book,—I shall have good fortune.—Go to; here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing: eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed:—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.
162

[*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and Old GOBBO.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.

These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee; go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano!
170

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me. I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must; but hear thee, Gratiano.

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—

Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why, there they show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain

To allay with some cold drops of modesty
180 Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behaviour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes

Thus with my bat, and sigh, and say amen, Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent
190 To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity.

I would entreat you rather to put on Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends

That purpose merriment. But fare you well:

I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest: But we will visit you at supper-time.
200

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in SHYLOCK'S HOUSE.

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so

Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee :
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see

Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest ;
Give him this letter ; do it secretly
And so farewell : I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu ! tears exhibit my tongue.—
Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew ! If
a Christian did not play the knave, and get
thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu !
these foolish drops do somewhat drown my
manly spirit : adieu !

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—

[*Exit LAUNCELOT.*]

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo !
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,

Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Solan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock : we have
two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news ?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up
this, it shall seem to signify. [*Giving a letter.*]

Lor. I know the hand : in faith, 't is a fair
hand ;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,

Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou ?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master,
the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master,
the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this.—Tell gentle
Jessica,

I will not fail her :—speak it privately ;
go.— [*Exit LAUNCELOT.*]

Gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this masque to-
night ?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it
straight.

Solan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'T is good we do so.

[*Exeunt SALARINO and SOLANIO.*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jes-
sica ?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath
directed,

How I shall take her from her father's
house ;

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with ;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to Heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake ;

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.—

Come, go with me : peruse this, as thou
goest.

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. Before SHYLOCK'S
House.

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall
be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—

What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me ;—what, Jessica !—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.

Why, Jessica, I say !

Laun. Why, Jessica !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid
thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me,
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I
go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Lawn. I beseech you, sir, go: my young
master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Lawn. And they have conspired together:
—I will not say, you shall see a masque;
but if you do, then it was not for nothing
that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday
last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out
that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year
in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques?—Hear
you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the
drum,

• And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife;
Climber not you up to the casements then,
• Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my case-
ments:

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah:
Say, I will come.

Lawn. I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look
out at window, for all this:

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's off-
spring? ha!

Jes. His words were "Farewell, mistress;"
nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge
feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with
me;

Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to
waste

His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately.

Do, as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not
cross,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gra. This is the penthouse, under which
Lorenzo

Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he outdwells his hour.
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons
fly

To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are
wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a
feast

With that keen appetite that he sits down?

Where is the horse that doth untread again?
His tedious measure with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that
are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet
wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this
hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my
long abode;

Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:

When you shall please to play the thieves for
wives,

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's
within!

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more
certainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who
knows,

But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts are witness
that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket : it is worth the
pains.

I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange ;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
For if they could, Cupid himself would
blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-
bearer.

Jes. What ! must I hold a candle to my
shames ?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too
light.

Why, 't is an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ;

For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild my-
self

With some more ducats, and be with you
straight. [*Exit from above.*]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no
Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily ;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and
true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA.

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen ;
away !

Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there ?

Gra. Signior Antonio ?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the
rest ?

'Tis nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for
you.

No masque to-night : the wind is come about ;
Bassanio presently will go aboard ;

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't : I desire no more
delight,

Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Belmont. An Apartment in
PORTIA'S House.

*Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of MOROCCO,
and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and dis-
cover

The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription
bears :

"Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men
desire."

The second, silver, which this promise carries :
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he
deserves."

This third, dull lead, with warning all as
blunt :

"Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all
he hath."

How shall I know if I do choose the right ?

Por. The one of them contains my picture,
prince :

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment ? Let
me see.

I will survey the inscriptions back again :
What says this leaden casket ?

"Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all
he hath."

Must give—for what ? for lead ? hazard for
lead ?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages :

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he
deserves."

As much as he deserves ?—Pause there,
Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady ;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve !—Why, that's the lady :
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;
But more than these in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but choose
here ?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold :
"Who chooseth me, shall gain what many
men desire."

Why, that's the lady : all the world desires
her ;

From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing
saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wild Arabia, are as throughfares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly
picture.

Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere
damnation,

To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in
England

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. — Deliver me the key:

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my
form lie there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden
casket.*]

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] "All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."
Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome,
frost. —

Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart,
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*]

Por. A gentle riddance. — Draw the curtains: go.

Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under
sail:

With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.
Solan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd
the duke,

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under
sail:

But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter! — O my ducats! — O my
daughter!"

Fled with a Christian! — O my Christian
ducats!

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my
daughter!

And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious
stones,

Stol'n by my daughter! — Justice! find the
girl!

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow
him,

Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his
ducats.

Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep his
day,

Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught.

I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Solan. You were best to tell Antonio what
you hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the
earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.

Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd — "Do not so;

Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time

And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."

And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they
parted.

Solan. I think, he only loves the world for
him.

I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Belmont. An Apartment in
PORTIA'S House.

Enter NERISS, with a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the
curtain straight.

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Enter the Prince of ARRAGON, PORTIA, and
their Trains. Flourish caskets.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble
prince.

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three
things:—

First, never to unfold to anyone
Which casket 't was I chose: next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth
swear,

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune
now

To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base
lead.

“Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all
he hath:”

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard. 20
What says the golden chest? ha! let me
see:—

“Who chooseth me, shall gain what many
men desire.”

What many men desire:—that many may be
meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth
teach,

Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common
spirits,

And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then, to thee, thou silver treasure-
house;

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
“Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he
deserves.”

And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable,
Without the stamp of merit? Let none pre-
sume

To wear an undeserved dignity.

O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer! 40
How many then should cover, that stand
bare;

How many be commanded, that command;
How much low peasantry would then be
glean'd

From the true seed of honour; and how much
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
“Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he
deserves.”

I will assume desert.—Give me a key for
this,

And instantly unlock my fortunes here. 50

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you
find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking
idiot,

Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes, and my deserv-
ings!

“Who chooseth me, shall have as much as
he deserves.”

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct
offices,

And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads.*] “The fire seven times tried this:

Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.

There be fools alive, I wis.
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head;
So be gone: you are sped." 50
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt* ARRAGON and *Train*.]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do
choose,

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy:— 80
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?
Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your
gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, (besides commends, and courteous
breath)

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love. 90

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half-
afear'd

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee.
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising
him.—

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt*.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SOLANIO and SALARINO.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd,
that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading
wrack'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins,
I think they call the place: a very dangerous
flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a
tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip
Report be an honest woman of her word. 10

Solan. I would she were as lying a gossip
in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made her
neighbours believe she wept for the death of
a third husband. But it is true, without any
slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway
of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest
Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough
to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Solan. Ha!—what say'st thou?—Why, the
end is, he hath lost a ship. 15

Salar. I would it might prove the end of
his losses.

Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the
devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in
the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the
merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well
as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part,
knew the tailor that made the wings she flew
withal.

Solan. And Shylock, for his own part,
knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the
complexion of them all to leave the dam. 20

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be
her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Solan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it
at these years!

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and
blood.

Salar. There is more difference between
thy flesh and hers, than between jet and
ivory; more between your bloods, than there
is between red wine and rhenish. But tell
us, do you hear whether Antonio have had
any loss at sea or no? 25

Shy. There I have another bad match: a
bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show
his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used
to come so smug upon the mart.—Let him
look to his bond: he was wont to call me
usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was
wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;
—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou

wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Serrant.

Serr. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SOLANIO, SALARINO, and Serrant.*]

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hanged at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them!—Why, so;—and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news! ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, 'as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.'

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA'S House.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two,

Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore, forbear awhile.

There's something tells me (but it is not love),

I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality.

But lest you should not understand me well, (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)

I would detain you here some month or two,

Before you venture for me. I could teach
you

How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ;
So will I never be : so may you miss me ;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your
eyes,

They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me :
Ope half of me is yours, the other half
yours,—

Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then
yours,

And so all yours ! O ! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights ;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it
so,

Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.—
I speak too long ; but 't is to peise the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose ;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio ? then confess

What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,

Which makes me fear the enjoying of my
love.

There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the
rack,

Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the
truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live

Bass. Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession.

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance !

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

[*Curtain drawn from before the caskets.*]

Por. Away then. I am lock'd in one of
them :

If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let music sound, while he doth make his
choice ;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music : that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the
stream,

And watery death-bed for him. He may
win :

And what is music then ? then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch : such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's
ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more
love

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice ;

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !

Live thou, I live :—with much, much more
disnay

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the
fray.

*A Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on the
caskets to himself.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,

Or in the heart, or in the head ?

How begot, how nourished ?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,

With gazing fed ; and fancy dies

In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell : 70

I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least
themselves :

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,

But, being season'd with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ? 80

There is no vice so simple, but assumes

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as
false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,

Who, inward search'd, have livers white as
milk ;

And these assume but valour's excrement,

To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,

And you shall see 't is purchased by the
weight ;

Which therein works a miracle in nature, 90

Making them lightest that wear most of it :

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,

Which make such wanton gambols with the
wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head,

The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put
on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy
gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common
drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre
lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise
aught,

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to
air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd de-
spair,

And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here!

[Opening the leaden casket.]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these
eyes?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in
her hairs,

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her
eyes!

How could he see to do them? having made
one,

Methinks, it should have power to steal both
his,

And leave itself unfurnish'd: yet look, how
far

The substance of my praise doth wrong this
shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the
scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune. 120

[Reads.] "You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,

Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."
A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave;
[Kissing her.]

I come by note, to give and to receive. 110
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's
eyes,

Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I
stand,

Such as I am: though for myself alone 120
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand
times more rich;

That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old 125
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours,
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same
myself, 130

Are yours, my lord. I give them with this
ring,

Which when you part from, lose, or give
away,

Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all
words:

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers
As after some oration, fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude; 135
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this
ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from
hence:

O! then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead. *

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes
prosper;

To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and
lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle
lady,

I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me;
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get
a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got
me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours,—
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid:
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here.
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd
withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good
faith? 20

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in
your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy
for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What! and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport,
and stake down.---

But who comes here! Lorenzo, and his
infidel?

What! and my old Venetian friend Solanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here 20
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your
leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part,
my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here;

But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Solan. I did, my lord.
And I have reason for it.—Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter, 20

I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Solan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in
mind;

Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

[*BASSANIO reads the letter.*
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger: bid her
welcome.

Your hand, Solanio. What's the news from
Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Solan. I would you had won the fleece
that he hath lost! 20

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon
same paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the
world

Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and
worse?—

With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself.
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia!

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words 20
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, - I was a gentleman:

And then I told you true, and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a braggart. When I told
you,

My state was nothing, I should then have
told you,

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend, 20

Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;

The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,

Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one
hit?

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?

And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch

Of merchant-marring rocks?

Solan. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning, and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice : twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard
him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him ; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in
trouble ?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
man,

The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew ?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more ?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond :
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend ;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over :
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away !
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry
cheer,
Since you are dear bought, I will love you
dear.—

But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships
have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel,
my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is
forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible
I should live, all debts are cleared between
you and I, if I might but see you at my
death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure :

if your love do not persuade you to come, let
not my letter."

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be
gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go
away,

I will make haste ; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and
Gaoler.*

Shy. Gaoler, look to him : tell not me of
mercy.—

This is the fool that lent out money gratis.—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against
my bond.

I have sworn an oath that I will have my
bond.

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a
cause,

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear
thee speak :

I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no
more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;
I'll have no speaking : I will have my bond.
[*Exit.*]

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone :
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know.
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me ;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of
law ;

For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state ;
Since that the trade and profit of the city

Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go :
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor. —
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S
House

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA,
and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your
presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity ; which appears most
strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this
honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband, I
know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good, 10
Nor shall not now : for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul :
From out the state of hellish cruelty !
This comes too near the praising of myself ;
Therefore, no more of it : here other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return : for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return. 20
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart :
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again. 40

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours,
attend on you !

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's con-
tent.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am
well pleas'd
To wish it back on you : fare you well,
Jessica.—

[*Exeunt* JESSICA and LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same
letter,

And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua : see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ; 50
And, look, what notes and garments he doth
give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in
words,

But get thee gone : I shall be there before
thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient
speed. [*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa : I have work in
hand,
That you yet know not of. We'll see our
husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us ?

Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a
habit, 60

That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two ;
And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;
And speak between the change of man and boy.
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint
lies,

How honourable ladies sought my love, 70
Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;
I could not do withal ;—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
them.

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued
school

Above a twelvemonth. I have within my
mind

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging
Jacks,

Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?

Por. Fic, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! 30
But come: I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins
of the father are to be laid upon the children;
therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was
always plain with you, and so now I speak
my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of
good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are
damned. There is but one hope in it that
can do you any good, and that is but a kind
of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that
your father got you not, that you are not the
Jew's daughter. 11

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, in-
deed: so the sins of my mother should be
visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned
both by father and mother: thus when I slum
Seylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your
mother. Well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he
hath made me a Christian. 19

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we
were Christians enow before; e'en as many as
could well live one by another. This making
of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if
we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not
shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what
you say: here he comes.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly,
Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into
corners. 29

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo:
Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly,
there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I
am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no
good member of the commonwealth, for, in
converting Jews to Christians, you raise the
price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the com-
monwealth, than you can the getting up of the
negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you,
Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should

be 'more than reason; but if she be less than
an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I
took her for. 41

Lor. How every fool can play upon the
word! I think, the best grace of wit will
shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow
commendable in none only but parrots.—Go
in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all
stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are
you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is
the word. 50

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion?
Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit
in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain
man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows,
bid them cover the table, serve in the meat,
and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served
in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for
your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as
humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are
suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion:

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life. 71

For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;

And, if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband 80
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have
a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other
things

I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the DUKE; the Magnificoes: ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands ob-
durate,

And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go on, and call the Jew into the
court.

Salar. He's ready at the door. He comes,
my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand be-
fore our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is
thought,

Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more
strange,

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;

Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never
train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I
purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd
yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, there are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your
answer.

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe: but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loath-
ing,

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you an-
swer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling
man,

To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with
my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do
not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would
not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What! wouldst thou have a serpent
sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with
the Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of
heaven;

You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's
harder?)

His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech
you,

Make no more offers, use no further means ;
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here
IS SIX.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,---I would have my
bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy,
rendering none ?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing
no wrong ?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and
mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them :---shall I say to you,
Let them be free ; marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands ? You will
answer :

The slaves are ours.---So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 't is mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law !

There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this
court,

Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters : call the mes-
senger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man,
courage yet

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones,
and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of
blood

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bel-
lario ?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets
your grace. [*Presents a letter.*]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so
earnestly ?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bank-
rupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul,
harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the
keenness

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce
thee ?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough
to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd !
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith, 120
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human
slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off
my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall 130
To cureless ruin.---I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth com-
mend

A young and learned doctor to our court. ---
Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit
him.

Duke. With all my heart :---some three or
four of you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's
letter.

Clerk. [*Reads.*] "Your grace shall under-
stand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am
very sick ; but in the instant that your mes-
senger came, in loving visitation was with me
a young doctor of Rome ; his name is Bal-
thazar. I acquainted him with the cause in
controversy between the Jew and Antonio,
the merchant : we turned o'er many books
together : he is furnish'd with my opinion :
which, better'd with his own learning, the
greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,
comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up
your grace's request in my stead. I beseech
you, let his lack of years be no impediment to
let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never
knew so young a body with so old a head. I
leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose
trial shall better publish his commendation."

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what
he writes :

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old
Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your
place.

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the
cause.—

Which is the merchant here, and which the
Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand
forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you
follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—

[*To ANTONIO.*] You stand within his danger,
do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me
that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed
It blessing him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings :
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest
God's,

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to
render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of
Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave
the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the
court;

Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And I be-
seech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority :

To do a great right, do a little wrong.

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in
Venice

Can alter a decree established :

'T will be recorded for a precedent,

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment!

Daniel!—

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor ; here
it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money
offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in
heaven.

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money : bid me tear the
bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the
tenour.—

It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the
law

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is :—
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young
man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge !
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast ;
So says the bond :—doth it not, noble judge ?—
Nearest his heart : those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd ; but what of that !

'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it : 't is not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say ?

Ant. But little : I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom : it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife :
Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love :
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'T is well you offer it behind her back ;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands ! I have a daughter ;
'Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !
We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine :
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast :

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence !
Come, prepare !

Por. Tarry a little : there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew :—O learned judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act ;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge !—Mark, Jew :—a learned judge !

Shy. I take this offer then : pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft !
The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft !—no haste :—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court: He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. 'A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That, by direct or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize one half his goods: the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That, indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant, and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods;

I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant

The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence.

I am not well. Send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:

I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,

Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,

We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above, In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied;

And I, delivering you, am satisfied,

And therein do account myself well paid:

My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me, when we meet again:

I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further :

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you ;

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.—

Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir?—alas, it is a trifle ;

I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this ;

And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation :

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers.

You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :

Let his deservings, and my love withal,

Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano ; run and overtake him ;

Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house.—Away ! make haste

[*Exit* GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently,

And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,

And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,

And be a day before our husbands home.

This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.

My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,

Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat

Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.

His ring I do accept most thankfully,

And so, I pray you, tell him : furthermore,

I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—

[*To* PORTIA.] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall

have old swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men ;

But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

Away ! make haste : thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir ; will you show me to this house ?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. The Avenue to PORTIA'S House.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright.—In such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,

And they did make no noise, in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes.

In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew ;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,

And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 10
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love, did run from
Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night 20
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body
come ;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the
night ?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend ? what friend ? your name, I
pray you, friend ?

Steph. Stephano is my name ; and I bring
word,

My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont : she doth stray about 30
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her ?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and hermaid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola ! wo ha, ho ! sola, sola !

Lor. Who calls ? 40

Laun. Sola ! did you see Master Lorenzo,
and Mistress Lorenzo ? sola, sola !

Lor. Leave halloing, man ; here.

Laun. Sola ! where ? where ?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from
my master, with his horn full of good news :
my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect
their coming.

And yet no matter ;—why should we go in ?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you, 51
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;
And bring your music forth into the air.—

[*Exit STEPHANO.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
bank !

Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb, which thou be-
hold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn :
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress'
ear,

And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet
music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are atten-
tive : 70

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
lou

Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual
stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music : therefore, the
poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,
and floods ; 80

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of
rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet
sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.

Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the
music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my
hall.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see
the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king.
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the
house

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without re-
spect.

Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by
day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it,
madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the
lark,

When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be
thought

No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection! -
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Lor. That is the voice, ¹⁰⁰
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man
knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our hus-
bands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence; — ¹²⁰
Nor you, Lorenzo; — Jessica, nor you.

[A tucket sounded.]

Lor. Your husband is at hand: I hear his
trumpet.

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-
light sick;

It looks a little paler: 't is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and
their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Anti-
podes,

If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be
light;

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me: ¹³¹
But God sort all! — You are welcome home,
my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome
to my friend:

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound
to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our
house:

It must appear in other ways than words, ¹⁴⁰
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [To *NERISSA*.] By yonder moon, I
swear, you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
'Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the
matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the
value? ¹⁵¹

You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of
death,

And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement
oaths,

You should have been respective, and have
kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face,
that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man. ¹⁶⁰

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a
youth,

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain
with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear ¹⁷⁰
Never to part with it; and here he stands:

I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of
grief :

An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [Aside.] Why, I were best to cut my
left hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed, ¹⁸⁰
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd
mine;

And neither man, nor master, would take
aught

But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of
truth.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed ¹⁹⁰
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your dis-
pleasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the
ring,

Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, ²⁰⁰
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my
soul,

No woman had it; but a civil doctor, ²¹⁰
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet
lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him;

I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night, ²²⁰
Had you been there, I think, you would have
begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my
house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:

I'll not deny him any thing I have;

No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:

Lie not a night from home; watch me like
Argus;

If you do not, if I be left alone

Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore, be well
advis'd,

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him
then;

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these
quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome
notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends ²³⁰
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me.

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his
wealth,

Which, but for him that had your husband's
ring, ²⁴⁰

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give
him this,

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep
this ring.

Bass. By heaven! it is the same I gave the
doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano.

For that same scrubb'd boy, the doctor's clerk,

In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high ways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough.

What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd :

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;

It comes from Padua, from Bellario :

There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;

Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo here

Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you, .

And even but now return'd : I have not yet Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;

And I have better news in store for you,

Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;

There you shall find, three of your argosies

Are richly come to harbour suddenly.

You shall not know by what strange accident I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay ; but the clerk that never means to do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow :

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living,

For here I read for certain that my ships Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you and Jessica, From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift, After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way

Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,

And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied

Of these events at full. Let us go in ;

And charge us there upon inter'gatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so : the first inter'gatory, That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is, Whether till the next night she had rather... stay,

Or go to bed now, being two hours to day :

But were the day come, I should wish it dar'

Till I were couching with the doctor's cler

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing

So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*]

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
 EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*
 LYSANDER, } *In love with Hermia.*
 DEMETRIUS, }
 PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*
 QUINCE, *a Carpenter.*
 SNUG, *a Joiner.*
 BOTTOM, *a Weaver.*
 FLUTE, *a Bellows-mender.*
 SNOUT, *a Tinker.*
 STARVELING, *a Tailor.*
 HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons.*

HERMIA, *in love with Lysander.*
 HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
 TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
 PUCK, or Robin Good-fellow.
 PEASE-BLOSSOM, }
 CORWEB, } *Fairies.*
 MOTHP, }
 MUSTARD-SEED, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
 Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE—ATHENS, and a Wood not far from it.

A C T

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in the Palace
 of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE,
 and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace : four happy days bring in
 Another moon ; but, O, methinks, how slow
 This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires,
 Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep them-
 selves in nights ;
 Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow 10
 New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
 Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments ;
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth :
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals ;
 The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love doing thee injuries ;
 But I will wed thee in another key, 19
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and
 DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned
 duke !

The. Thanks, good Egeus : what's the
 news with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with
 plaint

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
 Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her.—
 Stand forth, Lysander ;—and, my gracious
 duke,

This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my
 child :

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her
 rhymes, 29

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child :
 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, con-
 ceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats (mes-
 sengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth) :
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
 heart,

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious
 duke,

Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her ;
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,

Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd,
fair maid.

To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and
one

To whom you are but as a form in wax, 50
By him inprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with
my eyes!

The. Rather your eyes must with his
judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty, 60
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's
choice, 70

You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless
moon.

Thrice blessed they, that master so their
blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin
thorn,

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my
lord, 80

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and by the next
new moon,

The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship,
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest, 90
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysan-
der, yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my
love,

And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he, 100
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd
(If not with vantage), as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can
be,

I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry, 110
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so
much,

And with Demetrius thought to have spoke
thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you
both.—

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up 120
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—

Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:

I must employ you in some business •
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt THEB., HIP., EGE., DEM.,
and Train.*]

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your
cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast? 130

Her. Belike, for want of rain, which I
could well

Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could
read,

Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to
low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say,—behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:

So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience,

Because it is a customary cross,

As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,

Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, *Hermia*.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child:

From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;

And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,

And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,

Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,

And in the wood, a league without the town

(Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,

To do observance to a morn of May),

There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*!

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,

By his best arrow with the golden head,

By the simplicity of *Venus*' doves,

By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves,

And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,

When the false Trojan under sail was seen,

By all the vows that ever men hath broke,

In number more than ever women spoke:

In that same place thou hast appointed me.

To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes *Helena*.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair *Helena*! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair *Hermia*! ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O! teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of *Demetrius*' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. 'Tis folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty: 'would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. *Helen*, to you our minds we will unfold.

To-morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal)

Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,

There my *Lysander* and myself shall meet;

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—²²
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our
sight

From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit HERM.*]

Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,²³
So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the
mind,

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.²⁴

As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where;
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,²⁵
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia
felt,

So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:²⁶
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in QUINCE'S
House

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
and STARVELING.*

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally,
man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's
name, which is thought fit, through all Athens,
to play in our interlude before the duke and
duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the
play treats on; then read the names of the
actors, and so grow to a point.¹⁰

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most la-
mentable comedy, and most cruel death of
Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure

you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince,
call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters,
spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bot-
tom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for,
and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for
Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a
tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gal-
lantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true
performing of it: if I do it, let the audience
look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will
condole in some measure. To the rest:—yet
my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play
Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to
make all split.

“The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates:
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the
players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein;
a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.¹¹

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman:
I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one. You shall play it in a
mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play
Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little
voice:—“Thisne, Thisne,”—“Ah, Pyramus,
my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady
dear!”¹²

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus,
and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play
Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.¹³

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself,
Thisby's father.—Snug, the joiner, you, the
lion's part;—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written?

pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove: I will roar you as 't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bowstrings.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy and Puck, from opposite sides.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy; stol'n from an Indian king:
She never had so sweet a changeling;

And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all
her joy.

And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for
fear,

Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and
making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish
sprite,

Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the
quern,

And bootless make the breathless housewife
churn;

And sometime make the drink to bear no
barn;

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their
harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet
Puck,

You do their work, and they shall have good
luck.

Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab ;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob.
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale. 5
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough ;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and
 laugh,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and
 swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
 But room, fairy : here comes Oberon.
Pai. And here my mistress.—'Would that
 he were gone !

SCENE II.

*Enter OBERON from one side, with his Train,
 and TITANIA from the other, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon ! Fairies, skip
 hence :
 I have forsworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy
 lord ?
Tita. Then I must be thy lady ; but I
 know
 When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
 And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
 Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
 Come from the farthest steep of India, 10
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
 Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior
 love,
 To Theseus must be wedded ? and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame,
 Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?
 Didst thou not lead him through the glimmer-
 ing night
 From Perigenia, whom he ravished ?
 And make him with fair Æglé break his
 faith, 20
 With Ariadne, and Antiopa ?
Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy :
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
 Or in the beached margin of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy prawns thou hast disturb'd our
 sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea 30
 Contagious fogs ; which, falling in the land,
 Have every pelting river made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents :
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in
 vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green
 corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock :
 The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud ;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green 40
 For lack of tread are undistinguishable :
 The human mortals want their winter here :
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest ;—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound :
 And thorough this distemperature we see
 The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
 And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown, 50
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the
 summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries ; and the mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is
 which.
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissension :
 We are their parents and original. •
Obe. Do you amend it then ; it lies in you.
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman.
Tita. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votaress of my order :
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Tarking the embarked traders on the flood ;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind ;
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming 70
 gait
 Following, (her womb then rich with my
 young squire)
 Would imitate, and sail upon the land,

To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend
you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day. 80

If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with
thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies,
away!

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit TITANIA, with her Train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not
from this grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory, 90
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their
spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw (but thou
couldst not),

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his
bow, 100

As it should pierce a hundred thousand
hearts.

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry
moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:

It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's
wound,

And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee
once: 110

The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this herb; and be thou here
again,

Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the
earth

In forty minutes. [*Exit.*]

Obe. Having once this juice,

I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, 120
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape),
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight
(As I can take it with another herb),
I'll make her render up her page to me.—
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference.

[*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*]

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me
not.

Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia? 130

The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.

Thou toldst me, they were stol'n into this
wood;

And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no
more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted ada-
mant:

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to
draw,

And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you
fair? 140

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth

Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the
more.

I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,

The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:

Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike
me,

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,

Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love
(And yet a place of high respect with me), 150
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of
my spirit,

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on
you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too
much,

To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,

And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity. 160

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in
the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as
you. 170

Run when you will, the story shall be
chang'd;

Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase:
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless
speed,

When cowardice pursues, and valour flies!

Dem. I will not stay thy questions: let me
go;

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the
field,

You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius! 180
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to
woo.

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and HELENA.*]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do
leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy
love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome,
wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me. 180

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips, and the nodding violet
grows;

Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and de-
light;

And there the snake throws her enamell'd
skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this
grove. 200

A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock
crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall
do so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her Train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy
song;

Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern
wings,

To make my small elves coats; and some,
keep back

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and
wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

FAIRIES' SONG.

1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla,
lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners,
hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.



V. W. BROMLEY, *Pinx.*

C. MOTTRAM, *Sculpt.*

OBERON AND TITANIA.

Oberon. What thou see'st when thou dost wake
Do it for thy true love take.

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," *Act II, Scene III.*

1 *Fai.* Hence, away! now all is well.

One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.* *TITANIA sleeps.*

*Enter OBERON, and squeezes the flower on
TITANIA's eyelids.*

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost
wake,

Do it for thy true-love take;

Love, and languish for his sake

Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,

Pard, or boar with bristled hair, . 30

In thy eye that shall appear

When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.

Wake when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering
in the wood;

And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a
bed,

For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us
both: 40

One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one
troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake,
my dear,

Lie further off yet: do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my inno-
cence!

Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,

So that but one heart we can make of it:

Two bosoms interchained with an oath;

So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.

Then, by your side no bed-room me deny, 50

For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.

Now much beshrew my manners and my
pride,

If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy

Lie further off; in human modesty

Such separation as may well be said

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid.

So far be distant; and good night, sweet
friend.

Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end! 60

Lys. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes
be press'd! 65 [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence?—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid. 70
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet De-
metrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not
haunt me thus.

Hel. O! wilt thou darkling leave me? do
not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.
[*Exit.*

Hel. O! I am out of breath in this fond
chase.

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes. 80

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt
tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear;

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery
eyne?—

But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground?

Dead, or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake. 100

Lys. [*Awaking.*] And run through fire I
will, for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy
heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord!
what though?

Yet *Hermia* still loves you : then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia* ! No : I do
repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love.

Who will not change a raven for a dove ?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd,

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season ;

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes ; where I o'er-
look

Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
born ?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn ?

Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from *Demetrius*' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency ?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth,
you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well : perforce I must confess, I

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady of one man refus'd

Should of another therefore be abus'd ! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*.—*Hermia*, sleep
thou there ;

And never may'st thou come *Lysander* near.

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings ;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive :

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated, but the most of me.

And, all my powers, address your love and
might

To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

Her. [*Awaking.*] Help me, *Lysander*, help
me ! do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.

Ah me, for pity !—what a dream was here !

Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—

Lysander ! what, remov'd ? *Lysander* ! lord !

What, out of hearing ? gone ? no sound, no
word ?

Alack ! where are you ? speak, an if you hear :

Speak, of all loves ! I swoon almost with fear.

No ?—then I well perceive you are not nigh :

Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. *TITANIA* lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE,
SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met ?

Quin. Pat, pat ; and here's a marvellous
convenient place for our rehearsal. This
green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-
brake our tiring-house ; and we will do it in
action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter *Quince*,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully *Bottom* ?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of
“*Pyramus and Thisby*,” that will never please.
First, *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill
himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How
answer you that ?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing
out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit : I have a device to make
all well. Write me a prologue ; and let the
prologue seem to say, we will do no harm
with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not
killed indeed : and, for the more better as-
surance, tell them that I, *Pyramus*, am not

Pyramus, but *Bottom* the weaver. This will
put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue,
and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more ; let it be
written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the
lion ?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with
yourselves : to bring in, God shield us ! a lion
among ladies, is a most dreadful thing ; for
there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than
your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must
tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and
half his face must be seen through the lion's
neck ; and he himself must speak through,
saying thus, or to the same defect :—“*Ladies*,”
or, “*Fair ladies*, I would wish you,” or, “*I*
would request you,” or, “*I* would entreat
you, not to fear, not to tremble : my life for
yours. If you think I come hither as a lion,
it were pity of my life : no, I am no such
thing : I am a man as other men are ;” and

there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. "Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,"—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr.—"odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here
awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear." [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must

understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never
tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is "never tire."

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM, with an ass's head.

This. O!—"As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

Pyr. "If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine."—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*Exeunt Clowns.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound.

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar,
and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every
turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snoot. O Bottom! thou art changed: what do I see on thee? [*Exit.*

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill.

Tita. [*Awaking.*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note; So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go: Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter Four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—
—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Pease-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like oxbeef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him: lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood.

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?

What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls;¹⁰
 Were met together to rehearse a play,
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
 Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
 Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
 When I did him at this advantage take; •
 An ass's nowl I fixed on his head:
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
 And forth my mimic comes. When they
 • him spy,
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,²⁰
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls:
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears
 thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
 For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
 Some, sleeves, some, hats, from yielders all
 things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could
 devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping, (that is finish'd
 too)

And the Athenian woman by his side,
 That, when he wak'd, of force she must be
 ey'd.⁴⁰

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman; but not this the
 man.

Dem. O! why rebuke you him that loves
 you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use
 thee worse,

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
 Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
 And kill me too. •

'The sun was not so true unto the day,⁵⁰
 As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
 From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
 'This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the
 moon

May through the centie creep, and so displease
 Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
 So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so
 should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern
 cruelty;

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as
 clear,⁶⁰

As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where
 is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my
 hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me
 past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him
 then?

Henceforth be never numbered among men:
 O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave
 touch!⁷⁰

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
 Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd
 mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
 Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then, that he is
 well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get there-
 fore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more. • •
 And from thy hated presence part I so;⁸⁰
 See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce
 vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
 So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
 For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
 Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
 If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mis-
 taken quite,
 And laid the love-juice on some true-love's
 sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue⁹⁰
 Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd
 true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man
 holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the
 wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find :
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood
 dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here.
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go; 100
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky. --
When thou wak'st, if she be by;
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.

Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one:
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall posterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should
woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears;
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them
 true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more
and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her
o'er? 120

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I
swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give
her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not
you.

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
Crystal is muddy. O! how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting
 grow! 130

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me
kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see, you all are
bent

To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too? 140
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort 150
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I
know:

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle
breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will
none:

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone. 160
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not
know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear. --
Look, where thy love comes: yonder is thy
dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his
function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense. -- 170
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth
press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from
my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let
him hide,

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make
thee know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so? 190

Her. You speak not as you think: it can-
not be.

Hel. Lo! she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these con-
triv'd

To bait me with this foul derision!
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time 200
For parting us,—O! is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood inno-
cence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition; 210
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
Escoorn you not: it seems that you scorn me. 220

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in
scorn,

To follow me, and praise my eyes and face,
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his
foot)

To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 230
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,

So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most to love unlov'd,
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by
this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere; counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 240
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 't is partly mine own
fault,

Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena! hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she
entreat:

Thy threats have no more strength than her
weak prayers.— 250

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can
lo.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it
too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, sir:—

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would
follow:

But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile
thing, let loose, 260

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what
change is this,

Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with
thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I
perceive,

A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your
word.

Lys. What! should I hurt her, strike her,
kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 270

Her. What! can you do me greater harm
than hate?

Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?

Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me ; yet, since night you left me.

Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid !)
In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys. Ay, by my life ;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt ;
Be certain, nothing truer : 'tis no jest, 280
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me !—you juggler ! you canker-blossom !

You thief of love ! what, have you come by night,

And stol'n my love's heart from him ?

Hel. Fine, i' faith !
Have you no modesty, no maiden's shame,
No touch of bashfulness ! What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?

Fie, fie ! you counterfeit, you puppet you !

Her. Puppet ! why so ? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures : she hath urg'd her height, 290

And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—

And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low ?
How low am I, thou painted maypole ? speak ;
How low am I ? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me : I was never curst ; 300
I have no gift at all in shrewishness ;
I am a right maid for my cowardice :
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,

Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower ! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you ;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood. 310
He follow'd you ; for love, I follow'd him ;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too : |

And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go :
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you ?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander ?

Hel. With Demetrius. 320

Lys. Be not afraid : she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir ; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O ! when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd.

She was a vixen, when she went to school ;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again ? nothing but low and little ?—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf !
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made ;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious 330
In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone ; speak not of Helena ;

Take not her part, for if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not ;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow ? nay, I'll go with thee,
check by jole.

[*Exit* LYSANDER and DÉMETRIUS.]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you.

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I, 340
No longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray ;
My legs are longer though, to run away.

[*Exit.*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exit.*

Obe. This is thy negligence : still thou mistak'st,

Or else commitst thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on ?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise, 350

That I have 'dointed an Athenian's eyes ;

And so far am I glad it so did sort,

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place
to fight :

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;

The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog, as black, as Acheron ;

And lead these testy rivals so astray,

As one come not within another's way. 39

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;

And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;

And from each other look thou lead them
thus,

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting
sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth
creep :

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;

Whose liquor bath this virtuous property,

To take from thence all error with his might,

And make his eyeballs roll with wonted
sight.

When they next wake, all this derision 40

Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;

And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,

With league whose date till death shall never
end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,

I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;

And then I will her charmed eye release

From monster's view, and all things shall be
peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done
with haste,

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full
fast,

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ; 40

At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here
and there,

Troop home to churchyards : damned spirits
all,

That in crossways and floods have burial,

Already to their wormy beds are gone ;

For fear lest day should look their shames
upon,

They wilfully themselves exile from light,

And must for aye consort with black-brow'd
night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.

I with the morning's love have oft made
sport :

And, like a forester, the groves may tread, 40

Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,

Opening on Neptune with fair blessed
beams,

Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.

But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :

We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down ;

I will lead them up and down :

I am fear'd in field and town ;

Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ?
speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain ! drawn and ready.

Where art thou ?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then

To plainer ground.

[*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander, speak again. •

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?

Speak ! In some bush ? Where dost thou hide
thy head ?

Puck. Thou coward ! art thou bragging to
the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come,

thou child ;

I'll whip thee with a rod : he is defil'd, 40
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea ; art thou there ?

Puck. Follow my voice : we'll try no
manhood here. [*Exit.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares
me on ;

When I come where he calls, then he is
gone.

The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I :

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come,
thou gentle day !

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. 40

[*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho ! ho ! ho ! Coward, why com'st
thou not ?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st ; for well I
wot,

Thou run'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou now ?

Puck. Come hither : I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou
shalt buy this dear,

If ever I thy face by day-light see :

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed :
By day's approach look to be visited. 430
[Lies down and sleeps.]

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours : shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[Sleeps.]

Puck. Yet but three ! Come one more ;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers :
I can no further crawl, no further go ;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heaven shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !
[Lies down.]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound :
I'll apply 450
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on Lys.'s eye.]
When thou wak'st,
Thou talk'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye :
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown : 460
Jack shall have Jill ;
Nought shall go ill ;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well.

[Exit PUCK.— DEMETRIUS, HELENA, &c. sleep.]

ACT I V.

SCENE I.—The Same.

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending ;
OBERON behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Pease-blossom ?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom. —
Where's Monsieur Cobweb ?

Cob. Ready. 9

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb ; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee, on the top of a thistle ; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur ; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not : I would be loath to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior. — Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed ?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed.

Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur. |

Must. What's your will ? 21

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur ; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face ; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love ?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music : let's have the tongs and the bones. 30

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender : I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. •But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me : I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. 40

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

[Exit Fairies.]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle

Gently entwist : the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee ! how I dote on thee !

[*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Obe. [Advancing.] Welcome, good Robin.
Seest thou this sweet sight ?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity ;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fell out with her ;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
And that same dew, which sometime on the
bud

Was wont to swell like round and orient
pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child ;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy
sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes :
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be ;

See, as thou wast wont to see :

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania ! wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon ! what visions have
seen

Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass ?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now !

Obe. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this
head.—

Titania, music call ; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho ! music ! such as charmeth
sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine
own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music ! Come, my queen, take
hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers
be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark,
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade ;
We the globe in compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord ; and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground
[*Exeunt. Horns sound within.*]

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and
Train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester
For now our observation is perform'd :
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley : let them
go !—

Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus
once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the
bear

With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,
So flew'd, so sanded ; and their heads are
hung

With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian
bulls ;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
bells,

Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft ! what
nymphs are these

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here
asleep ;

And this, Lysander ; this Demetrius is ;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her
choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them
with their horns.

[*Horns, and shout within.* DEMETRIUS
LYSANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA,
wake and start up.]

The. Good morrow, friends. St. Valentine
is past ;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. 110

[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*]

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies :

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: but as yet, I
swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here ;

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—

And now I do bethink me, so it is) 120

I came with Hermia hither: our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we
might

Without the peril of the Athenian law—

Ege. Enough, enough! my lord, you have
enough.

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.

They would have stol'n away; they would,
Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me ;

You, of your wife, and me, of my consent,

Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood ;

And I in fury hither follow'd them,

Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what
power

(But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,

Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gawd,

Which in my childhood I did dote upon ;

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye, 170

Is only Helena. To her, my lord,

Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :

But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food ;

But, as in health, come to my natural taste,

Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,

And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.

Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—

Egeus, I will overbear your will, 180

For in the temple, by and by with us,

These couples shall eternally be knit.

Aft, for the morning now is something
worn,

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.

Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—

Come; Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS,
and Train.]

Dem. These things seem small and undis-
tinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see" these things with
parted eye,

When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks: 190

And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,

Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure

That we are awake? It seems to me

That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you
think

The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake. Let's fol-
low him ;

And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*]

Bot. [*Waking.*] When my cue comes, call
me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most
fair Pyramus."—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince!
Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker!
Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and
left me asleep. I have had a most rare vision.
I have had a dream, — past the wit of man to say
what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he
go about to expound this dream. Methought
I was—there is no man can tell what. Me-
thought I was, and methought I had,—but
man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to
say what methought I had. The eye of man
hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen,
man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to
conceive, nor his heart to report, what my
dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write
a ballad of this dream: it shall be called
Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom;
and I will sing it in the latter end of a play,
before the duke: peradventure, to make it the
more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in QUINCE'S House.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not

have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what, for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps: meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe

These antick fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover and the poet, Are of imagination all compact: One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;

That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination, That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy: Or in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over

And all their minds transfigur'd so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images, And grows to something of great constancy, But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,

Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us: Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances
shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for
this evening?

What masque, what music? How shall we
beguile

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports
are ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see
first. [*Giving a paper.*]

The. [*Reads.*] "The battle with the Cen-
taurs, to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

"The riot of the tipsy Bacchantes,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the
death

Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

That is some satire keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten
words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long.

Which makes it tedious; for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is,

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in
Athens here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memo-
ries

With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord.
It is not for you: I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel
pain,

To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:

For never anything can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in;—and take your places,
ladies. [*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
charg'd,

And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no
such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this
kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks
for nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:

And what poor duty cannot do,

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,

In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue is
address.

The. Let him approach.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter the Prologue.

Pro. "If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple
skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here
repent you,

The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know."

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough
colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral,

my lord : it is not enough to speak, but to speak true. ¹²¹

Hip. Indeed, he hath played on this prologue like a child on a recorder, a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain, Nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is next ?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb-show.

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show ;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain. ¹³⁰
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile Wall, which did these lovers sunder ;

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine ; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night, ¹⁴⁰
Did scare away, or rather did affright ;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt Prol., THISBE, Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude it doth befall,

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall ;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,

Did whisper often very secretly. ¹⁶⁰

This lime, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show

'That I am that same wall : the truth is so ;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better ?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall : silence !

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night ! O night with hue so black ! ¹⁷⁰

O night, which ever art, when day is not !

O night ! O night ! alack, alack, alack !

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.—

And thou, O wall ! O sweet, O lovely wall !
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine

Thou wall, O wall ! O sweet and lovely wall !
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne. [*Wall holds up his fingers.*

Thanks, courteous wall : Jove shield thee well for this !

But what see I ? No Thisby do I see. ¹⁷⁵

O wicked wall ! through whom I see no bliss ;
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me !"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not.—
"Deceiving me," is Thisby's cue : she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

For parting my fair Pyramus and me : ¹⁸⁰

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice : now will I to the chink,

To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby !"

This. "My love ! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace ;
And like Linander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true." ¹⁸⁵

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O ! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

This. "'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, PYRAMUS and THISBE.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

For, if I should as lion come in strife Into this place, 't were pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present."

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: 'would, he would change!

The. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh"—

[*The Lion roars.—THISBE runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion tears THISBE's mantle, and exit.*

The. Well moused, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams:

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay;—O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What! stain'd with blood?

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates! come, come;

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame,
Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear?
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus:

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:—

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light!

Moon, take thy flight!

Now die, die, die, die, die."

[*Dies.—Exit Moonshine.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*:—

This. "Asleep, my love!

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak! Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone.

Lovers, make moan!

His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word,—

Come, trusty sword;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

And farewell, friends.—

Thus Thisbe ends:

• "Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down, that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse, for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*A dance.*
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.—

Lovers, to bed: 't is almost fairy time. I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn. As much as we this night have overwatch'd. This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd. The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity, In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf howls the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,

In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his sprite,

In the church-way paths to glide:

And we fairies, that do run

By the triple Hecate's team,

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic; not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.

Oba. Through the house give glimmering
light,

By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier:
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place. 38

[Song and dance.]

Oba. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand: 40
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are

Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest. 50

Trip away!

Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and Train.]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding, but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend: 60
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[Exit.]

KING JOHN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.
 PRINCE HENRY, *his Son*.
 ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne*.
 WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke*.
 GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex*.
 WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury*.
 ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk*.
 HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King*.
 ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.
 PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE.
 JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to Lady Faulconbridge*.
 PETER of Pomfret.
 PHILIP, *King of France*.

LEWIS, *the Dauphin*.
 DUKE OF AUSTRIA.
 CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate*.
 MELUN, *a French Lord*.
 CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France*.
 ELINOR, *Widow of King Henry II*.
 CONSTANCE, *Mother to Arthur*.
 BLANCH, *Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile*.
 LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.
 Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff,
 Herualls, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and
 Attendants.

SCENE—Sometimes in ENGLAND, and sometimes in FRANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room of State
 in the Palace.

*Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE,
 ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHA-
 TILLON.*

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would
 France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the
 King of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
 The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd ma-
 jesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother: hear the
 embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true
 behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
 Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
 To this fair island, and the territories, 10
 To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
 Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
 Which sways usurpingly these several
 titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
 Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of
 this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and
 bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and
 blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer
 France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from
 my mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart
 in peace.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
 For ere thou canst report I will be there,
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard. . .
 So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our
 wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay.—

An honourable conduct let him have:

Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon. 20

[*Exeunt CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.*]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever
 said,

How that ambitious Constance would not
 cease,

Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
 Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented, and made
 whole,

With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms
must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our
right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more
than your right, 40

Or else it must go wrong with you and me :
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall
hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who
whispers ESSEX.*

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest con-
troversy,

Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard : shall I produce the men ?

K. John. Let them approach.—

[Exit Sheriff.]

Our abbeyes, and our priories, shall pay
This expedition's charge.—

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE,
and PHILIP, his Bastard Brother.*

What men are you ?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son, 51
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cordelion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou ?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulcon-
bridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou
the heir ?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty
king ;

That is well known : and, as I think, one
father : 60

But, for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother :
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost
shame thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam ? no, I have no reason for
it :

That is my brother's plea and none of mine :
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my
land ! 70

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why,
being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the
land.

But, once, he slander'd me with bastardy :

But whe'r I be as true-begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head ;
But, that I am as well-begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for
me !)

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both, 80
And were our father, and this son like him ;—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee !

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath
Heaven lent us here !

Eli. He hath a trick of Cordelion's face ;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.

Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man ?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examired his
parts,

And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah,
speak : 90

What doth move you to claim your brother's
land ?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my
father !

With half that face would he have all my
land,

A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year !

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my
father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir ; by this you cannot get my
land :

Your tale must be, how he employ'd my
mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in 'an em-
bassy

To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my
father's :

Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth : large lengths of seas and
shores

Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me ; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;
An if he were, he came into the world 112
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is
mine,

My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did, after wedlock bear
him;
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my
brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have
kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the
world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my
brother's,
My brother might not claim him, nor your
father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This con-
cludes:
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's
land.
Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no
force
To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than 'was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a
Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cordelion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my
shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were too such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-
farthings goes;"
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
(Would I might never stir from off this
place)
I'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.
Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake
thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.
Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take
my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a
year,
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 't is
dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me
thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our better's
way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name
begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name
whose form thou bearest:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more
great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give
me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave
land.—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard: call me so.
Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth;
what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by
night,
And have is have, however men do catch.
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast
thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed
squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must
speed
For France, for France, for it is more than
need.
Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come
to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*]
A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
"Good den, Sir Richard."—"God-a-mercy,
fellow;"
And if his name be George, I'll call him
Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's
names:
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries:—"My dear sir,"
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
"I shall beseech you"—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an absey-book:

"O sir," says answer, "at your best command ;

At your employment ; at your service, sir : "

"No, sir," says question, "I, sweet sir, at yours : "

And so, ere answer knows what question would, 200

Saving in dialogue of compliment,

And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,

The Pyrenean, and the river Po, *

It draws toward supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society,

And fits the mounting spirit, like myself ;

For he is but a bastard to the time,

That doth not smack of observation ;

(And so am I, whether I smack, or no ;)

And not alone in habit and device, 210

Exterior form, outward accoutrement,

But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :

Which, though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.

But who comes in such haste, in riding-robes ?

What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband,

That will take pains to blow a horn before her ?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

O me ! it is my mother. —How now, good lady ? 220

What brings you here to court so hastily ?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother ? where is he,

That holds in chase mine honour up and down ?

Bast. My brother Robert ? old Sir Robert's son ?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man ? Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so ?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son ! Ay, thou un-reverent boy,

Sir Robert's son : why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert ?

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile ? 230

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip ! sparrow ! James,

There's toys abroad : anon I'll tell thee more. — [Exit GURNEY.]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son :

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.

Sir Robert could do well : marry, to confess,

Could he get me ? Sir Robert could not do it : We know his handiwork. —Therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs ?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg. 240

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour ?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, — Basilisco-like.

What ! I am dubb'd ; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son ;

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land ;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father :

Some proper man, I hope ; who was it, mother ? 250

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge ?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cordelion was thy father.

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd To make room for him in my husband's bed. —

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge ! —

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father. 260

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly :

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, Subjected tribute to commanding love,

Against whose fury and unmatched force

The awless lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,

May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,

With all my heart I thank thee for my father !

Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well 271

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :

Who says it was, he lies : I say, 't was not.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Duke of AUSTRIA, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome
hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cordelion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,

That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,

To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of Heaven is theirs that lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,

Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms. The adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

[Drums heard within.]

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand

To parley, or to fight : therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion :
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BRANCH, the Bastard, PEMBROKE, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own ;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.

England we love ; and, for that England's sake,

With burden of our armour here we sweat :
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,

Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face :
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his !

This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geoffrey's right,

And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,

When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest !

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Phi. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy :

Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack ! thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse : it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ?

Const. Let me make answer :--thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king,

That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true-begot :
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace !

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right.

Sirrah, look to 't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O ! well did he become that lion's robe,

That did disrobe the lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as slightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass.--
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafens our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath ?--

King,--Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.

King John, this is the very sum of all :
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine,
Maine,

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon : I do defy thee,
France.--

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig: 162
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy,
he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she
does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's
shames,

Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his
poor eyes,

Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be
brib'd 171

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of Heaven
and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of Heaven
and earth!

Call not me slanderer: thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest
son's son,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him, 180
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the
plague

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her. A plague upon her! 190

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a
wicked will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more
temperate.

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aloud

To these ill-tuned repetitions,—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,

Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon
the walls.*

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the
walls? 201

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving sub-
jects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers,
Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

K. John. For our advantage, therefore,
hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement:

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,

And ready mounted are they to spit forth 211

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparation for a bloody siege

And merciless proceeding by these French,

Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;

And, but for our approach, those sleeping

stones,

That as a waist do girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordnance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime 219

Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,

Who painfully, with much expedient march,

Have brought a countercheck before your

gates,

To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd

cheeks,

Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls,

They shoot but calm words, folded up in

smoke,

To make a faithless error in your ears: 230

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king, whose labour'd

spirits,

Forwearied in this action of swift speed,

Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to

us both.

Lo! in this right hand, whose protection

Is most divinely vow'd upon the right

Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,

Son to the elder brother of this man,

And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys. 240

For this down-trodden equity, we tread

town,

Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this young
prince;

And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up,
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all un
bruise'd,

We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your
town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in
peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
This is not the roundure of your old-fae'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it,
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's
subjects:

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and
let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves
the king,

To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramn'd up our gates against the
world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England
prove the king?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's
breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their
lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods
as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his
claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is
worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from
both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all
those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen.—Mount, chevaliers!
to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swing'd the
dragon, and e'er since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—[To AUSTRIA.] Sirrah,
were I at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an oxhead to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O! tremble, for you hear the lion
roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where
we'll set forth

In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the
field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[to LEWIS] and
at the other hill

Command the rest to stand. God, and our
right!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same.

Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat.
Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to
the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide
your gates,

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath
made

Much work for tears in many an English
mother,

Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding
ground;

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring
your bells:

King John, your king and England's, doth
approach,

Commander of this hot malicious day.

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver
bright,

Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.

There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands, 20
That did display them when we first march'd
forth;

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might
behold,

From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have
answer'd blows; 30
Strength match'd with strength, and power
confronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh
so even,

We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his Power,
ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the
other, King PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and
Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood
to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right roam on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining
shores,

Unless thou let his silver water keep 40
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one
drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms
we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha! majesty, how high thy glory
towers, 51

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O! now doth Death line his dead chaps with
steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amaz'd thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal-potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and
death!

K. John. Whose party, do the townsmen
yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's
your king?

Cit. The King of England, when we know
the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up
his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great
deputy,

And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we denies all
this;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings, of our fear; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By Heaven, these scroyles of Angiers
flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England
mount

Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd
down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,

To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above
our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our
powers,

And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it? 101

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;

And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,

Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction

Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. [Aside.] O prudent discipline! From north to south,

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;

Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds, 120
That here come sacrifices for the field.

Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour: we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,

Is niece to England. Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth, 131
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;—
And she a fair divided excellence, 140
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams
made one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,

And give you entrance; but, without this match, 151

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion: no, not Death himself

In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast.

Here's a stay,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth,
indeed,

That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks,
and seas,

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions, 160
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.

What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?

He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd: not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France.

'Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,

Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match.

Give with our niece a dowry large enough; 170
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe

The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

I see a yielding in the looks of France;

Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls

Are capable of this ambition,

Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,

Cool and congeal again to what it was. 180

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd) 190

Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich

In titles, honours, and promotions,

As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look^{*} in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd^{*} in her eye,
Which, being but the shadow of your son, ²⁰⁰
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her
eye,

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there
should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he. ²¹⁰

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is
mine.

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should
be your judge, ²²⁰

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones?
What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still
to do

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin: can
you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from
love;

For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen,
Touraine, Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more, ²³⁰
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes,
close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well as-
sur'd,

That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your
gates,

Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's Chapel presently

The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd—
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? ²⁴⁰
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son? tell me, who
knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your
highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that
we have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another
way, ²⁵⁰

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of
Britagne,
And Earl of Richmond, and this rich fair
town

We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Con-
stance:

Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity.—I trust, we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us, ²⁶⁰
To this unlook'd-for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard. The Citizens
retire from the walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad compo-
sition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled
on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly
devil,

That broker that still breaks the pate of
faith,

That daily break-vow, he that wins of all. ²⁷⁰
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
maids,—

Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of
that;—

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling com-
modity,

Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency, ²⁸⁰

From all direction, purpose, course, intent :
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace. —
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet.
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,

When his fair angels would salute my palm ;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, there's no sin but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee !
[Exit.]

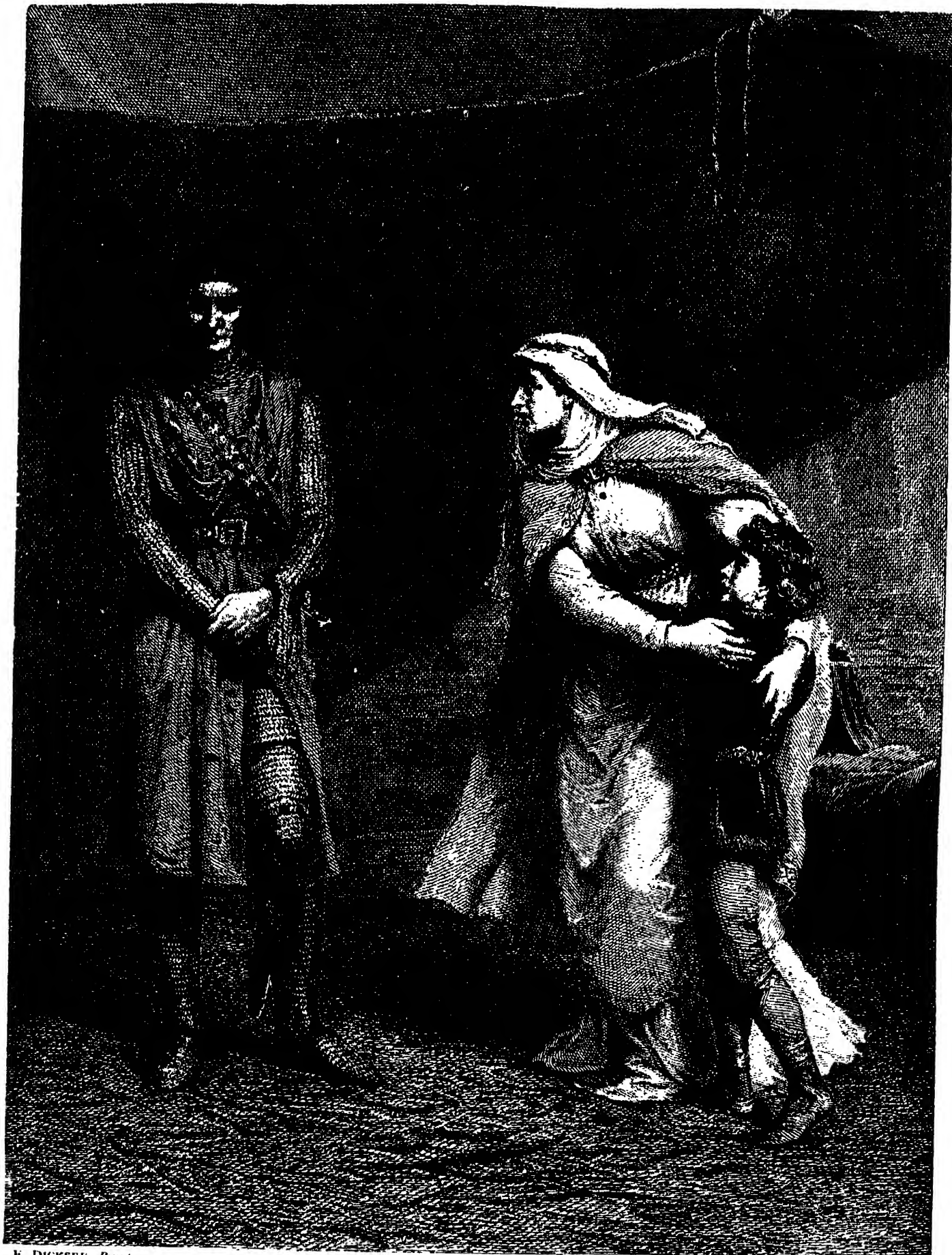
ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. The French King's Tent.

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married ! gone to swear
a peace !
False blood to false blood join'd ! gone to be
friends !
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those
provinces
It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again :
It cannot be ; thou dost but say, 't is so.
I trust, I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man :
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man :
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me ;
For I am sick, and capable of fears ;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of
fears ;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;
A woman, naturally born to fears ;
And though thou now confess thou didst but
jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy
head ?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
What means that hand upon that breast of
thine ?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true as, I believe, you think them
false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
Const. O ! if thou teach me to believe this
sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
And let belief and life encounter so,

As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch ! O boy ! then where art
thou ?
France friend with England, what becomes of
me ?—
Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight :
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady,
done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content,
wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending
marks,
I would not care, I then would be content ;
For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great :
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune,
O !
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee :
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on
France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and King John ;
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John !—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.
Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.



F. DICKSEE, *Paint.*

G. GOLDBURG, *Sculpt.*

•
CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, AND SALISBURY.
•

Constance. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die.

"KING JOHN," *Act III., Scene I.*

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt : I will not go with thee.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud.
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[Sits herself on the ground.]

Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival :
To solemnise this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold :
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. [Rising.] A wicked day, and not a holy day !

What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done,

That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the calendar !
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury :
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd.
But on this day let seamen fear no wrack ;
No bargains break, that are not this day made ;
This day all things begun come to ill end ;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. Phi. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Const. You have beguild me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,

Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn ;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !

A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset,

Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
Hear me, O, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace !

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.

O Linoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch,
thou coward ;

Thou little-valiant, great in villainy !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me !

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven !

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the Church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn ; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale ; and from the mouth of England

Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;
But as we under Heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
So tell the Pope ; all reverence set apart
To him, and his usurp'd authority. 150

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme
in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of
Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself ;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish :
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose 170
Against the Pope, and count his friends my
foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I
have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate :
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic ;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonised, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O ! lawful let it be, 175
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.
Good father cardinal, cry thou Amen
To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him
right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for
my curse.

Const. And for mine too : when law can do
no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law :
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong, 180
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a
curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let
go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil, lest that France
repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant
limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
wrongs.

Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the
cardinal ?

Const. What should he say, but as the car-
dinal ?

Lew. Bethink you, father ; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend :
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast ! the devil
tempts thee here,

In likeness of a new-uptrimm'd bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not
from her faith, 210

But from her need.

Const. O ! if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need ;
O ! then, tread down my need, and faith
mounts up ;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers
not to this.

Const. O ! be remov'd from him, and
answer well.

Aust. Do so, King Philip : hang no more
in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most
sweet lout. 220

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not
what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will per-
plex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd ?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my
person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd to-
gether

With all religious strength of sacred vows ;
The latest breath that gave the sound of
words, 230

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true
love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our
hands.

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and
overstain'd

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did
 paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings:
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of
 blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, 240
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with
 Heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
 Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-
 bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? O! holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so.
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose 250
 Some gentle order, and then we shall be
 bless'd
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms! be champion of our
 Church,
 Or let the Church, our mother, breathe her
 curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the
 tongue,
 A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 260
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou
 dost hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not
 my faith.
Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to
 faith;
 And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy
 vow,
 First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven
 perform'd;
 That is, to be the champion of our Church.
 What since thou swor'st is sworn against thy-
 self,
 And may not be performed by thyself:
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss when it is truly done: 271
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it.
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is, to mistake again: though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools
 fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
 It is religion that doth make vows kept;

But thou hast sworn against religion 280
 By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou
 swear'st,
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: the truth, thou art unsure
 To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear!
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
 And, most forsworn, to keep what thou dost
 swear.
 Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself; 290
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions:
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then
 know,
 The peril of our curses light on thee
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But in despair die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Bast. Will't not be?
 Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of
 thine?
Lew. Father, to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day? 300
 Against the blood that thou hast married?
 What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd
 men
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish
 drums,
 Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
 O husband, hear me!—ah, alack! how new
 Is husband in my mouth!—even for that
 name,
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-
 nounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine uncle.
Const. O! upon my knee, 310
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
 Forethought by Heaven!
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What
 motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee
 upholds,
 His honour. O! thine honour, Lewis, thine
 honour.
Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so
 cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his
 head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England,
 I'll fall from thee. 320

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty !

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy !

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour
within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald
sexton Time,

Is it as he will ? well then, France shall rue.

Blunch. The sun's o'ercast with blood : fair
lay, adieu !

Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both : each army hath a hand ;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win ;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st
lose ;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune
lies.

Blunch. There where my 'fortune lives,
there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance
together.— [*Exit Bastard.*]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming
wrath ;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and
thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that
fire.

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.—

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—
To arms let's hie ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. Plains near Angiers.

*Alarums ; Excursions. Enter the Bastard,
with AUSTRIA'S head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows
wondrous hot ;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,

And pours down mischief. Austria's head,
lie there,

While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip,
make up :

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her ;

Her highness is in safety, fear you not :

But on, my liege ; for very little pains

Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same.

*Alarums ; Excursions ; Retreat. Enter King
JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard,
HUBERT, and Lords.*

K. John. [*To ELINOR.*] So shall it be ; your
grace shall stay behind,

So strongly guarded.—[*To ARTHUR.*] Cousin,
look not sad ;

The grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will

As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O ! this will make my mother die
with grief.

K. John. [*To the Bastard.*] Cousin, away
for England : haste before ;

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots ; imprisoned angels

Set at liberty : the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon :

Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle, shall not
drive me back,

When gold and silver becks me to come on.

I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety : so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a
word. [*She takes ARTHUR aside.*]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my
gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much : within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love :

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better tune.

By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause
to say so yet ;

But thou shalt have : and creep time ne'er so
slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—but let it go :

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too warton, and too full of gawds,

To give me audience :—if the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen
 mouth,
 Sound on into the drowsy race of night ;
 If this same were a churchyard where we
 stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-
 thick,
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the
 veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's
 eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes :)
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes
 Hear me without thine ears, and make
 reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of
 words :
 Then, in despite of brooded-watchful day,—
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
 But, ah ! I will not :—yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me
 well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me under-
 take,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my
 act,

By Heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know, thou wouldst ?
 Good Hubert ! Hubert,—Hubert, throw thine
 eye

On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my
 friend,

He is a very serpent in my way ;

And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth
 tread,

He lies before me. Dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord.

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee ;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :

Remember.—Madam, fare you well :

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee !

K. John. For England, cousin : go.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. The French King's
 Tent.

*Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and
 Attendants.*

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the
 flood,

A whole armado of connected sail

Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort ! all shall yet
 go well

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have
 run so ill ?

Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?

Arthur taken prisoner ? divers dear friends
 slain

And bloody England into England gone,

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France ?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he
 fortified :

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example. Who hath read,
 heard,

Of any kindred action like to this ?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England
 had this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here ? a grave unto a soul ;

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—

I prythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo now, now see the issue of your
 peace !

K. Phi. Patience, good lady : comfort,
 gentle Constance !

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,

But that which ends all counsel, true redress,

Death, death.—O amiable lovely death !

Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones.

And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows,

And ring these fingers with thy household
 worms,

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome
 dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself :

Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou
 smil'st,

And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love.

O, come to me !

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace !

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to
 cry.—

O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth;

Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art unholy to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad:—I would to Heaven, I were,
For then, 't is like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonis'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O! what love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,

"O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"

But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,

I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:

Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

[*Erit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Erit.*

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.

What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no: when Fortune means to men most good.

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little
 rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore
 mark. 159
 John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
 That whiles warm life plays in that infant's
 veins,
 The misplac'd John should entertain an
 hour,
 One minute, nay, one qui + breath of rest.
 A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
 And he that stands upon a slippery place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs
 must fall;
 So be it, for it cannot be but so. 160
Leu. But what shall I gain by young
 Arthur's fall?
Paul. You, in the right of Lady Blanch
 your wife,
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Leu. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur
 did.
Paul. How green you are, and fresh in
 this old world!
 John lays you plots; the times conspire with
 you:
 For he that steeps his safety in true blood,
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
 This act so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal, 165
 That none so small advantage shall step forth
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
 No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven.
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
Leu. May be, he will not touch young
 Arthur's life, 169
 But hold himself safe in his prisonment.
Paul. O! sir, when he shall hear of your
 approach,
 If that young Arthur be not gone already,
 Even at that news he dies; and then the
 hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
 And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John. •
 Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot:
 And, O! what better matter breeds for you,
 Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulcon-
 bridge 171
 Is now in England ransacking the Church,
 Offending charity: if but a dozen French
 • Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 To train ten thousand English to their side;
 Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
 Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent,
 Now that their souls are topful of offence. 160
 For England, go; I will whet on the king.
Leu. Strong reasons make strong actions.
 Let us go:
 If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.
 [Exeunt]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the
 Castle.

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look
 thou stand
 Within the arras: when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with
 me,
 Fast to the chair: be heedful. • Hence, and
 watch.
I Atten. I hope, your warrant will bear out
 the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you:
 look to't.— [Exeunt Attendants.
 Young lad, come forth; I have to say with
 you. •

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a
 title 16
 To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
 Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long:
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me:
 He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?
No, indeed, it's not ; and I would to Heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me,
Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his
innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look
pale to-day.

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with
you :

I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession
of my bosom.--

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum !
Turning spiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine
eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your
head did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again ;
And with my hand at midnight held your
head,

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you ?" and, "Where
lies your grief ?"

Or, "What good love may I perform for you ?"
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
But you at your sick-service had a prince. 52
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning : do, an if you will.
If Heaven be pleas'd that you will use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out
mine eyes ?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah ! none but in this iron age would
do it.

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my
tears,
And quench this fiery indignation

Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd
iron ?

An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine
eyes,

I would not have believ'd him ; no tongue
but Hubert's. 70

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O ! save me, Hubert, save me ! my
eyes are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody
men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind
him here.

Arth. Alas ! what need you be so boisterous-
rough ?

I will not struggle ; I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be
bound.

Nay, hear me, Hubert : drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly. 80

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive
you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within : let me alone with
him.

1 *Atten.* I am best pleas'd to be from such
a deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth. Alas ! I then have chid away my
friend

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven !—that there were but a
moth in yours, 91

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous-
there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold
your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of
tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not,
Hubert :

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O! spare mine
eyes;

101

Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead
with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit
out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head. 110

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it,
boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it
blush,

And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Hubert:

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;

And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth turre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong,

Deny their office: only you do lack

*That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses. 120

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch
thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:

Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,

With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O! now you look like Hubert: all
this while

You were disguised.

Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead:

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,

Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you,

Hubert. 131

Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with
me;

Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in
the Palace.

*Enter King JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE,
SALISBURY, and other Lords. The KING
takes his State*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once
again crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your high-
ness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd
before,

And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;

The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;

Fresh expectation troubled not the land

With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double
pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before, 10

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet;

To smooth the ice, or add another hue

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to gar-
nish,

Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be
done,

This act is as an ancient tale new-told,

And in the last repeating troublesome,

Being urged at a time unseasonable. 20

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted
face

Of plain old form is much disfigured;

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,

It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,

Startles and frights consideration,

Makes sound opinion sick, and truth sus-
pected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better
than well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness:

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:

As patches, set upon a little breach,

Discredit more in hiding of the fault,

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-
crown'd,

We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your
highness

To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd;

Since all and every part of what we would,

Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coro-
nation 30

I have possess'd you with, and think them
strong:

And more, more strong, when lesser is my
fear,

I shall indue you with: meantime, but ask

What you would have reform'd that is not
well;

And well shall you perceive, how willingly

I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,

'To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request 51
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which, as they say,
attend

The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up

Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise? 56

That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you? [*HUBERT whispers the KING.*]

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine. 70
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;

And I do fearfully believe 't is done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence 80
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.

This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me? 90

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 't is shame,

That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,

And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,

Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while! 100

This must not be thus borne: this will break out

To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:

There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood,

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:

Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such a power, 110

For any foreign preparation,

Was levied in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is learn'd by 'them;

For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O! where hath our intelligence been drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,

That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear 115

Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April, died
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue

I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion

O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers.—What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—

Under whose conduct came those powers of
France,

That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard, and PETER of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the
world

To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afraid to hear the
worst,

Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was
amaz'd.

Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will. 140

Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-
men,

The suns I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I
found

With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding
rhymes, 150

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore
didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall
out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him: im-
prison him;

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.

[*Exit HUBERT with PETER.*]—

O my gentle cousin,

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are
arriv'd? 160

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths
are full of it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot, and Lord Salis-
bury,

With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.

I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better
foot before. 170

O! let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me
speed. [*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a spritful noble gentle-
man.—

Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*]

K. John. My mother dead! 181

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were
seen to-night:

Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their
mouths;

And when they talk of him, they shake their
heads,

And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's
wrist, 190

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with roll-
ing eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his
hand,

Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent. 200
Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me
with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty
cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to
kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not
provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life, 210
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O! when the last account 'twixt Heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death:
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,— 230

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head,
or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.

But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act 240
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine 251
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet

The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers, 240

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O! answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps down.*]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies.*]

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury: 11
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward: for 't will be 19
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, dis-temper'd lords.

The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us.

We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.

Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief:

Therefore, 't were reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'T is true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison.—[*Seeing ARTHUR.*] What is he lies here?

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,

both lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,

Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:

And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times,
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.
Pem., Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.

Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O! he is bold, and blushes not at death.—

Avaunt, thou hateful villain! get thee

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say

By Heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours.

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your age, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks: who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword be-
time,

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think, the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

Second a villain, and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince ?

Hub. 'T is not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his
eyes,

For villainy is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency. 110

Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury : to the Dauphin
there

Pesh. There, tell the king, he may inquire
• us out. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Bast. Here's a good world !—Knew you of
this fair work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ; 120
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so
black ;

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer :

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell,
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair ;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread,
That ever spider twisted from her womb,

Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a
beam

To hang thee on ; or wouldst thou drown
thyself, 130

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way 140
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up !
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The unow'd interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bear-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace : 150
Now powers from home, and discontents at
home,

Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cointer can
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed : I'll to the king.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the crown,
and Attendants.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your
hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. [*Giving JOHN the crown.*] Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word : go
meet the French ;

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul, 10
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tem-
pest up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope ;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well, 22
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day ? Did not
the prophet
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon

My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, Heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there
holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me
again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into
the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en
away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he
did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he
knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you
sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble
there?

O! let it not be said.--Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him, ere he comes so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been
with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,

And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your
peace;

Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this
present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet,
I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. —A Plain near Saint Edmund's
Bury.

*Enter in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN,
PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied
out,

And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by condemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O! it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O! and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw, and
weep

Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst re-
move!

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee
about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy-
self,

And grapple thee unto a pagan shore,
Where these two Christian armies might
combine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in
this;

And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.

O! what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.

My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,

Being an ordinary inundation;

But this effusion of such manly drops,

This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Staffles mine eyes, and makes me more

amaz'd

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven

Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.

Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,

And with a great heart heave away this
storm:

Commend these waters to those baby eyes,

That never saw the giant world enrag'd,

Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,

Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand
as deep

Into the purse of rich prosperity,

As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,

That knit your sinews to the strength of
mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,

To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven,

And on our actions set the name of right

With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of France!

The next is this:—King John hath reconcil'd

Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,

That so stood out against the holy Church,

The great metropolis and see of Rome.

Therefore, thy threat'ning colours now wind
up,

And tame the savage spirit of wild war,

That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,

It may lie gently at the foot of peace,

And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me; I will
not back:

I am too high-born to be propertied,

To be a secondary at control,

Or useful serving-man, and instrument,

To any sovereign state throughout the world.

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of
wars

Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this
fire;

And now 't is far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled
it.

You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,

Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;

And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace
to me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for
mine:

And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with
Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath
Rome borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,

To underprop this action? Is't not I

That undergo this charge? who else but I,

And such as to my claim are liable,

Sweat in this business, and maintain this
war?

Have I not heard these islanders shout out,

Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?

Have I not here the best cards for the
game,

To win this easy match play'd for a crown?

And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?

No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this
work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return

Till my attempt so much be glorified,

As to my ample hope was promised:

Before I drew this gallant head of war,

And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,

To outlook conquest, and to win renown

Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the
world,

Let me have audience: I am sent to speak.—

My holy Lord of Milan, from the king

I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;

And, as you answer, I do know the scope

And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,

And will not temporise with my entreaties:

He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury
breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now, hear our English
king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach, 931
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at
your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks; 140
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and
trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and
shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman:
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms,
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his
nest.— 150
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for
shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their neelds to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.
Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy
face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee
well; 160
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabblor.
Pand. Give me leave to speak.
Bast. No, I will speak.
Lew. We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.
Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten,
will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but
start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine; 170
Sound but another, and another shall,

As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at
hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than
need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this
danger out.
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do
not doubt. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O!
tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your
majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled
me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman,
Faulconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to
the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great
supply,

That was expected by the Dauphin here, 10
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin
Sands.

This news was brought to Richard but even
now.

The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns
me up,

And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter
straight:

Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the Same.

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT,
and others.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd
with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:

If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,

In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English: you are bought and sold;

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads. 'Thus hath he sworn,

And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,

Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath

Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,

Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.

In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—and beshrew my soul,

But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd

And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;

And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire. O! bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night,
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here.—What news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,

By his persuasion, are again fall'n off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,

Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he that said,

King John did fly an hour or two before

The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—An Open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend.—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? why may not I demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought: I will, upon all hazards, well believe Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and, if thou please, Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and endless night, Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me,

That any accent breaking from thy tongue Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,

To find you out.

Bast. Brief then; and what's the news?

Hub. O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:

I am no woman; I'll not swoond at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:

I left him almost speechless, and broke out To acquaint you with this evil, that you might

The better arm you to the sudden time, Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,

Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,

And brought Prince Henry in their company; At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,

And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power! I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide; These Lincoln washes have devoured them: Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd. Away, before! conduct me to the king; I doubt, he will be dead or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood

Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes, Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,

That being brought into the open air

It would allay the burning quality

Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—

Doth he still rage? [*Exit BIGOT.*]

Pem. He is more patient

Than when you left him: even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes

In their continuance will not feel themselves. Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts, Leaves them, invisible; and his siege is now Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last
hold,
Confound themselves. 'T is strange that
death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you
are born
To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in
King JOHN in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath
elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, for-
sook, cast off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the
north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you
much:

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in
my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannise
On unreprievable-condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O! I am scalded with my violent
motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin! thou art come to set
mine eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should
sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,

And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where Heaven he knows how we shall answer
him:

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The KING dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as
dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king, now
thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even
so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what
stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay?
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay
behind,

To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to
heaven,

As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres,

Where be your powers? Show now your
mended faiths,

And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
sought:

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much
as we.

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the
Dauphin,

And brings from him such offers of bur peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he
sees

Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so.—And you, my noble
prince,

With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be
interr'd;

For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then. ¹⁰⁰
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land :
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we
make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would
give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O! let us pay the time but needful

woe,

Since it hath been beforehand with our
griefs.—

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall
make us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt.*]

KING RICHARD II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York*.
JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster*.
HENRY BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of Hereford*.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, *Son to the Duke of York*.
THOMAS MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk*.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL BERKLEY.
BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } *Creatures to King Richard*.
GREEN, }
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, *his Son*.
LORD ROSS.
LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal, and another Lord.
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners,
Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other At-
tendants.

SCENE—Dispersedly in ENGLAND and WALES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King RICHARD, attended; JOHN OF GAUNT, and other Nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should, 10
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,

On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence:
face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear

The accuser, and the accused, freely speak.—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (Heaven be the record to my speech!) 20

In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,

My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat.
And wish, (so please my sovereign) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword
may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my
zeal.

'T is not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain :
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs
me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his
throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain :
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty :—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw
my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except :
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
By that, and all the rights of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up ; and by that sword I
swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my
shoulder,

I'll answer thee in any fair degree ;
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mow-
bray's charge ?

It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I said, my life shall
prove it true :—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand
nobles,

In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employ-
ments,

Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.

Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
spring.

Further I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Slue'd out his innocent soul through streams
of blood.

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement ;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution
soars !

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

Nor. O ! let my sovereign turn away his
face,

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes
and ears :

Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialise
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray ; so art thou :
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy
heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou
liest.

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers :
The other part reserv'd I by consent ;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's
death,

I slew him not ; but to mine own disgrace

Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
 For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
 The honourable father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
 But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
 Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
 This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
 Which in myself I boldly will defend,
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd
 by me.

Let's purge this choler without letting blood.
 This we prescribe, though no physician;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision:
 Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed.
 Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.—
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your
 son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become
 my age.—

Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's
 gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry, when?
 Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid;
 there is no boot.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at
 thy foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my
 shame:

The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd
 spear.

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-
 blood

Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood.
 Give me his gage:—lions make leopards
 tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take
 but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
 The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation; that away,

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
 A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
 Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
 Take honour from me, and my life is done.
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
 In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage:
 do you begin.

Boling. O! God defend my soul from such
 deep sin!

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's
 sight?

Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
 Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my
 tongue

Shall wound mine honour with such feeble
 wrong,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
 The slavish motive of recanting fear,
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mow-
 bray's face. [*Exit GAUNT.*]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to
 command:

Which since we cannot do to make you
 friends,

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your settled hate.
 Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
 Lord marshal, command our officers-at-arms
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the
 Duke of LANCASTER'S Palace.

Enter GAUNT and Duchess of GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's
 blood

Doth more solicit me than your exclams,
 To stir against the butchers of his life.
 But since correction lieth in those hands,
 Which made the fault that we cannot cor-
 rect,

Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;
 Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper
 spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
 Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
 Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,

Or seven fair branches springing from one root :

Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,

Some of those branches by the Destinies cut
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my
Gloster,—

One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal
root,—

Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all
vaded,

By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah ! Gaunt, his blood was thine : that bed,
that womb,

That mettle, that self mould, that fashion'd
thee,

Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st, and
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost con-
sent

In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaugh-
ter'd,

Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own
life,

The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel ; for God's sub-
stitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death ; the which, if wrong-
fully,

Let Heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas ! may I complain
myself ?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and
defence.

Duch. Why then, I will.—Farewell, old
Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O ! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's
spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast.
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's
back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,

A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford.
Farewell, old Gaunt : thy sometimes brother's
wife

With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell : I must to Coven-
try.

As much good stay with thee, as go with me !

Duch. Yet one word more.—Grief boundeth
where it falls.

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
I take my leave before I have begun,

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo ! this is all :—nay, yet depart not so ;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;

I shall remember more. Bid him—O !
what ?—

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack ! and what shall good old York there
see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?

And what hear there for welcome, but my
groans ? •

Therefore commend me ; let him not come
there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.

Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die :

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Open Space near Coventry.

*Lists set out, and a throne. Herald, &c.,
attending.*

Enter the Lord Marshal and AUMERLE.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Here-
ford arm'd ?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter
in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and
bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's
trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are pre-
par'd, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. *Enter King RICHARD, who takes
his seat on his throne ; GAUNT, BUSHY,
BAGOT, GREEN, and others, who take their
places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered
by another trumpet within. Then enter
NORFOLK, in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder
champion

The cause of his arrival here in arms :

Ask him his name, and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say
who thou art,

And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in
arms,

Against what man thou com'st, and what thy
quarrel.

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine
oath ;

And so defend thee Heaven and thy valour !

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke
of Norfolk :

Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a knight should violate !)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth

To God, my king, and his succeeding issue, ²⁰

Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals
me ;

And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me :

And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven !

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in
armour, preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in
arms,

Both who he is, and why he cometh hither

Thus plated in habiliments of war ;

And formally, according to our law,

Depose him in the justice of his cause. ³⁰

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore
com'st thou hither,

Before King Richard in his royal lists ?

Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy
quarrel ?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee
Heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,

Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,

To prove by God's grace, and my body's
valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Nor-
folk,

That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,

To God of heaven, King Richard, and to
me : ⁴⁰

And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven !

Mar. On pain of death no person be so
bold,

Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,

Except the marshal, and such officers

Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my
sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty :

For Mowbray and myself are like two men

That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;

Then let us take a ceremonious leave, ⁵⁰

And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your
highness,

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his
leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in
our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,

So be thy fortune in this royal fight.

Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou
shed,

Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O ! let no noble eye profane a tear

For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.

As confident as is the falcon's flight ⁶⁰

Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—

My loving lord, I take my leave of you ;

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ;—

Not sick, although I have to do with death,

But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.

Lo ! as at English feasts, so I regret

The daintiest last, to make the end most
sweet :

O thou, the earthly author of my blood, —

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, ⁷⁰

Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up

To reach at victory above my head,

Add proof unto mine armour with thy
prayers,

And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,

And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,

Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee
prosperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution ;

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, ⁸⁰

Fall like amazing thunder on the casque

Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and
live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George
to thrive !

Nor. However God, or fortune, cast my
lot,

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's
throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.

Never did captive with a freer heart

Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace

His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement, ⁹⁰

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate

This feast of battle with mine adversary.—

Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,

Take from my mouth the wish of happy years
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight. Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I
 espy

Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
 Derby, 100

Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry,
 Amen.

Mar. [*To an Officer.*] Go bear this lance to
 Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
 Derby,

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and him-
 self,

On pain to be found false and recreant,

To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas

 Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray,
 Duke of Norfolk, 110

On pain to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himself, and to approve

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;

Courageously, and with a free desire,

Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward,
 combatants. [*A charge sounded.*]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets
 and their spears,

And both return back to their chairs
 again.— 120

Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets
 sound,

While we return these dukes what we de-
 cree.— [*A long flourish.*]

Draw near,

And list, what with our council we have
 done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be
 soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'
 swords;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts, 130

With rival-hating envy, set on you

To wake our peace, which in our country's
 cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle
 sleep;

Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd
 drums,

With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful
 bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair
 peace,

And make us wade even in our kindred's
 blood:

Therefore, we banish you our territories:—

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 140

Till twice five summers have enrich'd our
 fields,

Shall not regret our fair dominions,

But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my
 comfort be:

That sun that warms you here shall shine on
 me;

And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier
 doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:

The sly slow hours shall not determinate 150

The dateless limit of thy dear exile.

The hopeless word of—never to return,

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign
 liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness'
 mouth.

A dearer merit, not so deep a main

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your highness' hands.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,

My native English, now I must forego; 160

And now my tongue's use is to me no more

Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engaol'd my
 tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth and lips;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, 170

Too far in years to be a pupil now;

What is thy sentence then but speechless
 death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native
 breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be com-
 passionate:

After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my coun-
 try's light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring.]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God, ¹⁸⁰
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer :—
You never shall (so help you truth and God !)
Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
Nor never look upon each other's face :
Nor never write regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred
hate ;

Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our
land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy ;
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this
land :

Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul. ²⁰⁰

Nor. No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were
traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence.
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do
know ;

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I
stray :

Save back to England, all the world's my
way. ^[Exit.]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine
eyes

I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[To BOLINGBROKE.] Six
frozen winters spent, ²¹¹

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little
word !

Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word : such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of
me

He shortens four years of my son's exile ;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby :
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times
about, ²²⁰

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years
to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou
canst give :

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen
sorrow,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a
morrow ;

Thou canst help Time to furrow me with
age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ; ²³⁰
Thy word is current with him for my death ;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my
breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good
advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to
lower ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in
digestion sour.

You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O ! had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more
mild. ²⁴⁰

A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas ! I look'd when some of you should
say,

I was too strict, to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell ;—and, uncle,
bid him so ;

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Flourish. Exeunt KING RICHARD
and TRUIN.]

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what presence
must not know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will
ride, ²⁵¹

As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O ! to what purpose dost thou
hoard thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy
friends ?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave
of you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a
time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone. 260

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me, what a deal of world I wander from the jewels that I love. 270

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages, and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else

But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of Heaven visits,

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not, the king did banish thee,

But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit, 280

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose,

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.

Suppose the singing birds musicians,

The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more 290

Than a delightful measure, or a dance;

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite

The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O! who can hold a fire in his hand

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite

By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow

By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?

O! no: the apprehension of the good 300

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,

Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu:

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can, Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN, at one door; AUMERLE at another.

K. Rich. We did observe. — Cousin Aumerle,

How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,

But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces, Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him? 10

Aum. Farewell:

And, for my heart disclaimed that my tongue Should so profane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief, That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.

Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd hours,

And added years to his short banishment, He should have had a volume of farewells;

But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 't is doubt, 20

When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends. Ourselves, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,

Observ'd his courtship to the common people, How he did seem to dive into their hearts,

With humble and familiar courtesy; What reverence he did throw away on slaves,

Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 't were to banish their affects with him. 30
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
 A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,
 With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
 * friends;"—

As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go
 these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ire-
 land;—

Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
 Ere further leisure yield them further means,
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this
 war. 42

And, for our coffers with too great a court
 And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm,
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short, *

Our substitutes at home shall have blank
 charters;

Whereto, when they shall know what men
 are rich,

They shall subscribe them for large sums of
 gold, 50

And send them after to supply our wants;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,
 my lord,

Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste,
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put 'it, God, in his phy-
 sician's mind,

To help him to his grave immediately! 60

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go to visit him:

Pray God, we may make haste, and come too
 late! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. An Apartment in Ely
 House.

*GAUNT on a couch; the Duke of YORK and
 others standing by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may
 breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with
 your breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O! but they say, the tongues of
 dying men

Enforce attention like deep harmony.

Where words are scarce, they are seldom
 spent in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their
 words in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more,
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught
 to glose; 10

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives
 before.

The setting sun, and music at the close,
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
 Writ in remembrance more than things long
 past.

Though Richard my life's counsel would not
 hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flatter-
 ing sounds,

As praises of his state: then there are fond
 Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen: 20

Report of fashions in proud Italy,

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation

Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,

So it be new, there's no respect how vile,

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Direct not him whose way himself will choose:

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt
 thou lose. 30

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new in-
 spir'd,

And thus, expiring, do foretell of him.

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,

For violent fires soon burn out themselves;

Small showers last long, but sudden storms
 are short;

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,

Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
 Against infection, and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
 England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their
 birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home
 (For Christian service and true chivalry),
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear
 land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious
 siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with
 shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
 That England, that was wont to conquer
 others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King RICHARD and QUEEN; AUMERLE,
 BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WIL-
 LOUGHBY.*

York. The king is come: deal mildly with
 his youth;
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the
 more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lan-
 caster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is 't
 with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my com-
 position!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old.
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
 And who abstains from meat, that is not
 gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I
 watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all
 gaunt.

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
 Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;

And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but
 bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with
 their names?

Gaunt. No; misery makes sport to mock
 itself.

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with
 those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those
 that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st, thou
 flatter'st me.

Gaunt. O! no; thou diest, though I the
 sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see
 thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I
 see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:
 And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
 Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
 And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
 The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
 O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy
 shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
 Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease;
 But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
 Thy state of law is bondsman to the law,
 And—

K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted
 fool,

Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
 With fury from his native residence.
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent
 shoulders.

Gaunt. O! spare me not, my brother Ed-
 ward's son,

For that I was his father Edward's son.
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy
souls !)

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May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's
blood.

Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with
thee :

These words hereafter thy tormentors be !—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and
sullens have ;

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For both hast thou, and both become the
grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute
his words

To wayward sickliness and age in him :
He loves you, on my life, and holds you
dear

As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true : as Here-
ford's love, so his ;

As theirs so mine ; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him
to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he ?

North. Nay, nothing ; all is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

150

York. Be York the next that must be
bankrupt so !

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so
doth he :

His time is spent ; our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rug-headed
kerns,

Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some
charge,

160

Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient ? Ah !
how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banish-
ment,

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was
first ;

In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;
But when he frown'd, it was against the
French,

And not against his friends : his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not
that

181

Which his triumphant father's hand had
won :

His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

O Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what 's the matter ?

York. O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.

Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Here-
ford ?

191

Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford
live ?

Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true ?

Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?

Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?

Take Hereford's rights away, and take from
time

His charters and his customary rights ;

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;

Be not thyself ; for how art thou a king,

But by fair sequence and succession ?

200

Now, afore God, (God forbid, I say true !)

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters-patents that he hath

By his attorneys-general to sue

His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those
thoughts,

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will : we seize
into our hands

210

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while. My liege,
farewell :
What will ensue hereof, there's none can
tell ;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good.

[*Exit.*
K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wilt-
shire straight :
Bid him repair to us to Ely House,
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland ; and 't is time, I trow :
And we create, in absence of ourself, 22
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we
part ;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY,
AUMERLE, GREEN, and BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster
is dead.

Ross. And living too ; for now his son is
duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her
right.

Ross. My heart is great ; but it must break
with silence,

Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind ; and let him
ne'er speak more, 231

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak to the
Duke of Hereford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards
him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for
him,

Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 't is shame such
wrongs are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many more 240
Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers ; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our
heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with
grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts : the nobles hath
he fin'd

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their
hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are de-
vis'd ; 250

As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what :
But what, o' God's name, doth become of
this ?

North. Wars hath not wasted it, for warr'd
he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows.
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm
in' farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a
broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth
over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish
wars, 260

His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman : most degenerate
king !

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wrack that we must
suffer ;

And unavoided is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wrack. 270

North. Not so : even through the hollow
eyes of death,

I spy life peering ; but I dare not say

How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as
thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumber-
land :

We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts : therefore, be
bold.

North. Then thus :—I have from Port le
Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,

That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord
Colham, 280

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,

His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,

Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and

Francis Quoint,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of
Bretagne,

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of
war,

Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly mean to touch our northern
shore.

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland. 200
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd
crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurge;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to
them that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first
be there. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same. An Apartment in
the Palace.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much
sad
You promis'd, when you parted with the
king,

To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please
myself,

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, me-
thinks,

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, 10
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it
grieves

More than with parting from my lord the
king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath
twenty shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so.
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty, 20
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to
wail;

Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but
shadows

Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious
queen,

More than your lord's departure weep not:
more's not seen;

O: if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imagi-
nary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward
soul

Persuades me, it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad, 30
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I
think—

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and
shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious
lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still
deriv'd

From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name: 'tis nameless woe, I wot. 40

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well
met, gentlemen.—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better
hope he is,

For his designs crave haste, his haste good
hope:

Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not
shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have re-
tir'd his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.

The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd 50
At Ravenspurge.

Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid!

Green. Ah! madam, 'tis too true: and
that is worse,

The Lord Northumberland, his son, young
Henry Percy,

The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willough-
by,

With all their powerful friends, are fled to
him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd
Northumberland

And the rest of the revolted faction traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of
Worcester

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him.
To Bolingbroke. 61

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to
my woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir !
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope : he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death, ⁷⁰
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck.

O ! full of careful business are his looks.—
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :

Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.

Your husband, he is gone to save far off, ⁸⁰

Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land,

Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was ?—Why, so.—Go all which way it will !—

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster ; ⁹⁰

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold ; take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :

To-day, as I came by, I called there ;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is 't, knave ?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes

Comes rushing on this woful land at once !
I know not what to do :—I would to God, ¹⁰⁰
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)

The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—

What ! are there no posts despatch'd for Ireland ?—

How shall we do for money for these wars ?—

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say : pray, pardon me.—

[*To the Servant.*] Go, fellow, get thee home ; provide some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men ? If I know

How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, ¹¹⁰

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen :

The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend ; the other again •

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin,
I'll dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkley Castle.

I should to Plashy too,

But time will not permit.—All is uneven, ¹²⁰
And everything is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and QUEEN.*]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love

Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons ;
for their love

Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate. ¹³⁰

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,

Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol Castle ;

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you ; for little office

Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us ?

Bagot. No ; I will to Ireland to his majesty. ¹⁴⁰

Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part, that ne'er shall mee again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes

Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Wilds in Glostershire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now ?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome ;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurge to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company ;

Which, I protest, hath very much beguild
The tediousness and process of my travel :
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess ;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here ?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle ?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen ?

Percy. No, my good lord : he hath forsook the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North.

What was his reason ?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurge,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there ;

Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurge.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot

Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,

I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now : this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure,

count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends ;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense :
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley ? and what stir

Keeps good old York there, with his men of war ?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard ;

And in it are the Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour ;

None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot, your love pursues

A banish'd traitor : all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willoughby. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer
of the poor ;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my Lord of Berkley, as I
guess. 70

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is
to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is to Lan-
caster,

And I am come to seek that name in England
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord : 't is not
my meaning

To raze one title of your honour out.

To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you
will,)

From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you
on

To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-borne
arms. 80

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words
by you :

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble
uncle ! [Kneels.

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not
thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle—

York. Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word
"grace,"

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs 80
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's
ground ?

But then more why,—why have they dar'd
to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms ?

Com'st thou because the anointed king is
hence ?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and
myself, 100

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars
of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand
French,

O ! then, how quickly should this arm of
mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault !

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know
my fault :

On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

York. Even in condition of the worst de-
gree ;

In gross rebellion, and detested treason :
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come no
Before the expiration of thy time
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd
Hereford ;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive : O ! then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and
royalties 120

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given
away

To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod
down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a
father,

To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the
bay.

I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave : 130
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold ;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do ? I am a sub-
ject,

And challenge law. Attorneys are denied
me,

And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him
right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are
made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you
this : 140

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right ;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not
be;

And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his
coming is

But for his own; and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him
aid;

And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that
oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these
arms:

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left;
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle, 160
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept,
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck
away.

York. It may be, I will go with you;—but
yet I'll pause,
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you
are: 170
Things past redress are now with me past
care. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd
ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore, we will disperse ourselves: fare-
well.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty
Welshman:

The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead: we
will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the
earth, 10

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful
change.

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and
leap,

The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,

The other to enjoy by rage and war.

These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard, their king, is dead. [Exit.]

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy
mind

I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament. 20

Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,

Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.

Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes,

And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—BOLINGBROKE's Camp at Bristol.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBER-
LAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS; BUSHY
and GREEN, prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—

Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your
bodies—

With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 't were no charity; yet, to wash your
blood

From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.

You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean: 10

You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's
cheeks

With tears, drawn from her eyes by your
foul wrongs.

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love,
Till you did 'make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign
clouds, 20

Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest
woods,

From mine own windows torn my household
coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman.

This and much more, much more than twice
all this,

Condemns you to the death.—See them de-
livered over

To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of
death to me,

Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, fare-
well.

Green. My comfort is, that Heaven will
take our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see
them despatch'd.

[*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND and others,*
with BUSHY and GREEN.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house :

For God's sake, fairly let her be ontreated ;

Tell her, I send to her my kind commends ;

Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have des-
patch'd

With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come,
lords, away,

To fight with Glendower and his complices :

Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Coast of Wales. A Castle
in view.

Flourish : drums and trumpets. Enter King
RICHARD, Bishop of CARLISLE, AUMERLE,
and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call they this
at hand ?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your
grace the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well : I
weep for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses'

hoofs :

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in
meeting,

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous
sense ;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,

Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;

And when they from thy bosom pluck a
flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal
touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords :

This earth shall have a feeling, and these
stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord : that Power
that made you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that Heaven yields must be em-
brac'd,

And not neglected ; else, if Heaven would,

And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse,

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too
remiss ;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance, and in
friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st
thou not,

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad un-
seen,

In murders and in outrage bloody here ;

But when from under this terrestrial ball

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,

And darts his light through every guilty
hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off
their backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at them-
selves ?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,

Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,

Whilst we were wandering with the Anti-
podes,

Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of day,

But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm from an anointed king ;

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards
the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your
power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious
lord,

Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my
tongue,

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.

O! call back yesterday, bid time return,

And thou shalt have twelve thousand fight-
ing men: 70

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy
state;

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert
dead,

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! why looks your
grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty
thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;

And till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

All souls that will be safe, fly from my
side; 80

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! remember who
you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not
king?

Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.

Is not the king's name forty thousand names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?

High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle
York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But
who comes here? 90

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide
my liege,

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart
prepar'd:

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my
care;

And what loss is it to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be: if he serve God,

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

They break their faith to God, as well as us.

Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay; 103

The worst is death, and death will have his
day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is
so arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their
shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

With hard bright steel, and hearts harder
than steel. 111

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hair-
less scalps

Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's
voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female
joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their
bows

Of double-fatal yew against thy state;

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,

And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a
tale so ill. 121

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is
Bagot?

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?

That they have let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful
steps?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant they have made peace with Boling-
broke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him,
indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without
redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! 130

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting
my heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than
Judas!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make
war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing' his
property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads and not with hands: those whom
you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying
wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of
Wiltshire, dead? 141
Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost
their heads.
Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with
his power?
K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort
no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground? 150
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in
war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have de-
pos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping
kill'd,
All murder'd:—for within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king, 161
Keeps Death his court, and there the antick
sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell
king! 170
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and
blood.
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends. Subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?
Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their
present woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your
foe, 181
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to
fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile
breath.
Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of
him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well.—Proud
Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of
doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown: 190
An easy task it is to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his
power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be
sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of
the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be
spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up, 201
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me
forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we
now?
By Heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey. 210
That power I have, discharge; and let them
go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his
tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence
away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair
day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:

Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland,
To say, King Richard:—alack, the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would

Have been so brief with you, to shorten you
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,

Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally?

Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone,
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. O! belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. [To NORTHUMBERLAND.] Noble lord,

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of
parle

Into his ruin'd ears,
And thus deliver. Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's
hand,

And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of
blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of
Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's
land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning
drum,

That from the castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, King Richard and myself should
meet

With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering
shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.—
March on, and mark King Richard how he
looks.

A parley sounded, and answered by a trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, the Bishop of CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

Boling. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are
bent,

To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

York. Yet looks he like a king: behold,
his eye,

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe;
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. [*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*] We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, Because we thought ourself thy lawful king: And if we be, how dare thy joints forget To pay their awful duty to our presence? If we be not, show us the hand of God That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship; For well we know, no hand of blood and bone Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp. And though you think that all, as you have done, Have torn their souls by turning them from us, And we are barren and bereft of friends, Yet know, my master, God omnipotent, Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike Your children yet unborn, and unbegot, That lift your vassal hands against my head, And threat the glory of my precious crown. Tell Bolingbroke, for yond, methinks, he stands, That every stride he makes upon my land Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope The purple testament of bleeding war; But ere the crown he looks for live in peace, Ten thousand bloody crowns of mother's sons Shall ill become the flower of England's face, Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace To scarlet indignation, and bedew Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king Should so with civil and uncivil arms Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin, Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand; And by the honourable tomb he swears, That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones, And by the royalties of both your bloods, Currents that spring from one most gracious head, And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt, And by the worth and honour of himself, Comprising all that may be sworn or said, His coming hither hath no further scope, Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg Enfranchisement immediate on his knees: Which on thy royal party granted once, His glittering arms he will commend to rust, His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart To faithful service of your majesty. This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;

And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns:—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither; And all the number of his fair demands Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction. With all the gracious utterance thou hast, Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—

[*NORTHUMBERLAND retires to BOLINGBROKE.*]
[*To AUMERLE.*] We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair? Shall we call back Northumberland, and send Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord: let's fight with gentle words, Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine, That laid the sentence of dread banishment On yon proud man, should take it off again With words of sooth! O! that I were as great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name, Or that I could forget what I have been, Or not remember what I must be now! Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat, Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd? The king shall be contented. Must he lose The name of king? O God's name, let it go: I'll give my jewels for a set of beads, My gorgeous palace for a hermitage, My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown, My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood, My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff, My subjects for a pair of carved saints, And my large kingdom for a little grave, A little little grave, an obscure grave; Or I'll be buried in the king's highway, Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;

For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,

And, buried once, why not upon my head?—Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin!

We'll make foul weather with despised tears; Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,

And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding
tears?

As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—“There
lies

Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weep-
ing eyes.”

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I
see

I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—

Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumber-
land,

What says King Bolingbroke? will 'his
majesty

Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?

You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth
attend

To speak with you; may 't please you to
come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glisten-
ing Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[NORTHUMBERLAND retires again to
BOLINGBROKE.

In the base court? Base court, where kings
grow base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down,
court! down, king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks
should sing. [Exeunt from above.

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

*Enter King RICHARD, and his Attendants,
below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,— [Kneeling.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your
princely knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for
mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours; and I am
yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted
lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well de-
serve to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to
get.—

Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your
eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their
remedies.—

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,

Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing
too;

For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London.—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Langley. The Duke of YORK's
Garden.

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in
this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'T will make me think the world is
full of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in
delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in
grief:

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl;

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;

For what I have, I need not to repeat,

And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'T is well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst
thou weep.

1 Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do
you good.

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping
do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

| But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.
[*QUEEN and Ladies retire.*]

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling
apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal
weight:
Give some supportance to the bending
twigs.—

Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of
a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges
ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome
herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did
shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Boling-
broke;

I mean, the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 Serv. What! are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—O! what pity
is it,

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his
land,

As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
down.

1 Serv. What! think you then, the king
shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'T is doubt, he will be. Letters came last
night

To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O! I am press'd to death through
want of speaking. [*Coming forward.*]

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this
garden,

How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this
unpleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than
earth,

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and
how

Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou
wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are
weigh'd:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard
down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light
of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O! thou
think'st

To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What! was I born to this, that my sad
look

Should grace the triumph of great Boling-
broke?—

Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never
grow. [*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor Queen! so that thy state might
be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall.

The Lords Spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords Temporal on the left the Commons below.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, the Bishop of CARLISLE, the Abbot of WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.—

Now Bagot, freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death,
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd

The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,

I heard you say,—“Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?”

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,

In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear: thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forg'd, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true

In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. An if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn:

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by Heaven, I'll throw at all.

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well

The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'T is very true: you were in presence then;

And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by Heaven, as Heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
Dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,

And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy
men

To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with
a gage.

That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest
under gage,

Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories; when he's
return'd,

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Bishop. That honourable day shall ne'er be
seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy, and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead? 101

Bishop. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul
to the bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to
cheer

From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with wil-
ling soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand. 110

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the
regal throne.

Bishop. Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard: then true nobless would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?

And who sits here that is not Richard's sub-
ject? 122

Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O! forfend it,
God,

That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd 130
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a
deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call
king,

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 140
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind con-
found;

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O! if you raise this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—
woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for
your pains, 150

Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminister, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May it please you, lords, to grant the com-
mons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in com-
mon view

He may surrender: so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our
arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of
answer.—

To the Bishop.] Little are we beholding to
your love, 160

And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and
Officers bearing the crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack! why am I sent for to a
king,

Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have
learn'd

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs :
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men : were they not
mine?

Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ! but he, in twelve, ¹⁷⁰
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve
thousand, none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, Amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, Amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, Amen, if Heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good
will,

Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Harry Bolingbroke. ¹⁸⁰

K. Rich. Give me the crown. — Here,
cousin, seize the crown;

Here, cousin,
On this side my hand, and on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water :
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on
high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to
resign. ¹⁹⁰

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my
griefs are mine.

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs: still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me
with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck
my cares down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done :
Your care is gain of care, by new care won :
The cares I give, I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they
stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the
crown? ²⁰⁰

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must
nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself :—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's
rites :

All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke, that swear to
thee !

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing
griev'd,

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all
achiev'd !

Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !

God save King Henry, making'd Richard
says, ²²⁰

And send him many years of sunshine days !—
What more remains?

North. [Offering a paper.] No more, but
that you read

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land ;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel
out

My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumber-
land, ²³⁰

If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king.
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of
Heaven.—

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon
me,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my-
self,

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your
hands, ²⁴⁰

Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch: read o'er these
articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I
cannot see;

And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;

For I have given here my soul's consent, ²⁵⁰
To undeck the pompous body of a king;



H. C. SELOUS, *Paint*

G. GREATBACH, *Sculpt.*

RICHARD AND BOLINGBROKE.

K. Richard. A brittle glory shineth in this face.

"KING RICHARD II.," *Act IV., Scene I.*

Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught
insulting man.
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no
title,—

No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 't is usurp'd.—Alack, the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O! that I were a mockery king of snow, 261
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly
good,

An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a
looking-glass. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the
glass doth come. 270

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I
come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northum-
berland.

North. The commons will not then be
satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read
enough,

When I do see the very book indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—
myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet! Hath sorrow
struck

So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering
glass! 280

Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the
face,

That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the
face,

That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last outfac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, 291
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath
destroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again,

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—

'T is very true, my grief lies all within;—

And these external manners of laments

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,

That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;

There lies the substance: and I thank thee,

king, 300

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st

Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? I am greater than
a king;

For, when I was a king, my flatterers

Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg. 310

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have it?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Why then, give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from
your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you; convey him to
the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers
are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt King RICHARD and Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly
set down 320

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of
CARLISLE, and AUMERLE.*]

Abbot. A woful pageant have we here
beheld.

Bishop. The woe's to come: the children
yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. My lord, before I freely speak my
mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but also to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise. 330

I see your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:

Come home with me to supper; I will lay

A plot, shall show us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter QUEEN and Attendants.

Queen. This way the king will come : this is the way

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see
My fair rose wither : yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love
tears.—

Ah ! thou, the model where old Troy did
stand,

Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's
tomb,

And not King Richard, thou most beauteous
inn,

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in
thee,

When triumph is become an ale-house guest ?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman,
do not so,

To make my end too sudden : learn, good
soul,

To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother,
sweet,

To grim necessity ; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to
France,

And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken
down.

Queen. What ! is my Richard both in
shape and mind

Transform'd and weakened ? Hath Boling-
broke

Depos'd thine intellect ? hath he been in thy
heart ?

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with
rage

To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly ? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,

Which art a lion, and a king of beasts ?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed ; if
'aught but beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for
France :

Think I am dead, and that even here thou
tak'st,

As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire

With good old folks, and let them tell thee
tales

Of woful ages, long ago betid ;

And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their
grief,

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,

And send the hearers weeping to their
beds :

For why the senseless brands will sympathise
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,

And in compassion weep the fire out ;

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-
black,

For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke
is chang'd :

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you :

With all swift speed you must away to
France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder,
wherewithal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age

More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt

think,

Though he divide the realm, and give thee
half,

It is too little, helping him to all ;

He shall think, that thou, which know'st the
way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way

To pluck him headlong from the usurped
throne.

The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;

That fear to hate ; and hate turns one, or
both,

To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there
an end.



Drawn by J. M'L. RALSTON.

RICHARD II. AND THE QUEEN.

Engraved by W. J. PALMER.

King Richard. We make woe wanton with this fond delay :
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say.

"RICHARD II.," Act V., Scene 1.

Take leave, and part, for you must part forth-
with.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd!—Bad men, ye
violate

A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and
me,

And then betwixt me and my married wife.—

Let me unkick the oath 'twixt thee and me;

And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.

Part us, Northumberland: I towards the
north,

Where shivering cold and sickness pines the
clime;

My wife to France: from whence, set forth
in pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of
day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we
part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love,
and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king
with me.

North. That were some love, but little
policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let
me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make
one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee
here;

Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near'.

Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with
groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the
longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the
way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be
brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in
grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly
part:

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiss.*]

Queen. Give me mine own again; 't were
no good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

[*They kiss again.*]

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this
fond delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Duke
of York's Palace.

Enter YORK and the DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would
tell the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from win-
dows' tops,

Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's
head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great
Bolingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,

With slow but stately pace kept on his
course,

While all tongues cried—"God save thee,
Bolingbroke!"

You would have thought the very windows
spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes

Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,—

"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Boling-
broke!"

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's

neck,
Bespake them thus,—“I thank you, country-
men:”

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he
the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;

Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
eyes

Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, God
save him;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome
home;

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head, so
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,

His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,

That had not God, for some strong purpose,
steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have
melted,

And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,

To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow. 40

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.

I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the
violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come
spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly
care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new
spring of time, 50

Lest you be-cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs
and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs with-
out thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the
writing.

Aum. My lord, 't is nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon
me.

It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have
seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean
to see.

I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?
'T is nothing but some bond that he is enter'd
into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he
with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a
fool.—

Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me: I may
not show it. 70

York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I
say. [*Snatches it, and reads.*

Treason! foul treason!—Villain! traitor!
slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle
my horse.— [*Exit Servant.*

Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace.—What is the
matter, Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother, be content: it is no
more

Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer?

York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the
king.

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy,
thou art amaz'd.—

Hence, villain! never more come in my
sight.— [*Exit Servant.*

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons, or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time,

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine
age, 80

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond, mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacra-
ment,

And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;

We'll keep him here: then, what is that to
him? 100

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty
times

My son, I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect,

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son.

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that
mind:

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, nor any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman!
[*Exit.*]

Duch. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon
his horse:

Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away!
be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the
Castle.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE as King; PERCY, and
other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty
son?

'Tis full three months, since I did see him
last.

If any plague hang over us, 't is he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
Which he, young wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw
the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at
Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto
the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a
glove,

And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet
through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder
days
May happily bring forth. But who comes
here?

Enter AUMERLE.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he
stares

And looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech
your majesty,

To have some conference with your grace
alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave
us here alone.—

[*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the
earth, [*Kneels.*]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my
mouth,

Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this
fault?

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn
the key,

That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

[*AUMERLE locks the door.*]

York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware! look to
thyself:

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

[*Drawing.*]

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand: thou
hast no cause to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure,
foolhardy king:

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE opens the door.*]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath: tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou
shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy pro-
mise past:

I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'T was, villain, ere thy hand did set
it down.—

tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold con-
spiracy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy
passages

Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad;

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's
bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his
shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies, ⁷⁰
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies :
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What, ho ! my liege ! for
God's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes
this eager cry ?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great
king ; 't is I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door :
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is altered, from a serious
thing,

And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the
King."— ⁸⁰

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in :
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests
sound ;

This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king ! believe not this hard-
hearted man :

Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou
make here ?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ? ⁹⁰

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me,
gentle liege. [*Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech :
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy ; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend
my knee. [*Kneels.*

York. Against them both my true joints
bended be. [*Kneels.*

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any
grace !

Duch. Pleads he in earnest ? look upon his
face ; ¹⁰⁰

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in
jest ;

His words come from his mouth, ours from
our breast :

He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all be-
side :

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they
grow :

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them
have

That mercy which true prayers ought to
have. ¹¹⁰

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up ;

But, pardon first, and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy
speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now ;
Say—pardon, king ; let pity teach thee how :
The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
No word like pardon for kings' mouths so
meet.

York. Speak it in French, king : say, *par-*
donnez-moi.

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to
destroy ? ¹²⁰

Ah ! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the
word !

Speak, pardon, as 't is current in our land !
The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue
there,

Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our complaints and prayers do
pierce,

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand :
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand. ¹³⁰

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon
me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling
knee !

Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,
and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the
heels.—

Good uncle, help to order several powers ¹⁴⁰
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :

They shall not live within this world, I swear ;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu :
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son : I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir PIERCE of EXTON and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake ?

"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ?"

Was it not so ?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. "Have I no friend ?" quoth he : he spake it twice,

And urg'd it twice together, did he not ?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,

As who should say,—I would thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart,

Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go : 10

I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare

This prison, where I live, unto the world :

And for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself,

I cannot do it ; yet I'll hammer it out.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;

My soul, the father : and these two beget

A generation of still-breeding thoughts,

And these same thoughts people this little world,

In humours like the people of this world, 10

For no thought is contented. The better sort,

As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd

With scruples, and do set the word itself

Against the word :

As thus,—"Come, little ones ;" and then again,—

"It is as hard to come, as for a camel

To thread the postern of a needle's eye."

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak
nails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter them-
selves,

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their
shame,

That many have, and others must sit there :
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like. 20

Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented : sometimes am I king ;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,

And so I am : then, crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king ;

Then am I king'd again ; and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,

And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I
am,

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be cas'd
With being nothing.—[*Music.*] Music do I
hear ? 41

Ha, ha ! keep time.—How sour sweet music
is,

When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;

But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me ;
For now hath time made me his numbering
clock : 50

My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they
jar

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it
is,

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my
heart,

Which is the bell : so sighs, and tears, and
groans,

Show minutes, times, and hours ; but my
time

Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the
clock.

This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For though it hath help madmen to their
wits,

In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 't is a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-bating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad
dog

That brings me food to make misfortune live!

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable
king,

When thou wert king; who, travelling to-
wards York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's
face.

O! how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day.

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me,
gentle friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the
ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was
on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal
hand:

This hand hath made him proud with clapping
him.

Would he not stumble? would he not fall
down

(Since pride must have a fall), and break the
neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee, so
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a
horse;

And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Boling-
broke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keeper. [To the Groom.] Fellow, give place,
here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 't is time thou
wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that
my heart shall say. [Exit.

Keeper. My lord, will 't please you to fall
to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont
to do.

Keeper. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of
Exton, who lately came from the king, com-
mands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lan-
caster, and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Strikes the Keeper.

Keeper. Help, help, help!

*Enter Sir PIERCE of EXTON, and Servants,
armed.*

K. Rich. How now! what means death in
this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's
instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another: EXTON strikes him
down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy
fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's
own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on
high,

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here
to die.

[Dies.

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were
good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear.—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial
here.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Windsor. An Apartment in the
Castle.

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK,
with Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news
we hear

Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear
not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.

The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here. ¹⁰

[Presenting a paper.]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London

The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ²¹

But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;

So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present

Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,

Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word, nor princely favour:

With Cain go wander through the shades of night,

And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,

That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:

Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black, incontinent.

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March sadly after; grace my mournings here, ⁵¹

In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*]

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman
taken,

A thousand of his people butchered ;
Upon whose dead corse there was such mis-
use,

Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of
this broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other like, my
gracious lord ;

For more uneven and unwelcome news 50
Came from the north, and thus it did report :
On Holy-rod day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way. 61

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious
friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome
news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty
knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains : of prisoners, Hotspur
took 70

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil ?
A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad,
and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son : 80
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant ;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her
pride :

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O ! that it could be
prov'd,

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. 90
But let him from my thoughts.—What think
you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is
Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects ;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to
answer this ; 100

And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor : so inform the lords ;
But come yourself with speed to us again ;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Apartment
in the Palace.

Enter HENRY, Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad ?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drink-
ing of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after
supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon,
that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly,
which thou wouldst truly know. What a
devil hast thou to do with the time of the
day ? unless hours were cups of sack, and
minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of
bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses,
and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench
in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why
thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand
the time of the day. 110

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal ;
for we, that take purses, go by the moon and
the seven stars, and not by Phœbus,—he,
“that wandering knight so fair.” And, I
pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—
as, God save thy grace—majesty, I should
say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

P. Hen. What ! none ?

Fal. No, by my troth ; not so much as will
serve to be prologue to an egg and butter. 120

P. Hen. Well, how then ? come roundly,
roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou

art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning: got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in; now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and, by-and-by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir-apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fobbed, as it is, with the rusty curb of old father Antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof

the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest,—sweet young prince.—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal:—God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gads-hill have set a match.—O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, "Stand!" to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word: the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one? 140

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days, I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king. 150

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prythee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap. 160

P. Hen. Farewell, the latter spring! Farewell, All-hallowm summer! [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth? 171

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or

after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Yea, but 't is like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves. 179

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to im-mask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured: and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness. 200

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come, 210

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. 220
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities.
And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord, —

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. — *[Exit WORCESTER.]*
[To NORTHUMBERLAND.] You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied

As was deliver'd to your majesty :
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners ;
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff : — and still he smil'd and talk'd ;

And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark !
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth

Was parmacity for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso, and exception.
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited them-
selves?

No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend, &
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cos
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that
true,

Needs no more but one tongue for all those
wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he
took,

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times
did they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou
dost belie him:

He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, hence-
forth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest
means, 120

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My Lord Northum-
berland,

We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.
[*Exeunt King HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for
them,

I will not send them.—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What! drunk with choler? stay,
and pause awhile:

Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer! 130

'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my
soul

Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
In his behalf, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the
dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. [To WORCESTER.] Brother, the
king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was
gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my
prisoners;

And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd
pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not
proclaim'd

By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set
forth

Upon his Irish expedition; 130
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the
world's wide mouth

Live scandalis'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft! I pray you, did King
Richard then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did: myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin
king,

That wish'd him on the barren mountains
starve.

But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man, 161

And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman
rather?—

O! pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament,

Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,

Or fill up chronicles in time to come, 171

That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf
(As both of you, God pardon it! have done),
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Boling-
broke?

And shall it, in more shame, be further
spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye under-
went?

No! yet time serves, wherein you may
redeem

Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again :
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and
night

To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say, --

Wor. Peace, cousin! say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, 180
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night!—or sink or
swim :

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple :—O! the blood more
stirs

To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 200

Hot. By Heaven, methinks, it were an
easy leap

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd
moon,

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the
ground,

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might
wear

Without corrival all her dignities :
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures
here,

But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while, 211
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all.

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them :
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall
not.

I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will : that's flat.
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer ; 220
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of
Wales, 231

But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mis-
chance,

I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to
you,

When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and im-
patient fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and
scourg'd with rods, 240

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I
bear

Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—what do ye call the
place?—

A plague upon 't—it is in Glostershire ;—

'T was where the madcap duke his uncle
kept,

His uncle York,—where I first bow'd my
knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
'Sblood!

When you and he came back from Ravens-
purg.

North. At Berkley Castle. 250

Hot. You say true.—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—“when his infant fortune came to
age,”

And,—“gentle Harry Percy,”—and,—“kind
cousin,”—

O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive
me.

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again ;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish
prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom
straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers
reasons,

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—[*To NORTHUMBER-*
LAND.]*—*You, my lord,

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate well-belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not ?

Wor. True ; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord
Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down ;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it :

Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still
lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
plot.—

And then the power of Scotland and of
York,

To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us
speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head ;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does : we'll be reveng'd
on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell.—No further go in
this,

Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe (which will be suddenly),
I'll steal to Glendower, and Lord Mortimer :
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at
once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong
arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother : we shall
thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu.—O ! let the hours be
short,

Till fields and blows and groans applaud our
sport. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. An Inn Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh-ho ! An't be not four by the
day, I'll be hanged : Charles' wain is over the
new chimney, and yet our horse not packed.
What, ostler !

Ostler. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle,
put a few flocks in the point ; the poor jade
is wrung in the withers out of all cress.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as
a dog, and that is the next way to give poor
jades the bots : this house is turned upside
down, since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow ! never joyed since the
price of oats rose : it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be the most villainous

house in all London road for fleas : I am
stung like a tench.

1 Car. Like a tench ? by the mass, there is
ne'er a king in Christendom could be better
bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a
jordan, and then we leak in your chimney ;
and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a
loach.

1 Car. What, ostler ! come away, and be
hanged, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and
two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as
Charing Cross.

1 Car. 'Odsbody ! the turkeys in my pan-
nier are quite starved.—What, ostler !—A
plague on thee ! hast thou never an eye in
thy head ? canst not hear ? An't were not
as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of
thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be
hanged :—hast no faith in thee ?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith. 40

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth'a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour *Mugs*, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain! 50

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring: thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worshipp'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may. 60

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers, none of these mad, mustachio-purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters, and

great oneyers: such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots. *

Cham. What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cocksure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible. 90

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more beholding to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. 100

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek POINS.*]

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll

starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down: lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest: thou art not colted; thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O! 't is our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue: 't is going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. [*Aside to POINS.*] Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah! whoreson caterpillars bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Travellers. O! we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves. Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, &c., driving the Travellers out.*]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go inerrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters; let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

[*Rushing out upon them.*]

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them. They all run away, and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear

So strongly, that they dare not meet each other ;

Each takes his fellow for an officer. 107

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he walks along :

Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

“But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.”—He could be contented,—why is he not then ? In respect of the love he bears our house :—He shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “The purpose you undertake, is dangerous ;”—why, that's certain : 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. “The purpose you undertake, is dangerous ; the friends you have named, uncertain ; the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.”—Say you so, say you so ? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this ! By the Lord, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant : a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation ; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this ! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds ! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself ? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower ? Is there not, besides, the Douglas ? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not, some of them, set forward already ? What a pagan rascal is this ! an infidel ! Ha ! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O ! I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action. Hang

him ! let him tell the king ; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate ? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord ! why are you thus alone ?

For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed ? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee 40

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,

And start so often when thou sitt'st alone ? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,

And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,

To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy ? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars, Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed, Cry, “Courage !—to the field !” And thou hast talk'd 50

Of sallies, and retires ; of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,

Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,

And all the currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream ;

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, 60

Such as we see when men restrain their breath

On some great sudden hest. O ! what portents are these ?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho !

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

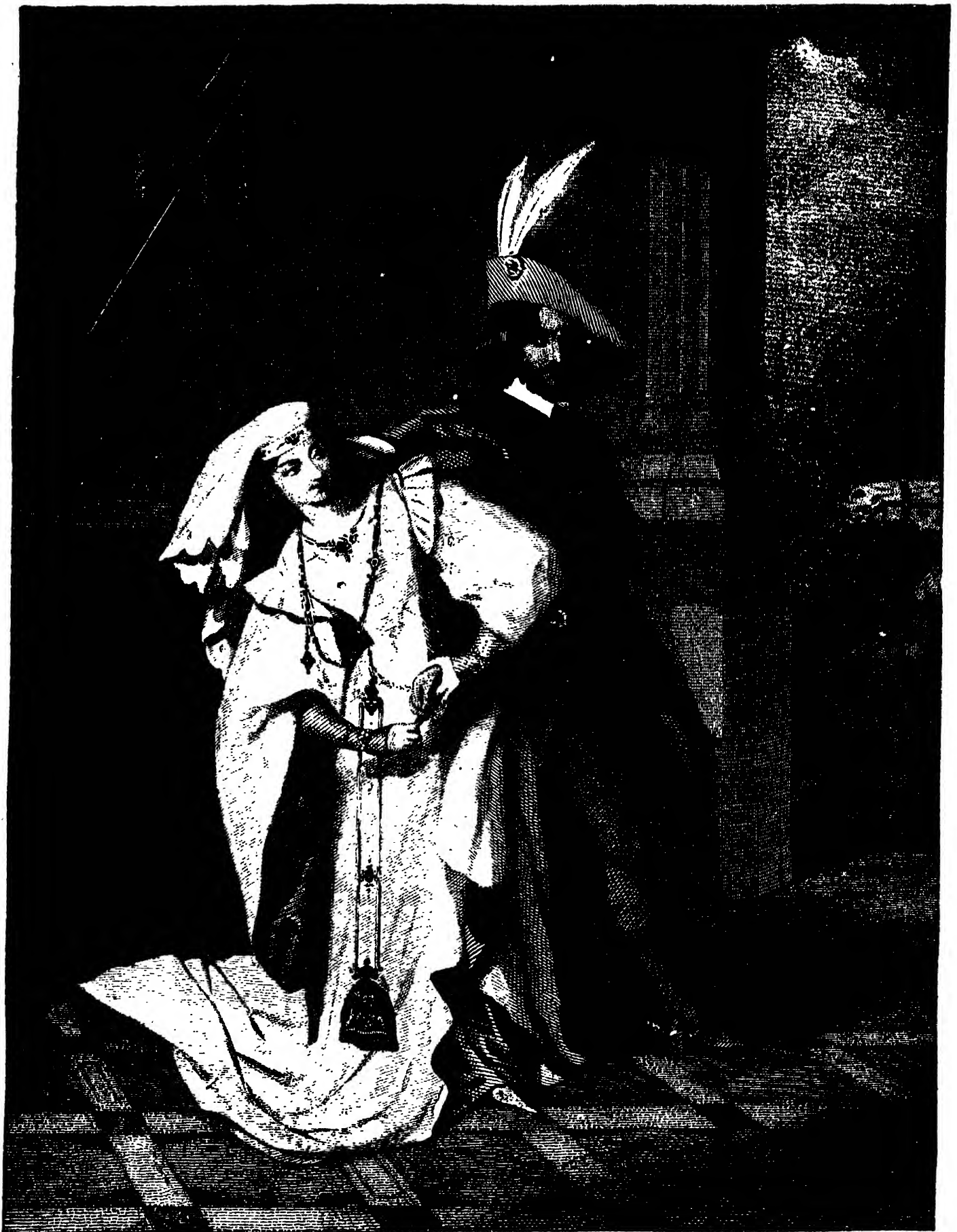
Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff ?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne. 70 Well, I will back him straight : O, *Esperance* !



CHALOW, *Paint.*

W. RIDGWAY, *Sculpt.*

HOTSPUR AND LADY PERCY.

Lady Percy.

Answer me

Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry.
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

"KING HENRY IV.," *Part I., Act II., Scene III.*

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will. ⁸⁰

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprise. But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler!—Love!—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world,
To play with mamnets and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me? Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? ¹⁰⁰

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts.

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no further wise

Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman: and for secrecy,

No lady closer; for I well believe ¹¹⁰

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;

To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.

Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me,)—and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your waterpuff, they cry, "Hem!" and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, than—"Eight shillings and sixpence," and—"You are welcome;" with this shrill addition,—
"Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half Moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis! that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit.*]

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord. ¹²⁰

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darrest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, — about Michaelmas next I shall be —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. — Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me, — 't was a penny-worth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis! No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis, —

Fran. My lord!

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nodd-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

Fran. O Lord, sir, what do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him: the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRANCIS.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins!*

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lād. But hark ye: what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter FRANCIS, with wine.

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

[*Exit.*]

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is — up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, — "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he, and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle." — I prythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan), that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt. If manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three

good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old : God help the while ! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still. 140

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack ? what mutter you ?

Fal. A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales !

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter ?

Fal. Are you not a coward ? answer me to that ; and Poins there. 151

Poins. 'Zounds ! ye fat-paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward ! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward ; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders ; you care not who sees your back : call you that backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing ! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack : I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain ! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

P. Hen. What's the matter ?

Fal. What's the matter ? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

Fal. Where is it ? taken from us it is : a hundred upon poor four of us. 171

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man ?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet ; four through the hose ; my buckler cut through and through ; my sword hacked like a hand-saw : *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man : all would not do. A plague of all cowards !—Let them speak : if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness. 181

P. Hen. Speak, sirs : how was it ?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them ; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew. 191

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,— 191

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all ?

Fal. All ? I know not what ye call all ; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish : if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for : I have peppered two of them : two, I am sure, I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward :—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four ? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal ; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four. 201

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven ? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram ?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone : we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal ?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack. 221

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground ; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two. 231

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me ; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,—

Fal. What ! art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ? 241

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four, and you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house.—And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[Exit.]

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions, too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no;—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest: how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away. What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast?

How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer, and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordako, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith: I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken from a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father! how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain!—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point:—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also.—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a

corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand. — Judge, my masters. 450

P. Hen. Now, Harry! whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: — nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, I' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father ruffian, that Vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing? 470

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you. Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I

utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. 481

[A knocking heard.]

[*Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.*]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my lord, my lord! —

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so. 500

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another. 510

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras: — the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the PRINCE and POINS.*]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men? 520

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here,

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For anything he shall be charg'd withal :

And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen 530

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so : if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow, is it not ?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse. 540

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*Peto searches.*] What hast thou found ?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be : read them.

Peto. [*Reads.*] "Item, A capon . 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after

supper 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread ob."

P. Hen. O monstrous ! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !—What there is else, keep close : we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning : we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot ; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. 550

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

Will you sit down ?—

And, uncle Worcester :—a plague upon it !

I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur ;

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you,

His cheek looks pale, and with a rising sigh

He wisheth you in heaven. 11

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him. At my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

Of burning cressets ; and at my birth,

The frame and huge foundation of the earth Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the

same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O ! then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions : oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd 30

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb ; which, for enlargement

striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples

down

Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your

birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distempera-

ture,

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again,—that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the
herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened
fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland
Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks
better Welsh.

I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ! you will make
him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty
deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man ;
But will they come, when you do call for
them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to
command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame
the devil,

By telling truth : tell truth, and shame the
devil.—

If thou have power to raise him, bring him
hither,

And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame
him hence.

O ! while you live, tell truth, and shame the
devil.

Mort. Come, come ;

No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Boling-
broke made head

Against my power : thrice from the banks of
Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul
weather too !

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

Glend. Come, here's the map. Shall we
divide our right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en ?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd :
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn
shore.

And all the fertile land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower :—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed interchangeably
(A business that this night may execute),
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set
forth,

To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen
days.—

Within that space you may have drawn
together

Your tenants, friends, and, neighbouring
gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to
you, lords ;

And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal, and take no
leave ;

For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from
Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours.

See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.

I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly :

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must : you
see, it doth.

Mort. Yea, but

Mark, how he bears his course, and runs me
up

With like advantage on the other side ;
Yielding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench
him here,

And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do
it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then :
I speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well
as you,

For I was train'd up in the English court ;
Where, being but young, I fram'd to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament ;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd, 130
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry :
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land

To any well-deserving friend ;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night : 141

I'll haste the writer, and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence.

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*]

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

Hot. I cannot choose : sometime he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon, and a finless fish, 150
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—

He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys : I cried, "Humph,"
and "Well, go to,"

But mark'd him not a word. O ! he's as tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live 160

With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Then feed on cates, and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
'Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?
He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour ; 'faith, he does. 171

I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,

Without the taste of danger and reproof :
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame ;

And since your coming hither, have done enough

To put him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood, 180

(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,) Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :

The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,

Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd ; good manners be your speed !

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave. 190

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps ; she will not part with you :

She'll be a soldier too ; she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, that she, and my aunt Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*GLENDOWER speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*]

Glend. She's desperate here ; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,

One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*She speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh

Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens, 200

I am too perfect in : and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*She speaks again.*]

understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation :

But I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly
penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run
mad. [*She speaks again.*]

Mort. O! I am ignorance itself in this. 211

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes
lay you down,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness:
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east. 220

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear
her sing:

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from
hence;

And straight they shall be here. Sit, and
attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying
down: come, quick, quick; that I may lay
my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[*The music plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands
Welsh; 230

And 't is no marvel, he is so humorous.

By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but
musical, for you are altogether governed by
humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the
lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach,
howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still. 240

Hot. Neither; 't is a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now, God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*A Welsh song sung by Lady MORTIMER.*]

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart!
you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. "Not
you, in good sooth;" and, "As true as I
live;" and, "As God shall mend me;" and,
"As sure as day:" 251

And giv's; such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'dst further than
Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave "in
sooth,"

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or
be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be
drawn, I'll away within these two hours;
and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*]

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you
are as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn: we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, Prince of WALES, and
Lords.*

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave. The Prince
of Wales and I

Must have some private conference: but be
near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for
me;

But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else, 11
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean
attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I
could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as I am doubtless, I can purge 20
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd
(Which oft the ear of greatness needs must
hear)

By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,

I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and prince of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, "This is he;"

Others would say,—"Where? which is Bolingbroke?"

And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven, 50
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,

Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down 60
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd; carded his state,

Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,

And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibling boys, and stand the push
Of every boardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity,
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, 70
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little

More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,

Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,

As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; 80
But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,

Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is aweary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;

Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness. 91

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurge;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right, 100
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,

Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas, whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital, 110
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, North-
umberland,

The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,

Capitulate against us, and are up. 120
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal
fear,

Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so; you shall not
find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have
sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame
with it:

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to
meet.

For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on my
head

My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth ex-
change

His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
E'er break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in
this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust
herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of
speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,

If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland set
forth to-day,

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old.—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
forward;

On Thursday we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you
shall march through Glostershire; by which
account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. A Room in the
Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
since this last action? do I not bate? do I not
dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like
an old lady's loose gown: I am wither'd like
an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and
that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I
shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall
have no strength to repent. An I have not
forgotten what the inside of a church is made
of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. The
inside of a church! Company, villainous
company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you
cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it.—Come, sing me a
bawdy song; make me merry. I was as
virtuously given as a gentleman need to be;
virtuous enough: swore little; diced not
above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-
house not above once in a quarter—of an
hour; paid money that I borrowed three or
four times; lived well, and in good compass;
and now I live out of all order, out of all
compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that
you must needs be out of all compass, out of
all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll
amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou
bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 't is in
the nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the
Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you
no harm.

Fal. No; I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, "By this fire, that's God's angel." But thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the sun of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years: God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood! I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman; go.

Host. Who, I? No. I defy thee: God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolsters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-

drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it: let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor: he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor! look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a sealing of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS, marching.

FALSTAFF meets the PRINCE, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, twö and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep, here, behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a sealing of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on. I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest

man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise. 130

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly. 140

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper. 150

P. Hen. I say, 't is copper; darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break! 159

P. Hen. O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whore-son, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed? 171

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest,

in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

P. Hen. O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee.—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O! I do not like that paying back; 't is a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything. 191

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtubus: I laud them, I praise them. 201

P. Hen. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, To my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse! for thou and I Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.— Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple Hall At two o'clock in the afternoon

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive 210

Money, and order for their furniture. The land is burning, Percy stands on high, And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come.—

O! I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury,

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot. If speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this sea on's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.

By God, I cannot flatter : I defy
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.

Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour :
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 't is well.—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord : he's grievous sick.

Hot. Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?

Under whose government come they along ?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed ?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;

And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited :

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise :

'T is catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn ; nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should
on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us ;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off :—

And yet, in faith, 't is not ; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it.— Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast ? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?

It were not good ; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should ;

Where now remains a sweet reversion :

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in :

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division. It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from
whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us.

This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use :—

It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprise,

Than if the earl were here : for men must think,

If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not
such a word

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my
soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a wel-
come, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand
strong,

Is marching hitherwards ; with him, Prince
John.

Hot. No harm : what more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,

Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is
his son,

The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plun'd like estridges, that with the
wind

Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd ;
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;

As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young
bulls.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horseman-
ship.

Hot. No more, no more : worse than the
sun in March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them
come

They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste my
horse,

Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :

Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a
corse.—

O, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear
of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty
sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle
reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be :

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily :

Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying : I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half
year. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A public Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coven-
try : fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers
shall march through ; we'll to Sutton Co'fil'
to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour ;
and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll
answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto
meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell. *[Exit.]*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers,
I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the
king's press damnably. I have got, in ex-
change of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three
hundred and odd pounds. I press me none
but good householders, yeomen's sons : in-
quire me out contracted bachelors, such as
had been asked twice on the banns ; such a
commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear
the devil as a drum ; such as fear the report
of a caliver worse than a struck fowl, or a
hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such
toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies
no bigger than pins' heads, and they have
bought out their services ; and now my whole
charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieu-
tenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as
ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where

the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal! How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, Tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well. You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day:

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated, and brought low ;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth
ours .

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from
the king, 30

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt ; and
would to God

You were of our determination !

Some of us love you well ; and even thos
some

Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should
stand so, .

So long as, out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty. 40

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to
know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous
land

Audacious cruelty ? If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and, with all
speed,

You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion. 51

Hot. The king is kind ; and, well we know,
the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,

Did give him that same royalty he wears ;
And, when he was not six-and-twenty
strong,

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and
low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore ;
And, when he heard him swear, and vow to
God, 60

He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.

Now, when the lords and barons of the
realm

Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,

The more and less came in with cap and
knee ;

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70

Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their
oaths,

Gave him their heirs as pages ; follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.

He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow

Made to my father, while his blood was
poor,

Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur ;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform

Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth ; 80

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,

This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for

Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king

In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut ! I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.

In short time after he depos'd the king ; 90
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;

And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole
state ;

To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman
March

(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales,

There without ransom to lie forfeited ;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;

Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
Rated my uncle from the council-board ;

In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on

wrong, 101

And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety, and, withal, to pry

Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the
king ?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter : we'll withdraw
a while.

Go to the king, and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall mine uncle 110
Bring him our purposes ; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace
and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray God, you do !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK and Sir MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make
haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must hide the touch. For, sir, at Shrews-
bury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised
power,
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir
Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence
thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak

To wage an instant trial with the king. 20
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not
fear:

There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon,
Lord Harry Percy,

And there's my Lord of Worcester, and a
head

Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king
hath drawn

The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,
And many more courtrials, and dear men 30
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be
well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to
fear:

And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael,
speed:

For, if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against
him:

Therefore, make haste. I must go write
again 40

To other friends; and so farewell, Sir
Michael. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The King's Camp near Shrews-
bury.

*Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince
JOHN of LANCASTER, Sir WALTER BLUNT,
and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to
peer
Above yon busky hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sym-
pathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*]

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester? 't is not
well,

That you and I should meet upon such
terms 10

As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our
trust,

And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-aborred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural
light;

And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent 20
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how
comes it then?

Hal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks

Of favour from myself, and all our house;

And yet I must remember you, my lord,

We were the first and dearest of your friends.

For you my staff of office did I break

In Richard's time; and posted day and night

To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,

When yet you were in place and in account

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,

That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare

The dangers of the time. You swore to us,

And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,

That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,

Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.

To this we swore our aid: but, in short space,

It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,

And such a flood of greatness fell on you,

What with our help, what with the absent king,

What with the injuries of a wanton time,

The seeming sufferances that you had borne,

And the contrarious winds, that held the king

So long in his unlucky Irish wars,

That all in England did repute him dead:

And, from this swarm of fair advantages,

You took occasion to be quickly woo'd

To gripe the general sway into your hand;

Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,

And, being fed by us, you us'd us so

As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,

Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest,

Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,

That even our love durst not come near your sight,

For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing

We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly

Out of your sight, and raise this present head;

Whereby we stand opposed by such means

As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,

By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,

And violation of all faith and troth

Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulate,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,

To face the garment of rebellion

With some fine colour, that may please the eye

Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,

Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news

Of hurly-burly innovation:

And never yet did insurrection want

Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;

Nor moody beggars, starving for a time

Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,

If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,

The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world

In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,

This present enterprise set off his head,

I do not think, a braver gentleman,

More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,

More daring, or more bold, is now alive

To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,

I have a truant been to chivalry,

And so, I hear, he doth account me too;

Yet this before my father's majesty:

I am content, that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation,

And will, to save the blood on either side,

Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit considerations infinite

Do make against it.—No, good Worcester,

We love our people well; even those we love,

That are misled upon your cousin's part;

And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,

Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.

So tell your cousin, and bring me word

What he will do; but if he will not yield,

Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,

And they shall do their office. So, be gone.

We will not now be troubled with reply:

We offer fair, take it adviscdly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together

Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

For, on their answer, will we set on them;

And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and Prince JOHN.]

Hal. Hal, if thou see me down in the

battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it.—Therefore, I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'T were best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of
eyes;

For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, no'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd
up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of
blood;

And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a
spleen.

All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
In any case the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 't is so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what
news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did yov beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended
thus,

By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I
have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did
bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly
on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth
before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O! 'would the quarrel lay upon our
heads,

And that no man might draw short breath
to-day,

But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell
me,

How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praises with a princely
tongue,

Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,

Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you :
And, which became him like a prince indeed
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a
grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the
world,—

If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies : never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.

But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm, with speed!—And, fellows, soldiers,
friends,

Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of
tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen ! the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely, were too
long,

If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with
us.

Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes
on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my
tale,

For I profess not talking. Only this,—
Let each man do his best : and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperance!*—*Percy!*—and set on !—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace ;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never
shall

A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and
exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Plain near Shrewsbury.

*Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarm to
the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT,
meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle
thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou
seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas ;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day
hath bought
Thy likeness ; for, instead of thee, King
Harry,

This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud
Scot ;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas ! hadst thou fought at
Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won : here breath-
less lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no ; I know this face
full well :

A gallant knight he was, his name was
Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it
goes !

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear :
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a
king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his
coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all
his coats ;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away !
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.
[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at
London, I fear the shot here ; here's no

scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:—there's honour for you; here's no vanity.—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword: 40
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal! I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt. 51

P. Hen. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot: there's that will sack a city.

[*The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.*]

P. Hen. What! is't a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. 40

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the KING, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou'bleed'st too much.—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,

Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so.—

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord! I do not need your help: 10

And Heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,

Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long.—Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies: for God's sake come.

[*Exeunt Prince JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

P. Hen. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

K. Hen. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,

With lustier maintenance than I did look for

Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O! this boy

Lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met, 30

And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; and defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit,

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:

But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

[*They fight: the KING being in danger, re-enter Prince HENRY.*]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits 40

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in arms :

It is the Prince of Wales, that threaten thee,

Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.— [*They fight : DOUGLAS flies*

Cheerly, my lord : how fares your grace ?—

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton ; I'll to Clifton straight

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion ;
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O God ! they did me too much injury,

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you ;

Which would have been as speedy in your end,

As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton : I'll to Sir
Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales ; and think not,
Percy,

To share with me in glory any more :
Two stars keep not their motion in one
sphere ;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us ; and 'would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part
from thee ;

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal !—Nay,
you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell
you.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS ; he fights with FALSTAFF,
who falls down as if he were dead, and
exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and
falls.*

Hot. O Harry ! thou hast robb'd me of my
youth.

I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy
sword my flesh :—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's
fool ;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O ! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art
dust,

And food for—

[*Dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy. Fare
thee well, great heart !—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou
shrunk !

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough :—this earth, that bears thee
dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal :—

But let my favours hide thy mangled face,

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to
heaven !

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph !—

[*He spits FALSTAFF on the ground.*
What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this
flesh

Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O ! I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.—

Embowell'd will I see thee by-and-by ;

Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising.*] Embowell'd ! if thou em-
bowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder
me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Shblood ! 't was
time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant
Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counter-
feit ? I lie ; I am no counterfeit : to die, is
to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counter-
feit of a man, who hath not the life of a
man ; but to counterfeit dying, when a man

thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him*] with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me.

[*He takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, Breathless and bleeding on the ground.— Art thou alive? or is it phantasy That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain: I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I Jack. There is Percy: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down, and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours. Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. [*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—

Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send grace, Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl, and many a creature else,

Had been alive this hour,

If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne

Between our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*]
How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The noble Percy slain, and all his men

Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;

And falling from a hill he was so bruised,

That the pursuers took him. At my tent

The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,

I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong.

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:

His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,

Even in the bosom of our adversaries

P. John. I thank your grace for this high
courtesy,

Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we
divide our power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your
dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate
Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :

Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards
Wales,

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of
March. 40

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day :

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt*]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFEU, an old Lord.

PAROLLES, a Follower of Bertram.

Several young French Lords, serving with Bertram.

Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.

Clown, in her Household.

A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, Mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

A Widow of Florence.

DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, (Neighbours and Friends to the
MARIANA,) Widow.

Lords, attending on the King: Officers,
Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE.—Partly in FRANCE, and partly in TUSCANY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

*Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON,
HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I
bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er
my father's death anew; but I must attend
his majesty's command, to whom I am now
in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband,
madam;—you, sir, a father. He that so
generally is at all times good, must of
necessity hold his virtue to you, whose
worthiness would stir it up where it wanted,
rather than lack it where there is such abun-
dance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's
amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians,
madam; under whose practices he hath per-
secuted time with hope, and finds no other
advantage in the process but only the losing
of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a
father,—O, that “had!” how sad a passage
't is!—whose skill was almost as great as his
honesty; had it stretched so far, would have
made nature immortal, and death should have
play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's
sake, he were living! I think it would be the
death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak
of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profes-
sion, and it was his great right to be so:—
Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam: the
king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and
mourningly. He was skilful enough to have
lived still, if knowledge could be set up
against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king
languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was
this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de
Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and be-
queathed to my overlooking. I have those
hopes of her good that her education promises:
her dispositions she inherits, which make fair
gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries
virtuous qualities, there commendations go
with pity; they are virtues and traitors too:
in her they are the better for their simpleness;
she derives her honesty, and achieves her
goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get
from her tears.

Count. 'T is the best brine a maiden can
season her praise in. The remembrance of
her father never approaches her heart, but the
tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood

from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena : go to, no more ; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed : but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal. 61

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that ?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram ; and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape ! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee ; and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright ! Love all, trust a
few,

Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be check'd for
silence, 70

But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven
more will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
down,

Fall on thy head ! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier : good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him !—Farewell,
Bertram. [Exit.]

Ber. [To HELENA.] The best wishes that
can be forged in your thoughts be servants
to you. Be comfortable to my mother, your
mistress, and make much of her. 81

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady : you must hold
the credit of your father.

[Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.]

Hel. O, were that all !—I think not on
my father ;

And these great tears grace his remembrance
more

Than those I shed for him. What was he
like ?

I have forgot him : my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.

I am undone : there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. It were all one,

That I should love a bright particular star,

And think to wed it, he is so above me :

In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :

The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though :
plague,

To see him every hour ; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table ; heart too capable 100
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour :
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.—Who comes here ?
One that goes with him : I love him for his
sake,

And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely
bones

Look bleak in the cold wind : withal, full oft
we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly. 110

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Save you, fair queen !

Hel. And you, monarch !

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity ?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier
in you ; let me ask you a question. Man is
enemy to virginity ; how may we barricado
it against him ?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails ; and our virginity,
though valiant in the defence, yet is weak.
Unfold to us some warlike resistance. 122

Par. There is none : man, sitting down
before you, will undermine you, and blow
you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from under-
miners and blowers up !—Is there no military
policy, how virgins might blow up men ?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man
will quicklier be blown up : marry, in blowing
him down again, with the breach yourselves
made, you lose your city. It is not politic in
the commonwealth of nature to preserve vir-
ginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase ;
and there was never virgin got, till virginity
was first lost. That you were made of, is
metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being
once lost, may be ten times found : by being
ever kept, it is ever lost. 'T is too cold a
companion : away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though
therefore I die a virgin. 130

Par. There's little can be said in 't ; 't is
against the rule of nature. To speak on the
part of virginity is to accuse your mothers,
which is most infallible disobedience. He
that hangs himself is a virgin ; virginity
murders itself, and should be buried in high-
ways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate

offendress against nature. Virginitie breed mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginitie is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by 't. On with 't: within the year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept the less worth: off with 't, while 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginitie, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginitie, your old virginitie, is like one of our French withered pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 't is a withered pear. Will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginitie yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,

A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—

I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—

The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,

Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,

Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,

And show what we alone must think; which never

Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. *[Exit.]*

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety. But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. *[Exit.]*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull

Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high:

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?

The mightiest space in fortune Nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.

Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose,

What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove

To show her merit, that did miss her love?

The king's disease—my project may deceive me,

But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible: we here receive it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move
us

For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good
lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy
father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral
parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your
majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal sound-
ness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First tried our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may
jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below
him

He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them
now

But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his
tomb:

So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him! He
would always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now: his plausible
words

He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—"Let me not
live,"—

Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—“Let me not live,” quoth
he,

“After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments
are

Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-
stancies

Expire before their fashions.”—This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you
first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long
is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him
yet:—

Lend me an arm:—the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sick-
ness

Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear : what say you of
this gentlewoman ?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even
your content, I wish might be found in the
calendar of my past endeavours ; for then we
wound our modesty, and make foul the clear-
ness of our deservings, when of ourselves we
publish them.

Count. What does this knave here ? . Get
you gone, sirrah ? the complaints I have heard
of you, I do not all believe : 't is my slowness,
that I do not ; for I know you lack not folly
to commit them, and have ability enough to
make such knaveries yours. ¹²

Clo. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I
am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam ; 't is not so well, that I
am poor, though many of the rich are damned.
But, if I may have your ladyship's good will
to go to the world, Isbel, the woman, and I
will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar ? ²⁰

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case ?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Ser-
vice is no heritage, and, I think, I shall never
have the blessing of God, till I have issue of
my body, for they say, barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt
marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it : I
am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs
go, that the devil drives. ³⁰

Count. Is this all your worship's reason ?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy
reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them ?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked crea-
ture, as you and all flesh and blood are ; and,
indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy
wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam ; and I
hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies,
knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam ; e'en great
friends ; for the knaves come to do that for
me, which I am aweary of. He that ears my
land spares my team, and gives me leave to
inn the crop : if I be his cuckold, he's my
drudge. He that comforts my wife is the
cherisher of my flesh and blood ; he that

cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh
and blood ; he that loves my flesh and blood is
my friend : *ergo* he that kisses my wife is my
friend. If men could be contented to be what
they are, there were no fear in marriage ; for
young Charbon the Puritan, and old Poysam
the Papist, howsome'er their hearts are
severed in religion, their heads are both one ;
they may joll horns together, like any deer i'
the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed
and calumnious knave ?

Clo. A prophet I, madam ; and I speak
the truth the next way :

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find ;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Count. Get you gone, sir : I'll talk with
you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he
bid Helen come to you : of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I
would speak with her ; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy ? ⁴⁰

*Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy ?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then ;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.*

Count. What ! one good in ten ? you cor-
rupt the song, sirrah. ⁵¹

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which
is a purifying o' the song. 'Would God would
serve the world so all the year ! we'd find no
fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the
parson. One in ten, quoth 'a ! an we might
have a good woman born but for every blaz-
ing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend
the lottery well : a man may draw his heart
out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do
as I command you !

Clo. That man should be at woman's com-
mand, and yet no hurt done !—Though
honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt ;
it will wear the surplice of humility over the
black gown of a big heart.—I am going, for-
sooth : the business is for Helen to come
hither. *[Exit.]*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your
gentlewoman entirely. ⁵⁹

Count. Faith, I do : her father bequeathed her to me ; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds : there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me : alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son : Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level ; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterwards. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in ; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly : keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*
Even so it was with me, when I was young. If ever we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born :
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth :

By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults ; or then we thought them none.

Enter HELENA.

Her eye is sick on 't : I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam ?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother.

Why not a mother ? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent : what's in mother,

That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother,

And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen,

Adoption strives with nature ; and choicest breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds ;
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.—

God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter,

That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-coloured Iris, rounds thine eye ?—
Why ? that you are my daughter ?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam ;

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam : 'would you were

(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)

Indeed my mother !—or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my laughter-in-law.

God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and mother,

So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again ?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness : now I see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross,

You love my son : invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 't is so :—for, look, thy cheeks

Confess it, the one to the other ; and thine eyes

See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it : only sin,
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so ?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;
If it be not, forswear 't ; howe'er, I charge thee,

As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about : my love hath in't a bond,

Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose

The state of your affection, for your passions Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. 'Tis true, I confess, 190

Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,

That before you, and next unto high Heaven, I love your son.—

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :

Be not offended, for it hurts not him, That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit ; Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him, Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope ; Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve, 201

I still pour in the waters of my love, And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love, For loving where you do : but, if yourself, Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth, Did ever, in so true a flame of liking, 210

Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and Love : O ! then, give pity

To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose

But lend and give where she is sure to lose ; That seeks not to find that her search implies,

But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,

To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself I swear.

You know, my father left me some pre-
scriptions 220

Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading And manifest experience had collected

For general sovereignty : and that he will'd me

In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, As notes, whose faculties inclusive were, More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,

There is a remedy approv'd, set down To cure the desperate languishings whereof The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive For Paris, was it ? speak. 230

Hel. My lord, your son, made me to think of this ;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king, Had, from the conversation of my thoughts, Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen, If you should tender your suppos'd aid, He would receive it ? He and his physicians Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,

They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools, Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off 240 The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something in't, More than my father's skill, which was the greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,

By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't ?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love, 250 Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings

To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.

Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this, What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter KING, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lords : these warlike principles
Do not throw from you :—and you, my lords,
farewell.—

Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain
all

The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my
heart

Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords ;

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it : when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you
seek,

That fame may cry you loud. I say, fare-
well.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve
your majesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of
them :

They say, our French lack language to
deny,

If they demand : beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your
warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The KING retires to a couch.*]

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will
stay behind us !

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars !

Par. Most admirable : I have seen those
wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a
coil with,—

"Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis
too early."

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal
away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a
smock,

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword
worn.

But one to dance with. By Heaven ! I'll
steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory ; and so fare-
well.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a
tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles !

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours
are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word,
good metals :—you shall find in the regiment
of the Spinii, one Captain Spurio, with his
cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his
sinister cheek : it was this very sword en-
trenched it : say to him, I live, and observe
his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices !—
What will you do ?

Ber. Stay ; the king—

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the
noble lords : you have restrained yourself
within the list of too cold an adieu : be more
expressive to them ; for they wear them-
selves in the cap of the time, there do
muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under
the influence of the most received star ; and
though the devil lead the measure, such are
to be followed. After them, and take a more
dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove
most sinewy swordsmen.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me
and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. There here's a man stands, that has
bought his pardon.

would, you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask
me mercy,

And that, at my bidding, you could so stand
up.

King. I would I had ; so I had broke thy
pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across. But, my good lord, 't is thus ;

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity ?

King. No.

Laf. O ! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox ?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen
a medicine

That's able to breathe life into a stone.

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion ; whose simple
touch

Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this ?

Laf. Why, doctor she. My lord, there's
one arriv'd,

If you will see her :—now, by my faith and
honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, pro-
fession,

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me
more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you
see her

(For that is her demand), and know her
business ?

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee so
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever
prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

This is his majesty, say your mind to him :
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's
uncle,

That dare leave two together. Fare you
well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business
follow us ? 101

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises
towards him ;

Knowing him, is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up as a triple eye, 110
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have
so ;

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the
honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom Nature
From her invincible estate ; I say, we must
not 121

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we
deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my
pains :

I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again. 130

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd
grateful.

Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks
I give,

As one near death to those that wish him
live ;

But what at full I know, thou know'st no
part,

I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to
try,

Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :

So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes ; great floods
have flown 141

From simple sources ; and great seas have
dried,

When miracles have by the greatest been
denied.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most
fits.

King. I must not hear thee : fare thee well,
kind maid.

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their
reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
It is not so with Him that all things knows, 150
As 't is with us that square our guess by
shows ;

But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think, and think I know most
sure,

My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ! Within what
space 160

Hop'st thou my cure !

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy
lamp ;

Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall
fly, 160

Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture !

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's
name

Sear'd otherwise ; ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit
doth speak

His powerful sound, within an organ weak ;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way. 180
Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call :
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die, 190
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my
fee ;

But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of
heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy
kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command :
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of
France,

My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state ; 200
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises
observ'd,

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd :
So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I
must,

Though more to know could not be more to
trust,

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on ;
but rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
(Give me some help here, ho !—If thou pro-
ceed 210

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir : I shall now put you
to the height of your breeding.

Clow. I will show myself highly fed, and
lowly taught. I know, my business is but to
the court.

Count. To the court ! why, what place
make you special, when you put off that with
such contempt ? But to the court !

Clow. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man
any manners, he may easily put it off at court :
he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss
his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg,
hands, lip, nor cap ; and, indeed, such a fel-
low, to say precisely, were not for the court.
But, for me, I have an answer will serve all
men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer,
that fits all questions.

Clow. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all
buttocks ; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock,
the brawn-buttock, or any buttock. 220

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for Mayday, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to 't: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "Spare not me?" Indeed, your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—"O Lord, sir!" I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business.

Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son.

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say: both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 't were a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do you call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it; you say well.
Here comes the king. 41

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.— [Exit an Attendant.]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side:
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive:
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice

I have to use: thy frank election make.
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but one. 59

Laf. I'd give bay curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',

And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,

That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
"We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but,
be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever:

We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice; and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,

Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir: all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life. 80

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped, or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. [To 3 Lord.] Be not afraid that I your hand should take; 90

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English: the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already. 102

Hel. [To BERTRAM.] I dare not say, I take you; but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord; 110
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down

Must answer for your raising? I know her well:

She had her breeding at my father's charge.

poor physician's daughter my wife !-

Disdain

Rather corrupt me ever !

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her,
the which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all to-
gether,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand
off

In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name ; but do not so :

From lowest place when virtuous things pro-
ceed, *

The place is dignified by the doer's deed :
Where great additions swell's, and virtue
none,

It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good without a name ; vileness is so : 130
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour : that is honour's
scorn

Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire : honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb ; on every grave,
A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb, 140
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be
said ?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : virtue, and she,
Is her own dower ; honour and wealth from
me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to
lo't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou
shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord,
I'm glad.

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake, which to
defeat 150

I must produce my power. Here, take her
hand,

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up

My love, and her desert ; that canst not
dream,

We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not
know,

It is in us to plant thine honour, where

We please to have it grow. Check thy con-
tempt :

Obeys our will, which travails in thy good :
Believe not thy disdain, but presently 160
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power
claims ;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge
and hate

Losing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak : thine
answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord, for I sub-
mit

My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which
late 171

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the
king,

Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief, 180
And be perform'd to-night : the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious, else, does err.

[*Exeunt KING, BERTRAM, HELENA,
Lords, and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur ? a word with
you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir ?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to
make his recantation.

Par. Recantation ?—My lord ? my master ?

Laf. Ay ; is it not a language I speak ? 190

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be
understood without bloody succeeding. My
master ?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count
Rousillon ?

Par. To any count ; to all counts ; to what
is man.

Laf. To what is count's man ; count's
master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir : let it satisfy
you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man ;
to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel: it might pass; yet the scarfs, and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee: when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every drachm of it: and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *[Exit.]*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him: an if I could but meet him again!

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married: there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs:

he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks't, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *[Exit.]*

Par. Good, very good; it is so then:—good, very good. Let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what the import is,

I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy! to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king

That which I durst not speak. His present gift

Shall furnish me to those Italian fields, 290
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it; 't is hard:

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her: bravely go;
The king has done you wrong; but hush! 'tis so. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things? 10

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say. 21

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a

knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir. 31

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave i' faith, and well fed.—Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him. 40

The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint; Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time, To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy, And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,

Strengthen'd with what apology you think May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently

Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant appearance.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends: I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [To BERTRAM.] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O! I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [Aside to PAROLLES.] Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride, End, ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard, and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

[Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only he desires

Some private speech with you.

Ber.

I shall obey his will, You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does

The ministration and required office

On my particular: prepar'd I was not

For such a business; therefore am I found

So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,

That presently you take your way for home;

And rather muse than ask why I entreat you; For my respects are better than they seem,

And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shows itself, at the first view,

To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[Giving a letter.

'T will be two days ere I shall see you: so, I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel.

Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel.

And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that, Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd

To equal my great fortune.

Ber.

Let that go:

My haste is very great. Farewell: hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber.

Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;

Nor dare I say, 't is mine, and yet it is; But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal

What law does vouch mine own.

Ber.

What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much:— nothing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would, my lord:— Faith, yes;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? —Farewell.

[Exit HELENA.

thou toward home; where I will never come,

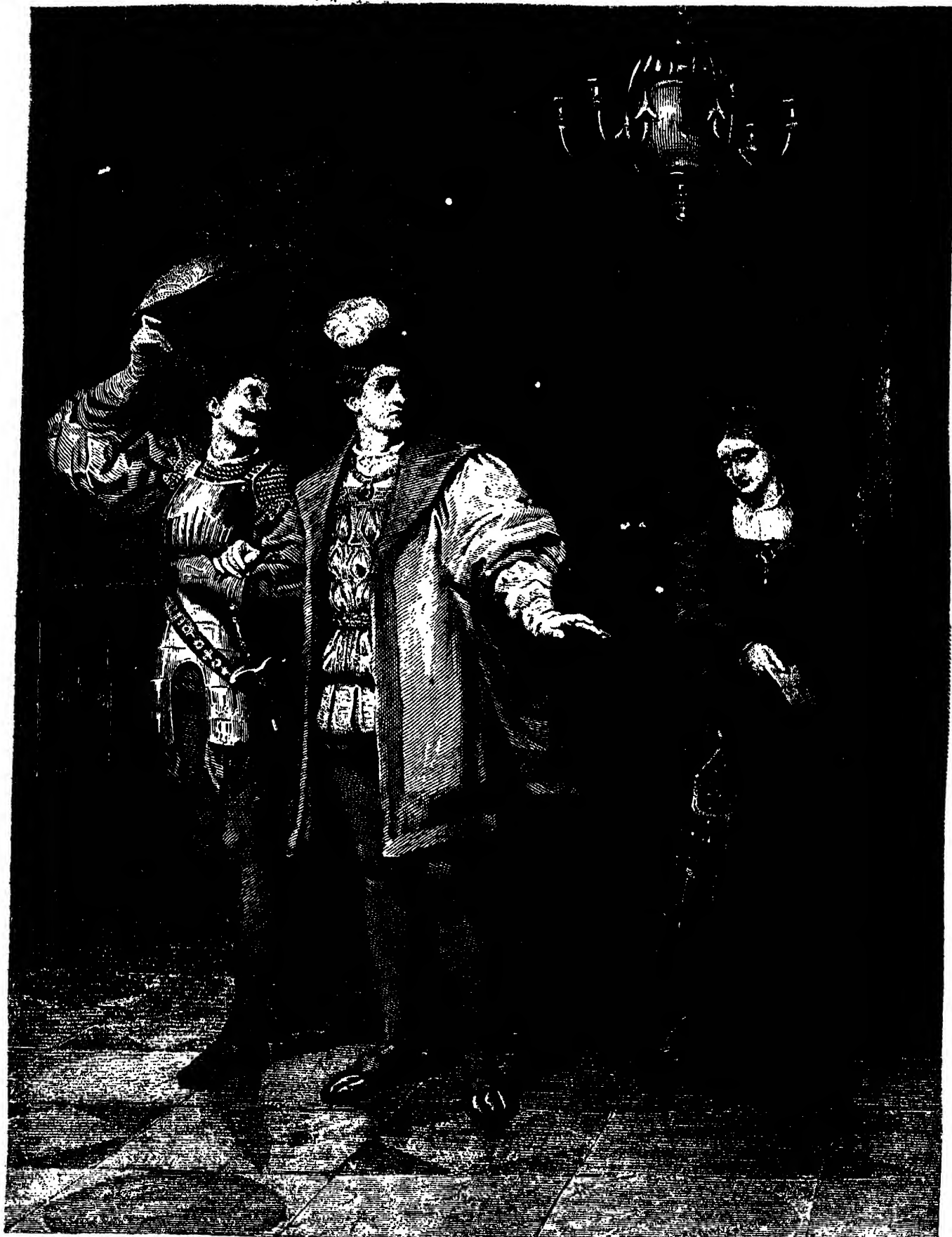
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—

Away! and for our flight.

Par.

Bravely, coragio.

[Exeunt.



FRANK DICKSEE, *Paint.*

C. W. SHARP, *Sculpt.*

BERTRAM AND HELENA.

Bertram. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.
Helena. Pray, Sir, your pardon.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL," *Act II., Scene V.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. A Room in the
DUKE'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE,
attended; two French Lords, and Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now
have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let
forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our
cousin France
Would, in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our
nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be,
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places
well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would
have had it, save that he comes not along
with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord
to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and
sing: mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions,
and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know
a man, that had this trick of melancholy, sold
a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and
when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was
at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the
country are nothing like your old ling and
your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my
Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love,
as an old man loves money, with no
stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*]

Count. [*Reads.*] "I have sent you a
daughter-in-law: she had recovered the king,
and undone me. I have wedded her, not
bedded her; and sworn to make the not eter-
nal. You shall hear, I am run away: know
it before the report come. If there be breadth
enough in the world, I will hold a long dis-
tance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM."

This is not well; rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king!
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam! yonder is heavy news
within, between two soldiers and my young
lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the
news, some comfort: your son will not be
killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away,
as I hear he does: the danger is in standing
to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the
getting of children. Here they come will
tell you more; for my part, I only hear your
son was run away. [*Exit.*]

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever
gone.

2 Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you,
gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and
grief,

That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't:—where is my son, I
pray you?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence.

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,

And, after some despatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam: here's my passport. [*Reads.*] "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*." This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;

If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, Thou robbst me of a moiety. He was my son,

But I do wash his name out of my blood And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him,

But only she; and she deserves a lord, That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,

The fellow has a deal of that, too much, Which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son, To tell him, that his sword can never win The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat

you Written to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam, In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.

Will you draw near?

[*Exit* COUNTESS and Gentlemen.]

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't that chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none-sparing-war? and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,

That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the catiff that do hold him to it;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected. Better 't were,

I met the ravin lion when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger: better 't were,

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,

As oft it loses all: I will be gone.

My being here it is that holds thee hence:

Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although

The air of paradise did fan the house,

And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,

That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!

For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Florence. Before the DUKE'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ;
and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and cre-
lence

Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
We'll strive to bear it, for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall
prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and her Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the
letter of her ?

Might you not know, she would do as she has
done,

By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

Stew. [*Reads.*] "I am Saint Jaques'
pilgrim, thither gone.

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of
war,

My dearest master, your dear son, may lie :
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify ;
His taken labours bid him me forgive :

I, his despitful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to
live,

Where death and danger dogs the heels of
worth :

He is too good and fair for Death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her
mildest words !—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so : had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,

Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam :

If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she
writes,

Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot
thrive,

Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to
hear,

And loves to grant, relieve him from the
wrath

Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife :

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light : my greatest
grief,

Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger.—

When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will retract ; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them
both

Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction.—Provide this messen-
ger.—

My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me
speak. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of
Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and
other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach
the city, we shall loose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done
most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
greatest commander, and that with his own
hand he slew the duke's brother. We have
lost our labour ; they are gone a contrary
way : hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come ; let's return again, and suffice
ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana,
take heed of this French earl : the honour of
a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich
as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you
have been solicited by a gentleman his com-
panion.

Mar. I know that knave ; hang him ! one
Parolles : a filthy officer he is in those sug-

gestions for the young earl.—Beware of them. Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are lined with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another. I'll question her.—

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

God save you, pilgrim!—whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis, here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is't.—Hark you! *[A march afar off.]*

They come this way.—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd:

The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er is he, 50
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 'tis reported, for the king had married him

Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O! I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that 61
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right; good creature, wheresoe'er she is,

Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid
might do her

A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her

In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:

But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her
guard

In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

*Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the
Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

Wid. So, now they come.—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant
fellow;

I would he lov'd his wife. If he were
honest,

He were much goodlier; is't not a handsome
gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest. Yond's
that same knave,

That leads him to these places: were I his
lady,

I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why
s he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt 'i the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something.
Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers,
and Soldiers.

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I
will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to Great Saint Jaques
bound,

Already at my house.

Hel. I humb'ly thank you.

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and
thanking

Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't:
let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a
hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in
him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord: in mine own
direct knowledge, without any malice, but to
speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most
notable coward, an infinite and endless liar,
an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no
one good quality worthy your lordship's enter-
tainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him, lest,
reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath
not, he might, at some great and trusty busi-
ness in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular
action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch
off his drum, which you hear him so confi-
dently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will
suddenly surprise him: such I will have,
whom, I am sure, he knows not from the
enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so,
that he shall suppose no other but that he is
carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,
when we bring him to our own tents. Be
but your lordship present at his examination:
if he do not, for the promise of his life, and

in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer
to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence
in his power against you, and that with the
divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never
trust my judgment in anything.

2 Lord. O! for the love of laughter, let
him fetch his drum: he says he has a strata-
gem for't. When your lordship sees the
bottom of his success in't, and to what metal
this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if
you give him not John Drum's entertainment,
your inclining cannot be removed. Here he
comes.

1 Lord. O! for the love of laughter, hinder
not the honour of his design: let him fetch
off his drum in any hand.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks
sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on't! let it go: 't is but a
drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A
drum so lost!—There was an excellent com-
mand, to charge in with our horse upon our
own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in
the command of the service: it was a
disaster of war that Caesar himself could
not have prevented, if he had been there
to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn
our success: some dishonour we had in the
loss of that drum; but it is not to be re-
covered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the
merit of service is seldom attributed to the
true and exact performer, I would have that
drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't,
monsieur, if you think your mystery in
stratagem can bring this instrument of
honour again into his native quarter, be
magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on;
I will grace the attempt for a worthy ex-
ploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall
both speak of it, and extend to you what
further becomes his greatness, even to the
utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will under-
take it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber
in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will
presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage
myself in my certainty, put myself into my

mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow. 81

Ber. I know thou art valiant, and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water. —Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't? 89

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect. 102

2 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafew: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you 111

The lass I spoke of.

2 Lord. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,

Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature;

Will you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,

I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses, And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,

Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot, 10

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you; For you have show'd me that which well approves

You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay, and pay again, When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,

Resolved to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,

As we'll direct her how't is best to bear it. 20 Now, his important blood will nought deny That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,

That downward hath succeeded in his house From son to son, some four or five descents Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds

In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more, 20 But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,

Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter, In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chastely absent. After this, To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded.

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothings steads
us,
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,

As if his life lay on 't.

Hel.

Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

*Enter First French Lord, with five or six
Soldiers in ambush.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by
this hedge-corner. When you sally upon
him, speak what terrible language you will:
though you understand it not yourselves, no
matter; for we must not seem to understand
him, unless some one among us, whom we
must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the inter-
preter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him?
knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou
to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of
strangers i' the adversary's entertainment.
Now, he hath a snack of all neighbouring
languages; therefore, we must every one be
a man of his own fancy, not to know what
we speak one to another; so we seem to
know, is to know straight our purpose:
chough's language, gabble enough, and good
enough. As for you, interpreter, you must
seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he
comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and
then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours
't will be time enough to go home. What
shall I say I have done? It must be a very
plausible invention that carries it. They be-
gin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late
knocked too often at my door. I find, my
tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath
the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures,
not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] This is the first truth that
e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to
undertake the recovery of this drum, being
not ignorant of the impossibility, and

knowing I had no such purpose? I must
give myself some hurts, and say, I got them
in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it:
they will say, "Came you off with so little?"
and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore?
what's the instance? Tongue, I must put
you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy
myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you
prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] Is it possible, he should
know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments
would serve the turn, or the breaking of my
Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to
say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I
was stripped.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the
window of the citadel—

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would
scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the
enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*]

1 *Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo,*
cargo.

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo,*
cargo.

Par. O! ransom, ransom!—Do not hide
mine eyes.

[*They seize and blindfold him.*]

1 *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know, you are the Muskies' regi-
ment;

And I shall lose my life for want of
language.

If there be here German, or Dane, low
Dutch,

Italian, or French, let him speak to me:

I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vanwado* :—
I understand thee, and can speak thy
tongue :—

Kerelybonto :—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen
poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

1 *Sold.* O! pray, pray, pray.—
Manka revania dutche.

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dutchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare
thee yet,
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee
on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st in-
form
Something to save thy life.

Par. O! let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak
that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta*.—
Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and
my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep
him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* 'A will betray us all unto ourselves.
Inform on that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and
safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Florence. A Room in the
Widow's House.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was
Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess,
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a
one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows.
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for
ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you; but when you have our
roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick our-
selves,

And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make
the truth,

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: then, pray
you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my
oaths,

When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him, whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore,
your oaths

Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd;
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it.

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no
more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and
ever

My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make ropes in such a
scarr,

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that
ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have
no power

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring.

My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part so
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
chamber-window :

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden
bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong ; and you shall
know them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then ; then, fail not. You have
won

A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by
wooing thee. [*Exit.*]

Dia. For which live long to thank both
Heaven and me !

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart ; she says, all men
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry
me,

When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with
him,

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so
braided,

Marry that will, I live and die a maid :

Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin

To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp.

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or
three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his
mother's letter ?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since :
there is something in't that stings his nature,
for on the reading it he changed almost into
another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid
upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and
so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the
everlasting displeasure of the king, who had
even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to
him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall
let it dwell darkly within you. 10

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis
dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentle-
woman, here in Florence, of a most chaste re-
nown, and this night he fleshes his will in the
spoil of her honour : he hath given her his
monumental ring, and thinks himself made in
the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion : as
we are ourselves, what things are we ! 10

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors : and as
in the common course of all treasons, we still
see them reveal themselves, till they attain to
their abhorred ends, so he that in this action
contrives against his own nobility, in his
proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to
be trumpeters of our unlawful intents ? We
shall not then have his company to-night ?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight, for he is
dieted to his hour. 20

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace : I would
gladly have him see his company anatomised,
that he might take a measure of his own
judgments, wherein so curiously he had set
this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till
he come, for his presence must be the whip of
the other.

1 *Lord.* In the meantime, what hear you
of these wars ?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of
peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace con-
cluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do
then ? will he travel higher, or return again
into France ? 40

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are
not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir ; so should I
be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since
fled from his house : her pretence is a pilgrim-
age to Saint Jaques le Grand, which holy
undertaking with most austere sanctimony
she accomplished ; and, there residing, the
tenderness of her nature became as a prey to
her grief ; in fine, made a groan of her last
breath, and now she sings in heaven. 50

2 *Lord.* How is this justified ?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own
letters ; which makes her story true, even to

the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, make us comforts of our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears. The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of despatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit model: he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2 Lord. Bring him forth. [*Exeunt Sol-*

diers.] He has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his sitting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has 'a?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartar ossa.*

1 Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 Sold. You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. "First, demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—
I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—
'for I'll speak truth. 149

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth: the rogues are most villainous poor.

1 *Sold.* "Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot." What say you to that? 158

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke. 172

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly. 181

1 *Sold.* Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp? 190

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent. 202

1 *Sold.* Here 't is: here's a paper; shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] "Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] "When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it; 220
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it:

He ne'er pays after debts; take it before,
And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this.
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss;
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in's forehead. 231

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live. 242

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to

this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swinedrunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.

1 Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile End, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a carducue he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1 Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [Aside.] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush, where I was taken?

1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *[Unmuffling him.]*

So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafew? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[Exeunt BERTRAM, Frenchmen, &c.]

1 Sold. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were, that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. *[Exit.]*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,

'T would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;

But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft

As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a
braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles,
live

Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery
thrive!

There's place and means for every man
alive!

I'll after them.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety: 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,

And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,

I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompense your love. Doubt not, but Heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive,
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men

That can such sweet use make of what they hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you: so
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,

And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no; your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are hot salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. 'Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure,

he is the prince of the world ; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter : some, that humble themselves, may ; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee ; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways : let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him : by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness ; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well ; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter ; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it ; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

Count. With very much content, my lord ; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty : he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown

Clo. O madam ! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face : whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows ; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour ; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time ;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you,
sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen

From the report that goes upon your goodness ;

And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will ?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you
have,

To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

ACT V.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE III.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed:

We hence remov'd last night, and with more haste

Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir, 20
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse
again:—

Go, go, provide. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The Inner Court
of the COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavatch, give my Lord
Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been
better known to you, when I have held
familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now,
sir, muddied in Fortune's mood, and smell
somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but slut-
tish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest
of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's
buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind. 10

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose,
sir: I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink,
I will stop my nose; or against any man's
metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away: a paper
from Fortune's close-stool to give to a noble-
man! Look, here he comes himself. 19

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's
cat (but not a musk-cat), that has fallen into
the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and,
as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir,
use the carp as you may, for he looks like a

poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally
knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of
comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[Exit.]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune
hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do?
'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein
have you played the knave with Fortune, that
she should scratch you, who of herself is a
good lady, and would not have knaves thrive
long under her? There's a cardecue for you.
Let the justices make you and Fortune friends;
I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one
single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come,
you shall ha't; save your word. 30

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then,—
Cox my passion! give me your hand.—How
does your drum?

Par. O my good lord! you were the first
that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first
that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me
in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put
upon me at once both the office of God and
the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the
other brings thee out. *[Trumpets sound.]*
The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.
—Sirrah, inquire further after me: I had
talk of you last night. Though you are a fool
and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Flourish. *Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU,*
Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our es-
teem

Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's
force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,

Though my revenges were high bent upon
him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note, but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words, all ears took
captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to
serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call
him hither.
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall
kill

All repetition.—Let him not ask our pardon:
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 't is our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

King. What says he to your daughter?
have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I
have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou
forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top,
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You re-
member

The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege.
At first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my
heart

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,

Contempt his scornful perspective did lend
me,

Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd and whom
myself,

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores
away

From the great compt. But love, that comes
too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, "That's good that's gone." Our
rash faults

Make trivial price of serious things we
have,

Not knowing them, until we know their
grave

Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their
dust:

Our own love, waking, cries to see what's
done,

While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget
her.

Send forth your amorous token for fair
Maudlin:

The main consents are had; and here we'll
stay

To see our widower's second marriage-day.
Count. Which better than the first, O dear
Heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O Nature, cress!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my
house's name

Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*BERTRAM gives
a ring.*]

By my old beard,
And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that's
dead,

Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, 'pray you, let me see it; for
mine eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it
Helen,

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token

I would relieve her. Had you that craft to
reave her

Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd: my lord, she never
saw it.

In Florence was it from a casement thrown
me,

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and
thought

I stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself, 100
That knows the tinct and multiplying medi-
cine,

Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was
Helen's

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough en-
forcement

You got it from her. She called the saints
to surety,

That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us 110
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love
mine honour,
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should
prove

That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove
so;—

And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her
deadly,

And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him
away.—

[*Guards seize BERTRAM.*

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity, 120
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with
him!

We'll sift this matter further.

Ber.

If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame, or no, I
know not:

Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come
short 120

To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and
speech

Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] "Upon his many protes-
tations to marry me, when his wife was dead,
I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the
Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are
forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to
him. He stole from Florence, taking no
leave, and I follow him to his country for
justice. Grant it me, O king! in you it
best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes,
and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair,
and toll: for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on
thee, Lafen,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these
suitors:— 150

Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.*

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are
monsters to you,

And that you fly them as you swear them
lordship,

Yet you desire to marry.—

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and DIANA

What woman's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:

My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be
pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour

161

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count. Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;

170

You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me;
Either both, or none.

Laf. [To BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter: you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,

181

Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord: if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:

Do not believe him. O! behold this ring, whose high respect, and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 't is it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife:

That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce

200

So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd,

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I, or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her

200

And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring; I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoken the truth.

Re-enter Attendant with PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

230

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off),
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master

hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this woman? 241

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command. 251

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of: therefore, I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it. 271

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away: I do not like her now.

To prison with her; and away with him.— Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not. 280 Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life!

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife. [*Pointing to LAFEU.*]

King. She does abuse our ears. To prison with her!

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. [*Exit widow.*—Stay, royal sir:

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd, And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick. 301

So there's my riddle,—one that's dead is quick;

And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord; 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see; The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both! O, pardon!

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,

I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,

And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:

"When from my finger you can get this ring. And are by me with child," &c.—This is done Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.—*[To PAROLLES.]* Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief: so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—

[To DIANA.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess, that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[Flourish.]

EPILOGUE.

King. The king's a beggar now the play is done.

All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[Exeunt.]

KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.		TRAVERS and MORTON, <i>Retainers of Northumberland.</i>
HENRY, <i>Prince of Wales,</i>	} <i>His Sons.</i>	FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and a Page.
THOMAS, <i>Duke of Clarence,</i>		POINS and PETO.
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,		SHALLOW and SILENCE, <i>Country Justices.</i>
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOSTER,		DAVY, <i>Servant to Shallow.</i>
EARL OF WARWICK,		MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULL-CALF, <i>Recruits.</i>
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,	} <i>Of the King's Party.</i>	FANG and SNARE, <i>Sheriff's Officers.</i>
EARL OF SURREY,		RUMOUR, <i>the Presenter.</i>
GOWER,		A Porter. A Lancer, <i>Speaker of the Epilogue.</i>
HARCOURT,		LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
<i>Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.</i>		LADY PERCY.
<i>A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.</i>	} <i>Opposites to the King.</i>	Hostess QUICKLY.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,		DOLL TEAR-SHEET.
SCROOP, <i>Archbishop of York,</i>		<i>Lords, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers,</i>
LORD MOWBRAY,		<i>Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.</i>
LORD HASTINGS,		
LORD BARDOLPH,		
SIR JOHN COLEVILLE,		

SCENE.—ENGLAND.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before NORTHUMBERLAND'S Castle.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, sworn with some other
grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant
war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted
heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomise
Among my household? Why is Rumour
here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his
troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what
mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas'
rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant
towns

Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumber-
land
Lies crafty sick. The posts come tiring on,

And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than
true wrongs. [Exit.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho!

The Porter opens the gate.

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him
here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the
orchard:

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every
minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem. 8
The times are wild: contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish.
The king is almost wounded to the death,
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the
Blunts

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince
John,

And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the
field;

And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir
John,

Is prisoner to your son. O! such a day, 20
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes.

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrews-
bury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that
came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers,
whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the
way;

And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me. 30

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings
come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd
me back

With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied
horse.

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury. 40

He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion 50
Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman, that
rode by Travers,

Give then such instances of loss?

L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more
news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-
leaf, 60
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:

So looks the strond, whereon the imperious
flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrews-
bury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble
lord,

Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy
cheek

Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was
burn'd:

But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st
it.

This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus,
and thus;

Your brother, thus; so fought the noble
Douglas;

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold
deeds:

But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother,
yet;

But for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.—
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not
know,

Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,

Morton:

Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such
wrong. 90

Mor. You are too great to be by me gain-
said:

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead.—

I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or
sin,

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue

Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

Remember'd knolling a departed friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son
is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to be-
lieve

That which I would to Heaven I had not
seen:

But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out
breath'd,

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath
beat down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110
From whence with life he never more sprung
up.

In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy
lead.

And as the thing that's heavy in itself, 120
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their
fear,

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor-
cester

Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious
Scot,

The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring
sword

Had three times slain the appearance of the
kin,

'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the
shame

Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his
flight, 130

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent
out

A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough
to mourn.

In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me
sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me
well:

And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd
joints, 140

Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with
 grief,
 Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
 nice crutch !
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly
 quoit !
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to
 hit. 119
 Now bind my brows with iron ; and approach
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare
 bring,
 To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland !
 Let heaven kiss earth ! now, let not Nature's
 hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !
 And let this world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a lingering act ;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being
 set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead ! 160
Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong,
 my lord.
L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom
 from your honour.
Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health ; the which, if you give
 o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you
 said,—
 Let us make head. It was your presumise,
 That in the dole of blows your son might
 drop :
 You know, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er : 171
 You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
 Of wounds and scars, and that his forward
 spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger
 rang'd ;
 Yet did you say,—Go forth ; and none of
 this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-borne action : what hath then be-
 fallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought
 forth,
 More than that being which was like to be ?
L. Bard. We all, that are engaged to this
 loss, 180

Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous
 seas,
 That, if we wrought out life, 't was ten to
 one.
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd,
 And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth, body, and goods.
Mor. 'T is more than time : and, my most
 noble lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
 The gentle Archbishop of York is up,
 With well-appointed powers : he is a man, 190
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My lord your son had only but the corse,
 But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight ;
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls,
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 As men drink potions, that their weapons
 only
 Seem'd on our side : but, for their spirits and
 souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion : 201
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind,
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret
 stones ;
 Derives from Heaven his quarrel, and his
 cause :
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
 And more, and less, do flock to follow him.
North. I knew of this before ; but, to speak
 truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man 212
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge :
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with
 speed :
 Never so few, nor never yet more need.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London. A Street.

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page
 bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor
 to my water ?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a
 good healthy water ; but for the party that
 owed it, he might have more diseases than he
 knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me : the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then, I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now : but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel ; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek ; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet : he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it ; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops ?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph ; he would not take his bond and yours : he liked not the security. 33

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton ! pray God his tongue be hotter !—A whoreson Achitophel ! A rascally yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security !—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles ; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then must they stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security ; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it : and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph ?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse. 34

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield : an I could get me

but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close ; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there ?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery ?

Atten. He, my lord ; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster. 35

Ch. Just. What, to York ? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff !

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow ; I must speak with him. 36

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What ! a young knave, and beg ? Is there not wars ? is there not employment ? doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels want soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man ? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so. 37

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so ? I lay aside that which grows to me ? If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me : if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter, hence ! avaunt ! 38

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord !—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad ; I heard say, your lordship was sick : I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some

smack of age in you, some relish of the salt-ness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health. 100

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty.—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him!—I pray you, let me speak with you. 110

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal. 122

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me. 132

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great. 140

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I

am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action. 150

Fal. My lord,—

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times, that true valour is turned bearherd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For



F. BARNARD, Pinet.

FALSTAFF AND THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

Ch. Justice. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.
Falstaff. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

C. W. SHARPE, Sculp.

the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him. ²⁰⁰

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry. I hear, you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yeas; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition. ²²¹

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and both the degrees prevent by curses.—Boy! ²³¹

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and twopence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to

marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:— And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;

But gladly would be better satisfied, How, in our means, we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file ¹⁰

To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns

With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus:—

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand

May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgment is, we should not step too far, ²⁰

Till we had his assistance by the hand.

For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for, indeed,

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply,

Flattering himself with project of a power

Much smaller than the smallest of his
thoughts ;

And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did
hurt,

To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of
war,

Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring

We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove
fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair :
That frosts will bite them. When we mean
to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the
model,

And, when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;

Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model

In fewer offices, or, at least, desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great
work

(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey

The plot of situation, and the model ;

Consent upon a sure foundation ;

Question surveyors, know our own estate,

How able such a work to undergo,

To weigh against his opposite ; or else,

We fortify in paper, and in figures,

Using the names of men, instead of men :

Like one that draws the model of a house,

Beyond his power to build it ; who, half
through,

Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost

A naked subject to the weeping clouds,

And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of
fair birth,

Should be still-born, and that we now pos-
sess'd

The utmost man of expectation,

I think we are a body strong enough,

Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What ! is the king but five-and-
twenty thousand ?

Hast. To us no more ; nay, not so much,
Lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads : one power against the
French,

And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third

Must take up us. So is the unfirm king
In three divided, and his coffers sound

With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several
strengths together,

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and
Welsh

Baying him at the heels : never fear that.

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his
forces hither ?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and West-
moreland :

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mon-
mouth ;

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.—

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,

Before he was what thou wouldst have him
be :

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,

And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit
up,

And howl'st to find it. What trust is in
these times ?

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have
him die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
Thou, that throw'st dust upon his goodly
head,

When through proud London he came sighing
on

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, " O earth, yield us that king again,

And take thou this ! " O thoughts of men
accurst !

Past, and to come, seems best ; things present,
worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and
set on ?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids
begone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

*Enter Hostess, FANG, and his Boy, with her ;
and SNARE following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action ?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where 's your yeoman ? Is't a lusty yeoman ? will he stand to 't ?

Fang. Sirrah, where 's Snare ?

Host. O Lord ! ay : good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff. ¹⁰

Host. Yea, good Master Snare ; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day ! take heed of him : he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out : he will foil like any devil ; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither : I'll be at your elbow. ²¹

Fang. An I but fist him once ; an he come but within my vice,—

Host. I am undone with his going ; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score.—Good Master Fang, hold him sure :—good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. 'A comes continuantly to Pie Corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle ; and he's indited to dinner to the Lubbar's Head in Lambert Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman : I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear ; and I have borne, and borne, and borne ; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.— ³⁰

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and
BARDOLPH.*

Yonder he comes ; and that arrant malnsey-nose, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices,

do your offices, Master Fang, and Master Snare : do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now ? whose mare's dead ? what's the matter ?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets !—Draw, Bardolph : cut me off the villain's head ; throw the quean in the channel. ⁴⁰

Host. Throw me in the channel ? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou ? wilt thou ? thou bastardy rogue !—Murder, murder ! O, thou honey-suckle villain ! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's ? O, thou honey-seed rogue ! thou art a honey-seed ; a man queller, and a woman queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue ! a rescue !

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wilt not ? thou wilt not ? do, do, thou rogue ! do, thou hemp-seed ! ⁶⁰

Fal. Away, you scullion ! you rampallian ! you fustilarian ! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What is the matter ? keep the peace here, ho !

Host. Good my lord, be good to me ! I beseech you, stand to me !

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John ! what, are you brawling here ?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business ?

You should have been well on your way to York.— ⁶⁹

Stand from him, fellow. wherefore hang'st upon him ?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum ?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord : it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home : he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his ; but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up. ⁸¹

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John ? Fie ! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation ? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own ?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[*Taking her aside.*]

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower! what news

Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, for the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pry'thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words: let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are marched up to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me present'y.

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower. 181

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace it is to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note of how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say, the children are not in

the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is? 21

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend), I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so? 22

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace. 23

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. [*To the Page.*] Come, you virtuous

ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whereson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] "John Falstaff, knight,"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger, but they say, "There is some of the king's blood spilt:" "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poins. "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting."—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. "I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:"—he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.—"I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell."

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) JACK FALSTAFF, with my familiars; JOHN, with my brothers and sisters; and SIR JOHN with all Europe."

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly, and Mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish-heifers are to the town-bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*]

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. Albans and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins, and

aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUMBERLAND, and Lady PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more.

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,

When you were more endear'd to it than now;

When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look, to see his father

Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours lost, yours, and your son's:

For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!

For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!

O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible:—so you left him.
Never, O! never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him: let them alone.
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,

With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O! fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,

First let them try themselves. So did your son:

He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow,
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,

For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind,

As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.—
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tear-sheet would fain have some music. Despatch:—the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and Master Poin's anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem. 20

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

Enter HOSTESS and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweet-heart, methinks now, you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this? How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo! here comes Sir John. 31

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. "When Arthur first in court"—Empty the jordan.—"And was a worthy king." [*Exit Drawer.*] How now, Mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me? 30

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. "Your brooches, pearls, and owches:"—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off,

you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself! 32

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion: you two never meet, but you fall to some discord. You are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. 31

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you. 30

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best.—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now.—Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess? 30

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—"Neighbour Quickly," says he;—Master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—"Neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," said he, "you are in an ill naunc:"—now 'a said so, I can tell where-upon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive," says he, "no swaggering companions."—There comes none here:—you would bless you hear what he said.—No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame

cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer. 102

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering: by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake: look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an 't were an aspen-leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers. 110

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and *Page.*

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I. 121

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy: I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light! with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain. 130

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried

cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted: therefore captains had need look to't. 131

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph; I could tear her.—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, fates! Have we not Hiren here? 160

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed!

Shall pack-horses,

And hollow pumper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Caesars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them
with

King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.

Shall we fall foul for toys? 170

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs; give crowns like pins. Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. 180

Come, give's some sack.

Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente.—
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack; and, sweet-heart, lie thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here, and are *et ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif. What! we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. For God's sake, thrust him down-stairs! I cannot endure such a fustian rascal. 190

Pist. Thrust him down-stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, got you down-stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—

[*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my
loleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping
wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos.
I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do
not draw.

Fal. Get you down-stairs. [*Drawing.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll for-
swear keeping house, afore I'll be in these
tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant
now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked
weapons; put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt BARDOLPH and PISTOL.*]

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet: the
rascal is gone. Ah! you whoreson little
valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt in the groin? me-
thought, he made a shrewd thrust at your
belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors?

Bard. Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You
have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you!
Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come,
let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whore-
son chops.—Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee.
Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy,
worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times
better than the Nine Worthies. Ah, vil-
lain?

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the
rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if
thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair
of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play.—Play, sirs.—Sit on
my knee, Doll.—A rascal bragging slave!
the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. I' faith, and thou followedst him like
a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bar-
tholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave
fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and
begin to patch up thine old body for
heaven?

*Enter behind, Prince HENRY and POINS,
disguised like Drawers.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like
a death's-head: do not bid me remember
mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince
of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he
would have made a good pantler, he would
have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!
his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard:
there is no more conceit in him, than is in a
mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so,
then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a big-
ness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats
conger and fenmel; and drinks off candles'
ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild
mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-
stools; and swears with a good grace; and
wears his boot very smooth, like unto the
sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with
telling of discreet stories; and such other
gambol faculties he has, that show a weak
mind and an able body, for the which the
prince admits him: for the prince himself is
such another; the weight of a hair will turn
the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel
have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, whether the withered elder
hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should
so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in
conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,
his man, be not lispng to his master's old
tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most
constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a
scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle
of? I shall receive money on Thursday;
thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry
song! come: it grows late; we'll to bed.
Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weep-
ing, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress

myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

P. Hen., Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

[*Advancing.*]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's.—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Placing his hand upon DOLL.*]

Doll. How, you fat fool? I scorn you. 32

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth. 310

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did, when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what? 321

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world: honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, faith, boys, none. 320

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong

this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us! Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast maltworms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too. 342

P. Hen. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl. 352

Host. All victrallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking heard.*]

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis. 351

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts

Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,

And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By Heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time, 366
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARDOLPH.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now ! what's the matter ?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently ;

A dozen captains stay at door for you. 370

Fal. [*To the Page.*] Pay the musicians, sirrah.—Farewell, hostess ;—farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after : the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak ;—if my heart be not

ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well : I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time ; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,— 382

Host. What's the matter ?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O ! run, Doll, run ; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick ;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them. Make good speed. [*Exit Page.*]

How many thousands of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep !—O sleep ! O gentle sleep !

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, 10

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ? O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile,

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,

A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast.

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge, 20

And in the visitation of the winds,

Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

With deafning clamours in the slippery clouds,

That with the hurly death itself awakes ?

Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose To the wet sea boy in an hour so rude ;

And in the calmest and most stillest night,

With all appliances and means to boot, Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down ! 30

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty !

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords ?

War. 'T is one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom

How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow, And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd, 41 Which to his former strength may be restor'd,

With good advice, and little medicine.

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O God ! that one might read the book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent,

Weary of solid firmness, melt itself

Into the sea ! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean 50

Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,

The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and
die.

'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland, great
friends,

Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years,
since

This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd 'n my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot:
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of
Richard

Gave him defiance. But which of you was
by,

[To WARWICK.] (You, cousin Nevil, as I may
remember,)

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a pro-
phesy?

"Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;"--
Though then, God knows, I had no such in-
tent,

But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.

The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering
head,

Shall break into corruption:"--so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of
things

As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intrasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of
time;

And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to
him,

Would, of that seed, grow to a greater false-
ness,

Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on
us.

They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord:

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.—Please it your
grace

To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.

Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must
add

Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of
hand,

We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Court before Justice SHALLOW'S
House in Glostershire.

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting;
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF,
and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir;
give me your hand, sir, give me your hand,
sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how
doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-
fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine,
my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black ousel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my
cousin William is become a good scholar.
He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court
shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn; where,
I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow then,
cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called anything;
and I would have done anything, indeed, and
roundly too. There was I, and little John
Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare,
and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a
Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-
bucklers in all the inns of court again: and,
I may say to you, we knew where the bona-
robas were, and had the best of them all at
commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now
Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mow-
bray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither
anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high : and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu ! Jesu ! the mad days that I have spent ! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead !

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 't is certain ; very sure, very sure : death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair ?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there. 40

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet ?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu ! Jesu ! dead !—he drew a good bow ;—and dead !—he shot a fine shoot :—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead !—he would have clapped in the clout at twelve score ; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now ? 50

Sil. Thereafter as they be ; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead ?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow ?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir ; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me ? 60

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you ; my captain, Sir John Falstaff : a tall gentleman, by Heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir : I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight ? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon ; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir ; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated !—it is good ; yea, indeed, is it : good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated ! it comes of *accommodo* : very good ; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir ; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it ? By this good day, I know not the phrase : but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a

soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by Heaven. Accommodated ; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated ; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing. 81

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good Sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well, and bear your years very well ; welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John ; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace. 91

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie ! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men.

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit ?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll ? where's the roll ? where's the roll ?—Let me see, let me see, let me see : so, so, so, so. Yea, marry, sir Ralph Mouldy !—let them appear as I call ; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see ; where is Mouldy ? 101

Moul. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John ? a goodlimbed fellow ; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy ?

Moul. Yea, an it please you.

Fal. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i' faith ! things that are mouldy lack use : very singular good !—In faith, well said, Sir John ; very well said. 110

Fal. [To SHALLOW.] Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone : my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery. You need not to have pricked me ; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to ; peace, Mouldy ! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent !

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace ! stand aside : know you where you are ?—For the other, Sir John :—let me see.—Simon Shadow ! 122

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under : he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male; it is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance. 132

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart? 140

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous, for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble? 150

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor. Well, Master Shallow, deep Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next? 171

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord! sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou? 180

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir:—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow. 192

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me. 200

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old, and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work before I came to Clement's Inn. 210

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was, "Hem, boys!"—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner.—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come. 222

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.]

Bull. Good Master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much. 231

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain,

for my old dame's sake, stand my friend : she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am gone : and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not ; a man can die but once ;—we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind :—an't be my destiny, so ; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince ; an let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said ; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you.—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to ; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have ?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf : for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service :—and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come into it : I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man ? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man ? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.—Here's Wart ;—you see what a ragged appearance it is : he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer ; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man : he presents no mark to the enemy ; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off ! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse ; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So :—very well :—go to :—very good :—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, i' faith, Wart : thou'rt a good scab ; hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile End Green, (when I lay at Clement's Inn,) I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus : and he would about, and about, and come you in : "rah, tah, tah," would he say ; "bounce," would he say ; and away again would he go, and again would he come.—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.—God keep you, Master Silence : I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper your affairs, and send us peace ! As you return, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would.

Shal. Go to ; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*] On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street ; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife : he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible : he was the very genius of famine ; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake. He came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him ; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name ; for you might have

truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin: the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard,

but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree Forest, an 't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.—

My friends and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus:— Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

As might hold sortance with his quality; The which he could not levy; whereupon He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers, That your attempts may overlive the hazard And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground, And dash themselves to pieces.

• *Enter a Messenger.*

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,

In goodly form comes on the enemy: And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number

Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.

Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,

The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,

What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,

Unto your grace do I in chief address The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs, Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage, And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;

I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd, In his true, native, and most proper shape, You, reverend father, and these noble lords, Had not been here, to dress the ugly form Of base and bloody insurrection

With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd; Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;

Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;

Whose white investments figure innocence, The dove and very blessed spirit of peace: Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself, Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,

Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war? Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,

Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.

Briefly to this end:—we are all diseas'd; And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours, Have brought ourselves into a burning fever, And we must bleed for it: of which disease Our late king, Richard, being infected, died. But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland, I take not on me here as a physician,

Nor do I, as an enemy to peace, Troop in the throngs of military men; But, rather, show awhile like fearful war, To diet rank minds, sick of happiness, And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop

Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly. I have in equal balance justly weigh'd

What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth
run,

And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion ;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles,
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our
griefs,

We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us
wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms ;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal
denied ?

Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on
you,

That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

Arch. My brother general, the common-
wealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress ;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part, and to us
all,

That feel the bruises of the days before, 100
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours ?

West. O ! my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present
time,

That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories, 111
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's ?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my
father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me ?

The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood
then,

Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him :
And then, that Harry Bolingbroke, and he,
Being mounted, and both roused in their
seats,

Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers
down,

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of
steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;
Then, then, when there was nothing could
have stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O ! when the king did throw his warder
down,

His own life hung upon the staff he threw :
Then threw he down himself, and all their
lives,

That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you
know not what. 130

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman :
Who knows, on whom fortune would then
have smil'd ?

But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry ;
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers,
and love,

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the
king.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general, 141
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his
grace,

That he will give you audience ; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them ; everything set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel
this offer,

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it
so.

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear ;
For, lo ! within a ken our army lies, 151
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.

Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
Then, reason wills, our hearts should be as
good :

Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence : 190

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,

In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the general's name.

I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances :
Each several article herein redress'd : 170
All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form ;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd ;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet : 175
And either end in peace, which God so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.
[Exit WESTMORELAND.]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we make our peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause, 180
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action :

That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,

And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances :
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life. 200
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean

And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,

He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend. 210
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement ;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true :
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal, 220

If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.

Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand.
Pleaseth your lordship,
To meet his grace just 'distance 'tween our armies ?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace, my lord :
we come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and others : from the other side, Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here ;
my cousin Mowbray.—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ;
And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour, 12
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack! what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness. With you, lord
bishop,

It is even so. Who hath not heard it
spoken,

How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer, 20
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O! who shall be-
lieve,

But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable! You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of Heaven and
him,

Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace; 31
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
(The which hath been with scorn shov'd from
the court.)

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
asleep,

With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd, 41
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our
fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
While England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings,
much too shallow, 50
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them
directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow
them well:

And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;

And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed re-
dress'd;

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please
you, 60

Discharge your powers unto their several
counties,

As we will ours; and here, between the
armies,

Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens
home,

Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these
redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain
my word:

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. [To an Officer.] Go, captain, and
deliver to the army

This news of peace: let them have pay, and
part. 70

I know, it will well please them: hie thee,
captain. [*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of West-
moreland.

West. I pledge your grace: an if you knew
what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin
Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy
season:

For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever
merry,

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden
sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes
to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in
spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own
rule be true. [*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd:
hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a con-
quest;

For then both parties nobly are subdued, 90
And neither party loser.

P. John. ! Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too.—

[Exit WESTMORELAND.]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains

March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit HASTINGS.]

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak. 100

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses

West, north, south; or, like a school broke up,

Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable? 110

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none.

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,

Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most Christian care.

But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd stray; 120

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILLE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Coleville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the dale: Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you be still Coleville of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff? 10

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoever I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore, rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no further now.—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.— [Exit WESTMORELAND.]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When everything is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back. 20

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I have foundered nine-score and odd posts, and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him, and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, And I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,

That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,

You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis, and I thank thee for thee. 72

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederates,

To York, to present execution.

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure. [*Exit COLEVILLE, guarded.*]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords.

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty. 80

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. I would, you had but the wit: 't were better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work, and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tem-

pering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish :
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government. 10

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.

Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren :
Therefore, omit him not ; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will ;
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd : 30
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity ;
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's
flint,

As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth ;

But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas, 41

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in),
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas? 50

Clar. He is not there to-day : he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;

And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them : therefore, my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,

In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon 60
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,

O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.

The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the language,

'Tis needful, that the most inmodest word 70
Be look'd upon and learn'd ; which once attain'd,

Your highness knows, comes to no further use,

But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,

The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers ; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,

Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth
leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland? ⁸⁰
West. Health to my sovereign, and new
happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's
hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and
all,
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular. ⁹⁰

K. Hen. O Westmoreland! thou art a
summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look! here's more news.
Har. From enemies Heaven keep your
majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they
fall
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bar-
lolph,
With a great power of English, and of
Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight, ¹⁰⁰
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good
news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands
full,
But write her fair words still in foulest
letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the
rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is
giddy.— ¹¹⁰
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

[*Swoons.*]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself:
look up!

War. Be patient, princes: you do know,
these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight
be well.

Clar. No, no; he cannot long hold out
these pangs.
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine
it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will
break out. ¹²⁰

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they
do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of
nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd
them over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb
between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and
died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king
recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be
his end. ¹³⁰

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear
me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[*They place the KING on a bed in an
inner part of the room.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle
friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my wearied spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow
here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes
much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and
none abroad! ¹⁴⁰
How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good
news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hear-
ing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick with joy,

He will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords.—Sweet prince, speak low;

• The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.*

Why doth the crown lie there, upon his pillow,

152

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

160

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

• There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness, 170
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo! here it sits,

[*Putting it on his head.*

Which Heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK and the rest.

Clar. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

180

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the prince, my brother, here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The Prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?—

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.

190

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my Lord of Warwick, chide him hither.

[*Exit WARWICK.*

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are

How quickly Nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry;

200

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths
with honey,

We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

210

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—

220

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, *Prince HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind, ²⁷⁰
That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence ; and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ? ²⁸⁰

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,

Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head ;

Only compound me with forgotten dust :

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;

For now a time is come to mock at form.

Harry the Fifth is crown'd !—Up, vanity ! ²⁹⁰

Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors,
hence !

And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness !

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink,
lance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more :

England shall double gild his treble guilt, ²⁹⁹

England shall give him office, honour, might ;

For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?

O ! thou wilt be a wilderness again,

Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Hen. [*Kneeling.*] O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech, ²⁷⁰

I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,

Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard

The course of it so far. There is your crown :

And He that wears the crown immortally,

Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more

Than as your honour and as your renown,

Let me no more from this obedience rise,

Which my most true and inward duteous spirit

Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.

God witness with me, when I here came in,

And found no course of breath within your majesty, ²⁸¹

How cold it struck my heart ! if I do feign,

O ! let me in my present wildness die,

And never live to show the incredulous world

The noble change that I have purposed !

Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,

And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,

I spake unto the crown as having sense,

And thus upbraided it : " The care on thee lepending

Hath fed upon the body of my father ; ²⁹⁰

Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.

Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,

Preserving life in medicine potable :

But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,

Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head ;

To try with it, as with an enemy

That had before my face murder'd my father,

The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy, ³⁰⁰

Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;

If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

Did, with the least affection of a welcome,

Give entertainment to the might of it,

Let God for ever keep it from my head,

And make me as the poorest vassal is,

That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

K. Hen. O my son !

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,

That thou mightst win the more thy father's
love, 310
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry : sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my
son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown ; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head :
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation ;
For all the soil of the achievement goes 320
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous
hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances ;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-
shed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold
fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered ;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument, and now my death
Changes the mode : for what in me was pur-
chas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ; 330
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
could do,
Thou art not firm enough ; since griefs are
green,
And all thy friends, which thou must make
thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en
out ;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I might well lodge a
fear
To be again displac'd : which to avoid,
I cut them off ; and had a purpose now 340
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them
look

Too near unto my state. Therefore, my
Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence
borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied
me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive ;
And grant it may with thee in true peace
live ! 350
P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
Then plain and right must my possession be :
Which I with more than with a common
pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WARWICK,
Lords, and others.*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John
of Lancaster.
P. John. Health, peace, and happiness to
my royal father !
K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and
peace, son John ;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is
flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk : upon thy
sight, 360
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick ?
P. Hen. My Lord of Warwick !
K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
K. Hen. Laud be to God !—even there my
life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.—
But, bear me to that chamber ; there I'll
lie : 370
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Glostershire. A Hall in
SHALLOW's House.

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and
Page.*

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not
away to-night.—What, Davy, I say !

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert
Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you ; you shall not
be excused ; excuses shall not be admitted ;
there is no excuse shall serve ; you shall not
be excused.—Why, Davy !

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see,
Davy ; let me see :—yea, marry, William

cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook:—are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. 'A shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots.—Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph:—[*to the Page*] and welcome, my tall fellow. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit SHALLOW.*] Bardolph, look to

our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and he shall laugh without *intercallums*. O! it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow: I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Westminster. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter WARWICK and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature, And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time;

Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

* *Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY,
CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, and others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead
Harry :

O ! that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !
How many nobles then should hold their
places,

That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

Ch. Just. O God ! I fear, all will be over-
turn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick,
good morrow.

P. Humph., Clar. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had for-
got to speak.

War. We do remember ; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that
hath made us heavy !

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be
heavier !

P. Humph. O ! good my lord, you have
lost a friend, indeed ;

And I dare swear, you borrow not that
face

Of seeming sorrow : it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what
grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier ; 'would, 't were otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John
Falstaff fair,

Which swins against your stream of
quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did
in honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul ;

And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocence fail me,

I'll to the king, my master, that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY the Fifth, attended.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and, God save
your majesty

King. This new and gorgeous garment,
majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some
fear :

This is the English, not the Turkish court ;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good
brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes
you :

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be
sad ;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too ;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your
cares :

Yet weep, that Harry's dead, and so will I ;

But Harry lives, that shall convert those
tears,

By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your
majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me :—[to
the Chief Justice] and you most ;

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd if I be measur'd
rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No !

How might a prince of my great hopes
forget

So great indignities you laid upon me ?

What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to
prison

The immediate heir of England ! Was this
easy ?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your
father ;

The image of his power lay then in me :

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought ;

To pluck down justice from your awful
bench ;

To trip the course of law, and blunt the
sword

That guards the peace and safety of your
person :

Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal
image,

And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case
yours,
Be now the father, and propose a son ;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely
slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disclaim'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son :
After this cold consideration, sentence me ;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty. 101
King. You are right, justice ; and you
weigh this well ;
Therefore still bear the balance and the
sword :
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words :—
" Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son ;
And not less happy, having such a son, 110
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice."—You did commit
me :
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstain'd sword that you have use to
bear ;
With this remembrance,—that you use the
same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my
hand ;
You shall be as a father to my youth :
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine
ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents 120
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections ;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now : 130
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of
floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament,
And let us choose such limbs of noble
counsel
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;

That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us ;
[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*] In which you,
father, shall have foremost hand.— 140
Our coronation done we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state :
And (God consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to
say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Glostershire. The Garden of
SHALLOW'S House.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BAR-
DOLPH, *the Page*, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard,
where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's
pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of
caraways, and so forth ;—come, cousin
Silence ;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly
dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all,
beggars all, Sir John : marry, good air.—
Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy ; well said,
Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses :
he is your serving-man, and your husband. 11

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very
good varlet, Sir John :—by the mass, I have
drunk too much sack at supper :—a good
varlet. Now sit down, now sit down.—
Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a,—we shall
[*Singing.*] *Do nothing but eat, and make good
cheer,*

*And praise heaven for the merry year ;
When flesh is cheap and females dear, 20
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.*

Fal. There's a merry heart !—Good Master
Silence, I'll give you a health for that
anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine,
Davy. †

Davy. Sweet sir, sit ; I'll be with you
anon :—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page,
good master page, sit : proface ! What you
want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you
must bear : the heart's all. [*Exit.*]

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph ;—and
my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;

For women are shrews, both short and tall:

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,

• And welcome merry shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this metal. 41

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you. [Setting them before BARDOLPH.]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [Singing.] A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,

And drink unto the leman mine;

And a merry heart lives long-a. 50

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. [Singing.] Fill the cup, and let it come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London. 61

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. If I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together: ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee.—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir. 70

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [Knocking heard.] Look, who's at door there. Ho! who knocks?

[Exit DAVY.]

Fal. [To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.] Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] Do me right, And dub me knight:

Samingo.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so. 80

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. If it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you, sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm. 91

Sil. By'r lady, I think he be, but Goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode to thee; And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys, And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I prythee now, deliver them like a man of this world. 101

Pist. A foutre for the world, and world-lings base!

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [Sings.] And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall Dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled!

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore. 111

Shal. Give me pardon, sir:—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways: either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutre for thine office!—Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth: 120

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune. 130

Pist. What! I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night.—O sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief justice! 141

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

"Where is the life that late I led?" say they; Why, here it is: welcome these pleasant days! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave: I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nuthook, nuthook, you lie. Come on: I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal. An the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain. 12

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you. 21

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this,—you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy

famished correctioner! if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a justice. 24

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 Bead. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes!

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Despatch, despatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight. 25

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—[*To SHALLOW.*] O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 't is no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me. 26

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But, to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'T is *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'T is all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed. 30

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,

And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;
Haul'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:—
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell
Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but
truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-
clangor sounds. 40

*Enter KING and his Train, including the
Chief Justice.*

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my
royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep,
most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that
vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you
what 't is you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee,
my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to
thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane; 50
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy
grace;

Leave gormandising; know, the grave doth
gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:

Presume not that I am the thing I was;

For God doth know, so shall the world per-
ceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been, 60
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strength and
qualities,

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge,
my lord, 70

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on. [*Exeunt KING and his Train.*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand
pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I
beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow.
Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent
for in private to him. Look you, he must
seem thus to the world. Fear not your ad-
vancement; I will be the man yet that shall
make you great. 80

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you
should give me your doublet, and stuff me
out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir
John, let me have five hundred of my
thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word:
this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in,
Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to
dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol;—come,
Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at
night. 90

*Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice,
Officers, &c.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to
the Fleet;

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord!—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear
you soon.

Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me
contente.*

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL,
BARDOLPH, Page, and Officers.*]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the
king's.

He hath intent, his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for; 95

But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parlia-
ment, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this
year expire,

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,

Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the
king.

Come, will you hence?

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

FIRST my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech. My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you (as it is very well), I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit

me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

WHEN my love swears that she is made of
truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd
youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me
young,

Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is
young?

And wherefore say not I that I am old? ¹⁰
O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years
told.

Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with
me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd
be.

II.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still :
The better angel is a man, right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side, ²⁰
And would corrupt a saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride :
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, but not directly tell ;
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.

The truth I shall not know, but live in
doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argu-
ment, ³⁰
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me

My vow was breath, and breath a vapour
is :

Then thou, fair sun, that on this earth dost
shine,

Exhale this vapour vow ; in thee it is :

If broken, then it is no fault of mine. ⁴⁰

If by me broke, what fool is not so
wise

To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and
green,

Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's
queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear ;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye ;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and
there :

Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the
bait

But smile and jest at every gentle offer :
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and
toward :

He rose and ran away ; ah, fool too for-
ward !

V.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear
to love?

O! never faith could hold, if not to beauty
vow'd :

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll con-
stant prove ;

Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like
osiers bow'd. ⁶⁰

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book
thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live, that art can
comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
suffice ;

Well learned is that tongue that well can
thee commend ;

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire :
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O ! do not love that wrong,
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,

When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen :
Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim ;

The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,

Yet not so wistly as this queen on him :

He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood :

"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle :
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle ;

Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty :

A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !

How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing !

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth

She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth ;

She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing ;

She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,

As they must needs, the sister and the brother,

Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch

Upon the lute doth ravish human sense ;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound

That Phœbus' lute (the queen of music) makes

And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd

Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign ;

One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,

* * * * *

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill :
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds ;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,

Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.

"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth

Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,

Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !

See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore."

She showed hers ; he saw more wounds than one,

And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,

Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring !
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded !
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall
should be.

*I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will :
And yet thou left'st me more than I' did
crave ;

For why I craved nothing of thee still :
Oh yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee ;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her, ¹⁴²
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :
She told the youngling how god Mars did try
her,

And as he fell to her, so she fell to him.
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god
embrac'd me ;"

And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms :
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god
unlac'd me,"

As if the boy should use like loving charms.
"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized of my
lips," ¹⁵⁰

And with her lips on his did act the seizure ;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning, nor her
pleasure.

Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I ran away !

XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter
weather ;

Youth like summer brave, age like winter
bare.

Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, age is lame : ¹⁶¹

Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee ; youth, I do adore
thee ;

O, my love, my love is young !
Age, I do defy thee ; O, sweet shepherd ! hie
thee,

For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good ;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly ;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud ;
A brittle glass, that 's broken presently : ¹⁷¹
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and
cost.

XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah ! neither be my
share : ¹⁸⁰

She bade 'good night, that kept my rest
away ;

And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.

"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again
to-morrow "

Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with
sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether :
"T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,

"T may be, again to make me wander thither :
"Wander," a word for shadows like thy-
self, ¹⁹⁰

As take the pain, but cannot pluck the
pelf.

XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the
east !

My heart doth charge the watch ; the morning
rise

Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,

While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and
mark,

And wish her lays were tuned like the
lark ;

For she doth welcome daylight with her
ditty,

And drives away dark dreaming night :

The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished
sight ; ²⁰¹

Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with
sorrow :

For why she sighed, and bade me come to-
morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too
soon :

But now are minutes added to the hours ;

To spite me now, each minute seems a
moon ;

Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night
now borrow :
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to
morrow.

XVI.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of
three,
That liked of her master as well as well might
be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that
eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful, that love with
love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
knight :
To put in practice either, alas ! it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused ; more mickle was
the pain,
That nothing could be used, to turn them both
to gain ;
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded
with disdain :
Alas, she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending was victor of
the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
away ;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the
lady gay ;
For now my song is ended.

XVII.

On a day (alack the day !)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
That the lover (sick to death)
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
" Air," quoth he, " thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But, alas ! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet :
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

XVIII.

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss :
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss :
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall :
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding !
Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody
fight !

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye ;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully :
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan :
'oor Corydon
Must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

XIX.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst
strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame, 30
As well as fancy, partial wight :
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell ;
A cripple soon can find a halt :
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night ; 31
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight ;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,—
“ Had women been so strong as men, 32
In faith, you had not had it then.”

And to her will frame all thy ways :
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear :
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true ;
Unless thy lady prove unjust, 33
Seek never thou to choose anew.
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think, women love to match with men 34
And not to live so like a saint :
Here is no heaven ; they holy then
Begin when age doth them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft ! enough,—too much, I fear ;
For if my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to ring my ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long :
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XX.

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses, 35
With a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move, 36
To live with thee and be thy love.

XXI.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone ;
She, poor bird, as all forlorn, 37
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
‘ Fie, fie, fie ! ’ now would she cry ;
‘ Tereu, Tereu ! ’ by-and-by ;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah ! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain, 38
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.

XXII.

Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd :
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find :
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,

And with such like flattering,
" Pity but he were a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement :
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then, farewell his great renown ;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee does bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DRAMATIS PERSONE.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*
 JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*
 CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence.*
 BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua.*
 LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*
 ANTONIO, *his Brother.*
 BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Don Pedro.*
 BORACHIO, } *Followers of John.*
 CONRADE, }
 DOGBERRY, } *Two Officers.*
 VERGES, }

FRIAR FRANCIS.
 A Sexton.
 A Boy.

HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*
 BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*
 MARGARET, } *Gentlewomen attending on Hero*
 URSULA, }

Messengers, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE—MESSINA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There

are no faces truer than those that are so washed: how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is 't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don PEDRO, JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, and others.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain, but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way o' God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato, —Signior Claudio, Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato: we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport: pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be

secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—he is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign,—“Here you may see Benedick the married man.” 200

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporise with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation. 270

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy: and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [Exit.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good. 280

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O! my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 291
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand,
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-
thoughts

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words. 300
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her, and with her
father,

And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end,

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!

But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much
broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity. 310

Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou
lovest,

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night:

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then, after, to her father will I break;

And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine. 320

In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself. 17

Leon. No, no: we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [Several persons cross the stage.] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea; but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controulment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the

meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks: I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then, half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count

John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue. 20

Ant. In faith: she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen. 32

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentle-woman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell. 42

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long. 50

Ant. [To HERO.] Well, niece, I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:" but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband. 59

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as 'a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly. 80

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room!

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company? 90

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Takes her aside.]

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one? 100

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough: you are Signior Antonio. 110

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come: do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end. 121

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales."—Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy, for he both pleases men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure, he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me! 140

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. 151

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*]

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well: I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt JOHN and BORACHIO.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 170

'Tis certain so:—the prince woos for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio? 180

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her. 190

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter

disposition of Beatrice, that puts the work into her person, and so gives me out. Well I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him, my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman, that danced with her, told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O! she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would

conjure her, for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the Great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 't is your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of

joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange. 302

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let 'him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt. I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband! 312

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter. 322

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of? 330

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [Exit.]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O! by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit. 341

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind. 351

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction. 360

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the un-hopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter JOHN and BORACHIO.

John. It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how. 10

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother: spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio (as in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid), that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero: hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for in the meantime, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Boy!

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. *[Exit Boy.]* I do

much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. *[Withdraws.]*

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO, followed by BALTHAZAR and musicians.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,

To put a strange face on his own perfection.—I pray thee, sing; and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he woos, ⁵¹
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come :
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes ;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the
noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets
that he speaks ;

Note, notes, forsooth, and noting ! [*Music.*

Bene. [*Aside.*] Now, divine air ! now is
his soul ravish'd !—Is it not strange, that
sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's
bodies ?—Well, a horn for my money, when
all's done. ⁶¹

Balth. [*Sings.*]

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.* ⁷⁰

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha ? no, no ; faith, thou singest
well enough for a shift. ⁷⁰

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog that
should have howled thus, they would have
hang'd him ; and I pray God, his bad voice
bode no mischief ! I had as lief have heard
the night-raven, come what plague could have
come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry ; dost thou hear,
Balthazar ? I pray thee, get us some excel-
lent music, for to-morrow night we would
have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. ⁸⁰

D. Pedro. Do so : farewell. [*Exeunt
BALTHAZAR and Musicians.*] Come hither,
Leonato : what was it you told me of to-day ?
that your niece *Beatrice* was in love with
Signior Benedick ?

Claud. O, ay.—[*Aside to PEDRO.*] Stalk
on, stalk on ; the fowl sit ;—I did never
think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither ; but most wonder-

ful, that she should so dote on *Signior Bene-
dick*, whom she hath in all outward be-
haviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [*Aside.*] Is 't possible ? Sits the
wind in that corner ? ¹⁰¹

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell
what to think of it, but that she loves him
with an enraged affection : it is past the in-
finite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counter-
feit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God ! counterfeit ! There was
never counterfeit of passion came so near the
life of passion, as she discovers it. ¹⁰⁹

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion
shows she ?

Claud. [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well : this
fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord ? She will sit
you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you ? You
amaze me : I would have thought her spirit
had been invincible against all assaults of
affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord ;
especially against *Benedick*.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull,
but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it :
knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such
reverence. ¹²²

Claud. [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en the infec-
tion : hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection
known to *Benedick* ?

Leon. No, and swears she never will :
that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed ; so your daughter
says : " Shall 'I," says she, " that have so oft
encountered him with scorn, write to him
that I love him ? " ¹³¹

Leon. This says she, now, when she is be-
ginning to write to him ; for she'll be up
twenty times a night, and there will she sit
in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of
paper.—My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper,
I remember a pretty jest your daughter told
us of.

Leon. O !—when she had writ it, and was
reading it over, she found *Benedick* and
Beatrice between the sheet ?— ¹⁴¹

Claud. That.

Leon. O ! she tore the letter into a thou-
sand half-pence ; railed at herself, that she
should be so immodest to write to one that
she knew would flout her :—" I measure him,"

says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!" 152

Leon. She doth indeed: my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse. 160

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian. 169

D. Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness. 179

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant. 180

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love? 202

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady. 211

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. [*Aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. 221

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.]

Bene. [*Advancing from the arbour.*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry.—I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair: 't is a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous: 't is so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be

peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. *[Exit.*

Bene. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me;"—that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. *[Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheardst us,
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their
pride

Against that power that bred it.—There will
she hide her,

To listen our purpose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you,
presently. *[Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth
come,

As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

Now begin;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st and truest is to see the
fish

Out with her golden oars the silver stream,

And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.

Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear
lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;

I know, her spirits are as coy and wild

As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-
trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it,
madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her
of it;

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the
gentleman

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know, he doth
deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man;
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She know his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet
saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely
featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair
fac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her
sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all
fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air: O! she would
laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will
say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not
know,

How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O! do not do your cousin such a
wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgment

(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have), as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me,
madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good
name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had
it.—

When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow.

Come, go in:

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy
counsel,

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. [Aside.] She's lim'd, I warrant you:
we have caught her, madam.

Hero. [Aside.] If it prove so, then loving
goes by haps:

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with
traps. [Exeunt HERO and URSULA.]

Beat. [Advancing.] What fire is in mine
ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so
much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on: I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite
thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage
be consummate, and then go I toward
Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if
you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay; that would be as great a
soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to
show a child his new coat, and forbid him to
wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick
for his company; for, from the crown of his
head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth:
he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring,
and the little hangman dare not shoot at him.
He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his
tongue is the clapper; for what his heart
thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no
true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd
with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it
afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love. 20

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downwards, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode? 40

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love. 50

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not. 60

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt BENEDICK and LEONATO.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice. 70

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter JOHN.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him. 80

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

John. [*To CLAUD.*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you; and circumstances shortened (for she has been too long a talking of), the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero. 100

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so? 110

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow: in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her. 120

John. I will disparage her no further, till

you are my witnesses : bear it coldly but til midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting !

John. O plague right well prevented ! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true ?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable ? 10

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have : I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men : you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How, if a' will not stand ?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. 30

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk : we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how

sleeping should offend ; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How, if they will not ?

Dogb. Why, then let them alone till they are sober : if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man ; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty. 51

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may ; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner. 61

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us ?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying ; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats. 71

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the chargé. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person : if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him : marry, not without the prince be willing ; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will. 81

Verg. By 'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, masters, good night : an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge : let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside.*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale. 101

Bora. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will. 112

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion. 120

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No: 't was the vane on the house. 128

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the

fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero? 119

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband. 150

1 Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him, a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters!

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you. 170

Con. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONARDO'S house.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*]

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently. if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into "Light o' love;" that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, "Light o' love," with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin: 't is time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill.—Heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not, but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows. 12

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship. 21

Leon. All thy tediousness on me? ha!

Dogb. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 't is; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina. 31

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the

wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see! —Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—Well, God's a good man: an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i' faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives. 41

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

Exeunt a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband. 52

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, JOHN, LEONATO, Friar FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, &c.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fri. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her; friar, you come to marry her.

Fri. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count? 11

Hero. I do.

Fri. If either of you know any inward

impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Fri. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer; none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! 21

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her

Claud. And what have I to give you back
whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her
again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble
thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again :
Give not this rotten orange to your friend ;
She's but the sign and semblance of her
honour.—

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here :
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal !
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not
swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid, 40
By these exterior shows? But she is none :
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed ;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own
proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say : if I
have known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a hus-
band, 50

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin :

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large ;

But, as a brother to his sister, showed

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee, seeming ! I will write
against it :

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown ;

But you are more intemperate in your blood 60

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak
so wide?

Claud. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but
dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things
are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True ! O God !

Claud. Leonato, stand I here ? 70

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's
brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so ; but what of this, my
lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to
your daughter,

And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my
child.

Hero. O God, defend me ! how am I
beset !—

What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your
name. 80

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that
name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero :

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yester-
night

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour,
my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.
—Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear : upon mine
honour,

Myself, my brother, and this grieved count, 90

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window ;

Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie : they are not to be nam'd,
my lord,

Not to be spoke of ;

There is not chastity enough in language,

Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty
lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment. 100

Claud. O Hero ! what a Hero hadst thou
been,

If half thy outward graces had been placed

About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy
heart !

But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair !
farewell,

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity !

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang ;

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point
for me ? [HERO swoons.

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore
sink you down? 111

John. Come, let us go. These things, come
thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, JOHN, and CLAUDIO.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think:—help, uncle!—

Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—Friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy
hand:

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Fri. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Fri. Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every
earthly thing 121

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—

Do not live, Hero; do not open thine eyes;
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chide I for that at frugal Nature's frame?

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes? 131

Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown
loins?"

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I
prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on; mine so
much,

That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O! she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea 141
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last
night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last
night,

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is
stronger made, †

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foul-
ness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her, let
her die.

Fri. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions 160
To start into her face; a thousand innocent
shames

In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here 170
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath
left,

Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury: she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd
of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I
know none.

If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth
warrant, 180

Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father!
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any
creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in
the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of
honour;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies. 190

Leon. I know not. If they speak but
truth of her,

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong
her honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,

Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends, 200
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Fri. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed :
Maintain a mourning ostentation ;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? 'what
will this do? 210

Fri. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her
behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some
good :

But not for that dream I on this strange
course,

But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd

Of every hearer; for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show
us, 222

Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with
Claudio :

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul, 230
Than when she liv'd indeed :—then shall he
mourn,

(If ever love had interest in his liver)
And wish he had not so accused her ;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy : 240
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise
you :

And though, you know, my inwardness and
love

Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief, 250
The smallest twine may lead me.

Fri. 'T is well consented : presently away,
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.—

Come, lady, die to live : this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd : have patience, and
endure.

[*Exeunt Friar, HERO, and LEONATO.*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin
is wronged. 261

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve
of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such
friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well
as you. Is not that strange? 269

Beat. As strange as a thing I know not.
It were as possible for me to say, I loved
nothing so well as you; but believe me not,
and yet I lie not: I confess nothing, nor I
deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me;
and I will make him eat it, that says I love
not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to
it. I protest, I love thee. 281

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour :
I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. 'I love you with so much of my heart,
that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio. 290

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here.—There
is no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.



J. D. WATSON, *Pinxt.*

W. RIDGWAY, *Sculpt.*

BENEDICK AND BEATRICE.

Beatrice. Talk with a man out of window?
a proper saying!

Benedick. Nay, but, Beatrice.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," *Act IV., Scene 1.*

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy. 30

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying. 31

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count confection; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero? 32

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin; I must say she is dead; and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain: We have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend? 10

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con., Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down, that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves? 22

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir: I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none? 23

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the fittest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain. 24

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow? 25

1 Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and show him their examination. [Exit.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands--

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass; you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O, that he were here to write me down an ass! but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass!

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;

And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:

Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience:
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,

And—sorrow, wag!—cry hem, when he
should groan;

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune
drunk

With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting
it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.

No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no
counsel:

My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and
blood;

For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon
yourself;

Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I
will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the
prince,

And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio
hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you
well, my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us,
good old man.



Engraved by J. SWAIN

DOGBERRY AND THE WATCH.

Drawn by F. BARNARD.

Barnard

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembler thou.—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man! never flee and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child:
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,

His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—

Win me and wear me;—let him answer me.—

Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow me.

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows, I lov'd my niece;

And she is dead; slander'd to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:

Scambling, outfacing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,

Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;

And this is all!

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 't is no matter:
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord!—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.—

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see: here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw to pleasure us. 130

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me.—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff: this last was broke cross. 140

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain.—I jest not.—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer. 152

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit. "True," said she, "a fine little one." "No," said I, "a great wit." "Right," says she, "a great gross one." "Nay," said I, "a good wit." "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise." "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman." "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues." "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all. 180

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man!" 189

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [Exit. 207]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man. 210

D. Pedro. But, soft you; let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound? Borachio one?

Claud. Harken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge. 231

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters,

that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to stand under the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. 250

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery.—

And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass. 262

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, and the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone. 270

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:

Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:

Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;

Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not, 280
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,

That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here,
How innocent she died; and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, 290
And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night.—
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a
daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her
cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer; and dispose 300
From henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke
to me;

But always hath been just and virtuous,
In anything that I do know by her. 305

Dogb. Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains. 320

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation !

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship ; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship ; I wish your worship well : God restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it !—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords : we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I 'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on. We 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty ?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it ; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me ? why, shall I always keep below stairs ? 10

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth ; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret ; it will not hurt a woman : and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice ; and they are dangerous weapons for maids. 22

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come.

[*Exit MARG.*]

[*Singing.*] *The god of love,
That sits above,*

*And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—*

I mean, in singing ; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in 'rhyme ; I have tried : I can find out no rhyme to " lady " but " baby," an innocent rhyme ; for " scorn," " horn," a hard rhyme ; for " school," " fool," a babbling rhyme,—very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.— 41

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee ?

Beat. Yea, signior ; and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then !

Beat. " Then " is spoken ; fare you well now :—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came ; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ? 60

Beat. For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bene. Suffer love ! a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates. 70

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you? 79

Bene. Question:—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary), to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too. 80

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused; the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

“*Down to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.*”

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.— 19

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

*Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.*

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters: put your torches out.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds; 20

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's,

Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, MARGARET, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar FRANCIS, and HERO.

Fri. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, 21

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,

And, when I send for you, come hither
mask'd :

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]—You know
your office, brother :

You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd coun-
tenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I
think.

Fri. To do what, signior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me ; one of
them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her : 't is
most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite
her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had
from me,

From Claudio, and the prince. But what's
your will ?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage :—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Fri. And my help.
Here come the prince and Claudio.

*Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with
Attendants.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assem-
bly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow,
Claudio :

We here attend you. Are you yet deter-
min'd

To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an
Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother : here's the
friar ready. [*Exit ANTONIO.*]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why,
what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage
bull.—

Tush ! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns
with gold,

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low :

And some such strange bull leap'd your
father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his
bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you, here come other
reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you
her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let
me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take
her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy
friar :

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other
wife :

And when you lov'd, you were my other
husband.

Claud. Another Hero ?

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One Hero died defil'd ; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero ! Hero that
is dead !

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her
slander liv'd.

Fri. All this amazement can I qualify :

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :

Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is
Beatrice ?

Beat. I answer to that name. [*Un-
masking.*] What is your will ?

Bene. Do not you love me ?

Beat. Why, no ; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the
prince, and Claudio, have been deceived :
they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me ?

Bene. Troth, no ; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and
Ursula,

Are much deceiv'd ; for they did swear you
did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost
sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh
dead for me.

Bene. 'T is no such matter. Then, you do
not love me ?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another, 50
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts.—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth.

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man? 101

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and there-

fore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends.—Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels. 111

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music!—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt.*]

KING HENRY V.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
 DUKE OF GLOSTER, } *Brothers to the King.*
 DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
 DUKE OF EXETER, *Uncle to the King.*
 DUKE OF YORK, *Cousin to the King.*
 EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and
 WARWICK.
 ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
 BISHOP OF ELY.
 EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, }
 LORD SCROOP, } *Conspirators.*
 SIR THOMAS GREY, }
 SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN,
 MACMORRIS, JAMY, *Officers in King*
Henry's Army.
 BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers.*
 PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
 BOY, *Servant to them.* A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of France.*
 LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
 DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOUR-
 BON.
The Constable of France.
 RAMBURES, and GRANDPRÉ, *French Lords.*
 MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*
Governor of Harfleur.
Ambassadors to England.
 ISABEL, *Queen of France.*
 KATHARINE, *Daughter of Charles and Isabel.*
 ALICE, *a Lady attending on the Princess.*
 MISTRESS QUICKLY, *a Hostess.*
 Chorus.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English
Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE—In England and in France.

ACT I.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O, for a muse of fire, that would
 ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention !
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars ; and at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword,
 and fire,
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles
 all,
 The flat unraised spirits that have dar'd
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10
 So great an object : can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O the very casques,
 That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
 O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
 Attest in little place a million ;
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces work.

Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, 20
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your
 thoughts ;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance :
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see
 them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving
 earth ;
 For 't is your thoughts that now must deck
 our kings,
 Carry them here and there, jumping o'er
 times,
 Turning the accomplishment of many years 30
 Into an hour-glass : for the which supply,
 Admit me Chorus to this history ;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience
 pray,
 Gentle to hear, kindly to judge, our play.
 [Exit.

SCENE I.—London. An Ante-Chamber in the KING's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Bishop of ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the Church, 10
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention? 21

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise, 30
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire the king were made a prelate:

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practice part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;

And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;

And therefore we must needs admit the means,

How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,

How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear

(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)

The severals, and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to 'the crown and seat of
France,

Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather

Ely. What was the impediment that broke
this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that
instant

Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is
come,

To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear
it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in
the Same.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD,
EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and
Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of
Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my
liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be
resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and
France.

*Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and
Bishop of ELY.*

Cant. God and his angels guard your
sacred throne,

And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,

Why the law Salique, that they have in
France,

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right

Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,

Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.

Therefore, take heed how you impawn our
person,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war:

We charge you in the name of God, take
heed;

For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless
drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the
swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.

Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience
wash'd,

As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,
and you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to
France

But this, which they produce from Phara-
mond,—

In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
“No woman shall succeed in Salique land:”
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze

To be the realm of France, and Pharamond,
The founder of this law, and female bar.

Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;

Where Charles the Great, having subdued the
Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and
Sala,

Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law

Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land

Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,

Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption

Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the
Great

Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala in the year

Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers
say,

King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended

Of Blithild, which was daughter to King
Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorain, sole heir
male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the
Great,—

To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and
naught,
Convey'd himself as the heir to the Lady
Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the
Tenth,

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of
Lorain :

By the which marriage the line of Charles
the Great

Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the Kings of France unto this day ;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness' claiming from the
female ;

And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbure their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience
make this claim ?

Cont. The sin upon my head, dread
sovereign

For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody
flag :

Look back into your mighty ancestors :
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's
tomb,
From whom you claim : invoke his warlike
spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black
Prince.

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France ;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp

Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English ! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of
France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action.

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant
dead,

And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne ;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant
liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Ely. Your brother kings and monarchs of
the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause,
and means, and might :—

So hath your highness—never King of
England

Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in
England,

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cont. O ! let their bodies follow, my dear
liege

With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your
right :

In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sun,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade
the French,

But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cont. They of those marches, gracious
sovereign,

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing
snatchers only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us :
For you shall read, that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns ;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbour-
hood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege ;

For hear her but exampled by herself :

When all her chivalry hath been in France,

And she a mourning widow of her nobles,

She hath herself not only well defended,

But taken, and impounded as a stray, ¹⁰⁰

The King of Scots ; whom she did send to

France,

To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner

kings,

And make her chronicle as rich with praise,

As is the ooze and bottom of the sea

With sunken wrack and sumless treasuries.

West. But there's a saying, very old and

true,—

“ If that you will France win,

Then with Scotland first begin : ”

For once the eagle England being in prey,

To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot ¹⁷⁰

Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely

eggs ;

Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,

To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at

home :

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity ;

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,

And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,

The advised head defends itself at home :

For government, though high, and low, and

lower, ¹⁸⁰

Put into parts, doth keep in one concent,

Congreeing in a full and natural close,

Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth Heaven divide

The state of man in divers functions,

Setting endeavour in continual motion ;

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience : for so work the honey-bees,

Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach

The act of order to a peopled kingdom :

They have a king, and officers of sorts ; ¹⁹⁰

Where some, like magistrates, correct at

home,

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,

Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;

Which pillage they with merry march bring

home

To the tent royal of their emperor :

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys

The singing masons building roofs of gold,

The civil citizens kneading up the honey,

The poor mechanic porters crowding in ²⁰⁰

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,

The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,

Delivering o'er to executors pale

The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—

That many things, having full reference

To one concent, may work contrariously ;

As many arrows, loosed several ways,

Come to one mark ; as many ways meet

one town ;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;

As many lines close in the dial's centre ; ²¹⁰

So may a thousand actions, once afoot,

End in one purpose, and be all well borne

Without defeat. Therefore to France, my

liege.

Divide your happy England into four ;

Whereof take you one quarter into France,

And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.

If we, with thrice such powers left at home,

Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,

Let us be worried, and our nation lose

The name of hardiness, and policy. ²²⁰

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from

the Dauphin. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Now are we well resolv'd : and by God's help,

And yours, the noble sinews of our power,

France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,

Or break it all to pieces : or there we'll sit,

Ruling in large and ample empery---

O'er France, and all her almost kingly

dukedom,

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,

Tombless, with no remembrance over them :

Either our history shall with full mouth ²³⁰

Speak freely of our acts ; or else our grave,

Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless

mouth,

Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the

pleasure

Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for, we hear,

Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

1 Amb. May't please your majesty, to give

us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge ;

Or shall we sparingly show you far off

The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy ? ²⁴⁰

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian

king,

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,

As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :

Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed

plainness,

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

1 Amb. Thus then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,

Did claim some certain dukedom, in the

right

Of your great predecessor, King Edward the
Third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our
master

Says, that you savour too much of your
youth,

And bids you be advis'd, there's naught in
France

That can be with a nimble galliard won :

You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you meeter for your
spirit,

This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin
speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle ?

Ecc. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so
pleasant with us.

His present, and your pains, we thank you
for :

When we have match'd our rackets to these
balls,

We will in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a
wrangler,

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England ;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license ; as't is ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from
home.

But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state ;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days ;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.

And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his
soul

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful
vengeance

That shall fly with them : for many a
thousand widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear
husbands ;

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles
down ;

And some are yet ungoten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the
Dauphin,

His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh
at it.—

Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you
well. [*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Ecc. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush
at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition ;
For we have now no thought in us but
France,

Save those to God, that run before our
business.

Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought
upon,

That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his
thought,

That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are
on fire,

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's
thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man.

They sell the pasture now to buy the horse ;

Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air ;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy

Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would
thee do,

Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee
found out

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three cor-
rupted men,

One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the
second,

Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham, and the
third,

Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,
Have, for the guilt of France (O guilt, indeed!),
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;

And by their hands this grace of kings must
die,

If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in South-
ampton.

Linger your patience on: and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play.

The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene

Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouse now, there must you
sit,

And thence to France shall we convey you
safe

And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,

We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till

then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—London. Eastcheap.

Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you
friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little;
but when time shall serve, there shall be
smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare
not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine
iron. It is a simple one; but what though?
it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as
another man's sword will; and there's an
end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make
you friends, and we'll be all three sworn

brothers to France: let it be so, good
Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may,
that's the certain of it; and when I cannot
live any longer, I will do as I may: that is
my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is
married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she
did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to
her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as
they may: men may sleep, and they may
have their throats about them at that time;
and some say, knives have edges. It must be
as it may: though patience be a tired mare,
yet she will plod. There must be conclusions.
Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Mistress QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol, and his
wife.—Good corporal, be patient here.—How
now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we
cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen
gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick
of their needles, but it will be thought we
keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws
his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady! if he be not
drawn!—Now we shall see wilful adultery
and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant,—good corporal,
offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou
prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good Corporal Nym, show thy
valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have
you *solus*. [*Sheathing his sword.*]

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,
perdy;

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot
conjure me. I have an humour to knock you
indifferently well. If you grow foul with me,
Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I
may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I
would prick your guts a little, in good terms,
as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;

Therefore exhale. [*PISTOL and NYM draw.*

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall. 70

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coups le gorge!*

That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's
enough. Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your hostess.—He is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently. 90

[*Exeunt Mistress QUICKLY and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home. [*Draws.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, 101
I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why,

then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;

And liquor likewise will I give to thee, no
And friendship shall combine, and brother-
hood

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him. 123

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Ecc. They shall be apprehended by-and-by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,

As if allegiance in their bosom sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

Ecc. Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow.

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge,—and my kind Lord of Masham,—

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us

Will cut their passage through the force of France,

Doing the execution, and the act,

For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair concert with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish

Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd

Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject,

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness

Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,

According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,

Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;

And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:

Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example breed,
By his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O! let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great merey, if you give him life

After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care

And tender preservation of our person,

Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;—

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change:

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,

That hath so coward'd and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey, Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us
but late

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,—

You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents

Belonging to his honour; and this man

Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,

And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which, ⁹⁰
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us,
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—

But O !

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou
cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !

Thou, that didst bear the key of all my
counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,

Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy
use !

May it be possible, that foreign hire ⁹⁰

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,

That might annoy my finger ! 't is so strange,

That, though the truth of it stands off as gross

As black and white, my eye will scarcely see
it.

Treason and murder ever kept together,

As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,

Working so grossly in a natural cause,

That admiration did not whoop at them :

But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in

Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder :

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was, ¹¹⁰

That wrought upon thee so preposterously,

Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :

And other devils, that suggest by treasons,

Do botch and bungle up damnation

With patches, colours, and with forms, being
fetch'd

From glistening semblances of piety ;

But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,

Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do

treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.

If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee
thus, ¹²⁰

Should with his lion gait walk the whole
world,

He might return to vasty Tartar back,

And tell the legions,—I can never win

A soul so easy as that Englishman's

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected

The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?

Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and
learned ?

Why, so didst thou : come they of noble
family ?

Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ?

Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in
diet ; ¹³⁰

Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger ;

Constant in spirit, not swerving with the
blood ;

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment ;

Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither ?
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem ;

And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,

To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;

For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like ¹⁴⁰

Another fall of man.—Their faults are open :

Arrest them to the answer of the law,

And God acquit them of their practices !

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the
name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath dis-
cover'd, ¹⁵⁰

And I repent my fault more than my death ;

Which I beseech your highness to forgive,

Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not
seduce,

Although I did admit it as a motive,

The sooner to effect what I intended.

But God be thanked for prevention ;

Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,

Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more re-
joice ¹⁶⁰

At the discovery of most dangerous treason,

Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

Prevented from a damned enterprise.

My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear
your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from

his coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ;

Wherein you would have sold your king to
slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude, ¹⁷⁰

His subjects to oppression and contempt,

And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching our person, seek we no revenge ;

But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,

Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws

We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,

Poor miserable wretches, to your death ;

The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give
you

Patience to endure, and true repentance

Of all your dear offences.—Bear them hence. ¹⁸⁰

[*Exeunt CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and
GREY, guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France ; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
 To hinder our beginnings : we doubt not now,
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.
 Then forth, dear countrymen : let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Cheerly to sea ; the signs of war advance :
 No King of England, if not King of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—London. Mistress QUICKLY'S
 House in Eastcheap.

Enter PISTOL, Mistress QUICKLY, NYM,
 BARDOLPH, and Boy.

Quick. Prythee, honey-sweet husband, let
 me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No ; for my manly heart doth
 yearn. —

Bardolph, be blithe ; Nym, rouse thy vaunting
 veins :

Boy, bristle thy courage up ; for Falstaff he
 is dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresom-
 e'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell : he's in
 Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's
 bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away,
 an it had been any christom child : 'a parted
 even just between twelve and one, even at the
 turning o' the tide : for after I saw him fumble
 with the sheets, and play with flowers, and
 smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was
 but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as
 a pen, and 'a babbled o' green fields. "How
 now, Sir John !" quoth I : "what, man !
 be of good cheer." So 'a cried out—"God,
 God, God !" three or four times : now I,
 to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not
 think of God ; I hoped, there was no need to
 trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.
 So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet : I
 put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and
 they were as cold as any stone ; then I felt to
 his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all
 was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did ; and said, they
 devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation ;
 't was a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have
 him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle
 women ; but then he was rheumatic, and
 talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea
 stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was
 a black soul burning in hell ?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that main-
 tained that fire : that's all the riches I got
 in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog ? the king will be gone
 from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me
 thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my movables :
 Let senses rule, the word is, "Pitch and pay ;"
 Trust none ;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-
 cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck :

Therefore, *cave to* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. —Yoke-fellows in arms,
 Let us to France : like horse-leeches, my boys,
 To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck !

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food,
 they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of
 it ; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear : keep close.
 I thee command.

Quick. Farewell ; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—France. A Room in the French
 King's Palace.

Flourish. *Enter* the French KING, attended ;
 the DAUPHIN, the Duke of BURGUNDY, the
 Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full
 power upon us ;

And more than carefully it us concerns,

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berry, and of
 Bretagne,

Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
 And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dis-
 patch,

To line and new-repair our towns of war
 With men of courage, and with means defen-
 dant :

For England his approaches makes as fierce
 As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe ;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in
question,)

But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assailable, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France ;
And let us do it with no show of fear ;
No, with no more, than if we heard that
England

Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance :
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin !
You are too much mistaken in this king. 30
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find, his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 't is not so, my lord high con-
stable ; 41

But though we think it so, it is no matter :
In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems :
So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong,
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet
him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain, 51
That haunted us in our familiar paths :
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward Black Prince of
Wales ;

Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain
standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden
sun,—

Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface 60
The patterns that by God and by French
fathers

Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of
England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We 'll give them present au-
dience. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for
coward dogs

Most spend their mouths, when what they
seem to threaten 70

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them
know

Of what a monarchy you are the head :
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother England ?

Exe. From him ; and thus he greets your
majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, long 81
To him, and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may
know,

'T is no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd
lays,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,

[*Gives a pedigree.*

In every branch truly demonstrative ; 90
Willingly you overlook this pedigree,
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows ?

Exe. Bloody constraint ; for if you hide
the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for
it ;

Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming, ¹⁰⁰
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens'
groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my
message; ¹¹¹

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this
further:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from
England?

Exc. Scorn and defiance, slight regard,
contempt,

And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at. ¹²⁰
Thus says my king: an if your father's
highness,

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,

That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your
mock

In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return, '
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that
end, ¹³¹

As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exc. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake
for it,

Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now. Now he weighs
time,

Even to the utmost grain; that you shall
read

In your own losses, if he stay in France. ¹⁴¹

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our
mind at full.

Exc. Despatch us with all speed, lest that
our king

Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd
with fair conditions.

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift
scene flies,

In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you
have seen

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus
fanning.

Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order
give

To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden
sails, ¹⁰¹

Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
sea,

Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold

A city on the inconstant billows dancing:

For so appears this fleet majestic,

Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow.
follow!

Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy.
And leave your England, as dead midnight
still,

Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old
women, ²¹

Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puis-
sance:

For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd, and choice-drawn cavaliers to
France?

Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a
siege

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French
comes back;

Tells Harry that the king doth offer him

Katharine his daughter; and with her, to
dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon
touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be
kind,
And eke out our performance with your
mind. [Exit.

SCENE I.—France. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'er-
whelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril
wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every
spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest
English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even
fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argu-
ment.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did
beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.—And you, good
yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show
us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I
doubt not;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England and Saint
George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach,
to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the
knocks are too hot; and for mine own part,
I have not a case of lives: the humour of it
is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for
humours do abound;
Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and
die;

And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an ale-house in
London! I would give all my fame for a
pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly,
But not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt,
you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of
mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good hawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity,
sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your
honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH,
followed by FLUELLEN.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed
these three swashers. I am boy to them all
three, but all they three, though they would
serve me, could not be man to me; for,
indeed, three such anticks do not amount to
a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered,
and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces

it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel; I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the Duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines. For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digt himself four yard under the countermine. By Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentlemen, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his

argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines! have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; 't is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 't is shame for us all; so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, aile de gud service, or aile lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use

me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you ; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself : so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au ! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captairt Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of wars ; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls : the English Forces below. Enter King HENRY and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town ?

This is the latest parle we will admit :
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves ;
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst : for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall rage
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?

What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation ?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?

We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command :
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.

If not, why, in a moment look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking
laughters ;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the
walls ;

Your naked infants pitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls
confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of
Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?

Gow. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us, that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great
king,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates !—Come, uncle
Exeter,

Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
And fortify it strongly against the French :
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest ;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

[*Flourish. The KING, &c., enter the town.*]

SCENE IV.—Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, n'enseigniez ; il faut que je apprend à parler. Comment appelez vous le main en Anglois ?

Alice. Le main ? il est appelé, de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts ?

Alice. Les doigts ? ma foy, je oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts ? je pense, qu'ils sont appelé de fingres ; ouy, de fingres.

Kath. Le main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles ?

Alice. Les ongles ? les appellons, de mails.

Kath. De mails. Escoutez ; dites moy, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, et de mails.

Alice. C'est bien dict, madame : il est fort bon Anglois. 20

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude ?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excuse moy, Alice : escoute : de hand, de fingre, de mails, de arm, de bilbow. 30

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ; de elbow. Comment appelez vous le col ?

Alice. De nick, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton ?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick ; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre. 40

Kath. Je n'y doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné ?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De mails, madame.

Kath. De mails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je ; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe ? 50

Alice. De foot, madame : et de coun.

Kath. De foot, et de coun ! O Seigneur Dieu ! ils sont les mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grossier, et impudique, et non pour les dames de honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de coun, avant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : de hand, de fingre, de mails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame.

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois : allons nous à disner. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter the French KING, the DAUPHIN, Duke of BOURBON, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France ; let us quit all, And giye our vineyards to a barbarous people

Dau. O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us,

The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters ?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards. 10

Mort de ma vie ! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles ! where have they this mettle ?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull, On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frowns ? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat ? 20

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frosty ? O ! for honour of our land,

Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields ;

Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,

Our madams mock at us, and plainly say, Our mettle is bred out ; and they will give Their bodies to the lust of English youth, 30 To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos ; Saying, our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald ? speed him hence :

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—

Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the
field:

Charles Delabreth, high constable of
France;

You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;

Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faucon-
berg,

Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
knights,

For your great seats, now quit you of great
shames,

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our
land

With pennons painted in the blood of Har-
fleur:

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go, down upon him,—you have power
enough,—

And in a captive chariot into Roan
Bring him our prisoner.

Com. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste
on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in
Roan.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty,

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain
with us.—

Now, forth; lord constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen? come
you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent
services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnani-
mous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love
and honour with my soul, and my heart, and
my duty, and my life, and my living, and my

uttermost power: he is not (God be praised
and blessed!) any hurt in the world, but
keeps the pridge most valiantly, with ex-
cellent discipline. There is an aunchient
lieutenant there at the pridge,—I think, in
my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as
Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estima-
tion in the world: but I did see him do as
gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. Ho is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me
favours:

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have
merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound
of heart,

And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol.
Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore
his eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is
blind. And she is painted also with a
wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral
of it, that she is turning, and inconstant,
and mutability, and variation: and her foot,
look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone,
which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good
truth, the poet makes a most excellent
description of it: Fortune is an excellent
moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns
on him:

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must
'a be.

A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy
voice,

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee
requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly under-
stand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing
to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my

brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit.*

Flu. Very good. 60

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; 'a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done;—at such and such a sounce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with now-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook. 61

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge? 68

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath

been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner. 112

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, 139

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now, But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth, Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much

Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French :
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee,
herald,

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive
me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of
France

Hath blown that vice in me : I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master, here I am :
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard ;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another
neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour,
Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself :
If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red
blood

Discolour : and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sun of all our answer is but this :
We would not seek a battle, as we are ;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it :
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your
highness. [*Exit.*]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother,
not in theirs.

March to the bridge ; it now draws toward
night :

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE VII.—The French Camp, near
Agincourt.

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord
RAMBURES, the Duke of ORLEANS, the
DAUPHIN, and others.*

Con. Tut ! I have the best armour of the
world. 'Would it were day !

Orl. You have an excellent armour ; but
let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning ?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord
high constable, you talk of horse and ar-
mour—

Orl. You are as well provided of both as
any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this !—I will
not change my horse with any that treads
but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha !* He bounds
from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs ;
le cheval volant, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines
de feu !* When I bestride him, I soar, I am
a hawk : he trots the air ; the earth sings
when he touches it ; the basest horn of his
hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is
a beast for Persens : he is pure air and fire ;
and the dull elements of earth and water
never appear in him, but only in patient
stillness, while his rider mounts him : he is,
indeed, a horse ; and all other jades you may
call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute
and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys : his
neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and
his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that can-
not, from the rising of the lark to the lodging
of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my
palfrey : it is a theme as fluent as the sea ;
turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my
horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a
subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a
sovereign's sovereign to ride on ; and for the
world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay
apart their particular functions, and wonder
at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise,
and began thus :—"Wonder of nature !"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to
one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I
composed to my courser ; for my horse is my
mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well ; which is the prescript
praise and perfection of a good and particular
mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday, your
mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O ! then, belike, she was old and
gentle ; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland,
your French hose off, and in your strait
strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horse-
manship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then : they that
ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul
bogs. I had rather have my horse to my
mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubrier :* thou makest use of anything.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress ; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it ?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be ; for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises : who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his desert ! Will it never be day ? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners ?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'T is midnight : I 'll go arm myself.

[*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow : he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What 's he ?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself ; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not ; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is ; never anybody saw it, but his lackey : 't is a hooded valour ; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed : there stands your friend for the devil : have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'T is not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground ?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—'Would it were day !—Alas, poor Harry of England !—he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge.

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack ; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures : their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs ! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just ; and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives : and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm ; come, shall we about it ?

Orl. It is now two o'clock : but, let me see, by ten,

We shall have each a hundred English-men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb
of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire, and through their paly
flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful
neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the
tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do
toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning
name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night, 20
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned
English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger ; and their gesture
sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn
coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O ! now, who will
behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to
tent, 30
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and country-
men.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watch'd night :
But freshly looks, and overhears attaint

With cheerful semblance, and sweet ma-
jesty
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
Where, O for pity ! we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged
foils, 50
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous—
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see ;
Minding true things by what their mockeries
be. *[Exit.]*

SCENE I.—The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in
great danger ;
The greater therefore should our courage
be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Al-
mighty !
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out ;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry :
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all ; admonishing,
That we should dress us fairly for our end. 10
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erp. Not so, my liege : this lodging likes
me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.
K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their
present pains
Upon example ; so the spirit is eased :
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of
doubt, 20
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly
move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,

Commend me to the princes in our camp :
Do my good morrow to them ; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD.*]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace ?

K. Hen. No, my good knight ;
Go with my brothers to my lords of Eng-
land :

I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
Harry ! [Exit.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou
speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là ?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me ; art thou officer ?
Or art thou base, common, and popular ?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike ? 40

K. Hen. Even so. What are you ?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the
king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of
gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame ;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant :

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heartstring

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name ?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. *Le Roy !* a Cornish name : art thou of
Cornish crew ? 50

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen ?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about
his pate,

Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in
your cap that day, lest he knock that about
yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend ?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee then ! 60

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you !

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [Exit.

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen !

Flu. So, in the name of Cheshu Christ,
speak lower. It is the greatest admiration | 112

in the universal world, when the true and
aunchient prerogatives and laws of the wars
is not kept. If you would take the pains
but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great,
you shall find, I warrant you, that there is
no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pom-
pey's camp ; I warrant you, you shall find
the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of
it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it,
and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud ; you hear
him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool,
and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you,
that we should also, look you, be an ass, and
a fool, and a prating coxcomb ? in your own
conscience now ? 70

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you
will. [Exit GOWER and FLUELLEN.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of
fashion,
There is much care and valour in this
Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the
morning which breaks yonder ?

Bates. I think it be ; but we have no great
cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the
day, but I think we shall never see the end
of it.—Who goes there ? 90

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you ?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most
kind gentleman : I pray you, what thinks he
of our estate ?

K. Hen. Even as men wracked upon a
sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the
king ?

K. Hen. No ; nor it is not meet he should.
For, though I speak it to you, I think the
king is but a man, as I am : the violet smells
to him, as it doth to me ; the element shows
to him, as it doth to me ; all his senses have
but human conditions : his ceremonies laid by,
in his nakedness he appears but a man, and
though his affections are higher mounted than
ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with
the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason
of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be
of the same relish as ours are : yet, in reason,
no man should possess him with any appear-
ance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should
dishearten his army. 112

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will ; but, I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck : and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king : I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after ; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make : when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—"We died at such a place ;" some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in a battle : for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument ? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him : or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so : the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant ; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of pre-

meditated and contrived murder ; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury ; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God : war is his beadle, war is his vengeance ; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel : where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish. Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience ; and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained : and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'T is certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head : the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me ; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully ; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then ! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after ! come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round : I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again ?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet : then, if ever thou

darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dardest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers*
Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,

Our children, and our sins, lay on the king!—
We must bear all. O hard condition,

Twin-born with greatness, subject to the
breath

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's
ease

Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not
too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st
more

Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-
in

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and
form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage
sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great
greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beg-
gar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud
dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:

I am a king, that find thee; and I know,

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,

The fardel title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of this
world;

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,

Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful
bread,

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,

But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,

Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night

Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,

Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse;

And follows so the ever running year

With profitable labour to his grave:

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,

Winding up days with toil, and nights with
sleep,

Had the iorehand and vantage of a king.

The slave, a member of the country's peace,

Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,

What watch the king keeps to maintain the
peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your
absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,

Collect them all together at my tent:

I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers'
hearts;

Possess them not with fear; take from them
now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed num-
bers

Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day,
O Lord!

O! not to-day, think not upon the fault

My father made in compassing the crown.

I Richard's body have interred now,

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears

Than from it issued forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold
up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have
built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn
priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
• Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for
me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The French Camp.

*Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and
others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour: up,
my lords!

Dau. *Montez à cheval!*—My horse! *valet!*
lacquay! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via!*—*les eaux et la terre!*

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu!*

Dau. *Ciel!* Cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present
service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in
their hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English
eyes,

And dout them with superfluous courage: ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our
horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural
tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you
French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight
to horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their
souls,

Leaving them but the shales and husks of
men.

There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarcely blood enough in all their sickly veins,

To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French-gallants shall to-day draw
out,

And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but
blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.

'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our
peasants,

Who, in unnecessary action, swarm

About our squares of battle, were enow

To purge this field of such a hilding foe,

Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:

But that our honours must not. What's to
say?

A very little let us do,

And all is done. Then, let the trumpets
sound

The tucket sonance, and the note to mount:

For our approach shall so much dare the field,

That England shall crouch down in fear, and
yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords
of France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,

And our air shakes them passing scornfully.

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd
host,

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.

The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

With torch-staves in their hand; and their
poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and
hips,

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead
eyes,

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal'd
bit

Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motion-
less;

And their executors, the knavish crows,

Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,

In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and
they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and
fresh suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard. On, to the
field!

I will the banner from a trumpet take;
And use it for my haste. Come, come,
away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The English Camp.

Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble Lord of Bedford,—
My dear Lord Gloster,—and my good Lord Exeter,—

And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter King HENRY.

West. O! that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,

For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart, his passport shall be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,

That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,

And say,—To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages,

What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were

not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any

speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:

The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will! my liege, 'would you and I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee,
King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow: ⁸⁰
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in
mercy,
The constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their
poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former
answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my
bones. ⁹⁰
Good God! why should they mock poor
fellows thus!
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting
him.

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in
France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dung-
hills,

They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall
greet them,

And draw their honours reeking up to
heaven, ¹⁰⁰

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your lime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in
France.

Mark then abounding valour in our English:
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly:—tell the constable,

We are but warriors for the working-day;

Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd

With rainy marching in the painful field: ¹¹⁰

There's not a piece of feather in our host

(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly),

And time hath worn us into slovenry:

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;

And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will
pluck

The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers'
heads,

And turn them out of service. If they do
this

(As, if God please, they shall), my ransom
then

Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy
labour; ¹²⁰

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle
herald:

They shall have none, I swear, but these my
joints;

Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare
thee well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear, thou'll once more come
again for ransom.

Enter the Duke of YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee
I beg

The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now,
soldiers, march away: ¹³⁰

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle.

*Alarums; Excursions. Enter French
Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sold. Je pense, que vous estes le gentil-
homme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Quality? *Callicino, castore me!* Art
thou a gentleman?

What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sold. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentle-
man.

Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and
mark:—

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me ¹⁴⁰
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sold. O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié
de moy!

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty
moys;

For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sold. Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras ?

Pist. Brass, cur ?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, 20
Offer'st me brass ?

Fr. Sold. O pardonne moy !

Pist. Say'st thou me so ? is that a ton of
moys ?
Come hither, boy : ask me this slave in
French,
What is his name.

Boy. Escoutez : comment estes-vous appelé ?

Fr. Sold. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says, his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and firk
him, and ferret him.—Discuss the same in
French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer,
and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his
throat.

Fr. Sold. Que dit-il, monsieur ?

Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous
fuites vous prest ; car ce soldat icy est disposé
tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

Pist. Ouy, couper le gorge, par ma foy,
peasant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns ;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my
sword. 40

Fr. Sold. O, je vous supplie pour l'amour
de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis le gentil-
homme de bonne maison : gardez ma vie, et je
vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life : he is
a gentleman of a good house ; and, for his
ransom, he will give you two hundred
crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and
I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sold. Petit monsieur, que dit-il ? 50

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement,
de pardonner aucun prisonier ; neantmoins,
pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est
content à vous donner la liberté, le franchise-
ment.

Fr. Sold. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne
mille remerciemens ; et je m'estime heureux
que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un cheva-
lier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très-
distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy. 60

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a
thousand thanks ; and he esteems himself
happy that he hath fallen into the hands of
one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous,
and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy
show.

Follow me ! [Exit.

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine. [Exit
French Soldier.] I did never know so full a
voicè issue from so empty a heart : but the
saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the
greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten
times more valour than this roaring devil i'
the old play, that every one may pare his
nails with a wooden dagger ; and they are
both hanged ; and so would this be, if he
durst steal anything adventurously. I must
stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our
camp : the French might have a good prey of
us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to
guard it, but boys. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field of
Battle.

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOUR-
BON, Constable, RAMBURES, and others.

Con. O diable !

Orl. O seigneur ! le jour est perdu ! tout est
perdu !

Dau. Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded,
all !

Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes.—O meschante
fortune !

Do not run away. [A short alarum.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame !—let 's stab our-
selves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice
for ?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his
ransom ?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing
but shame ! 10

Let us die in honour !—Once more back again ;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend
us now !

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs, 20
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to
the throng :

Let life be short, else shame will be too long.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarums. Enter King HENRY and Forces ;
EXETER, and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant
countrymen :

But all 's not done ; yet keep the French the
field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to
your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice with-
in this hour

I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting ;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth
he lie,

Larding the plain ; and by his bloody side
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died ; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the
gashes,

That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
He cries aloud,—“Tarry, dear cousin
Suffolk !

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine ; then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry !”

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him
up :

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his
hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says, “Dear my
lord,

Commend my service to my sovereign.”
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his
lips ;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he
seal'd

A testament of noble ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have
stopp'd ;

But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not ;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—
[*Alarm.*

But, hark ! what new alarm is this same ?—
The French have reforc'd their scatter'd
men :—

Then, every soldier kill his prisoners !
Give the word through.

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the boys and the luggage ! 'tis
expressly against the law of arms : 'tis as
arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as
can be offer't ; in your conscience now, is it
not ?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left
alive ; and the cowardly rascals, that ran
from the battle, have done this slaughter :
besides, they have burned and carried away
all that was in the king's tent ; wherefore the
king most worthily hath caused every soldier
to cut his prisoner's throat. O ! 'tis a
gallant king.

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth,
Captain Gower. What call you the town's
name, where Alexander the pig was born ?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great !
The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the
huge, or the magnanimous, are all one
reckonings, save the phrase is a little varia-
tions.

Gow. I think, Alexander the Great was
born in Macedon : his father was called
Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where
Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—if
you look in the maps of the world, I warrant,
you shall find, in the comparisons between
Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations,
look you, is both alike. There is a river in
Macedon, and there is also moreover a river
at Monmouth : it is called Wye, at Mon-
mouth : but it is out of my prains, what is
the name of the other river ; but 'tis all one,
'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and
there is salmons in both. If you mark
Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's
life is come after it indifferent well : for there
is figures in all things. Alexander, (God
knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his
furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and
his moods, and his displeasures, and his indig-
nations, and also being a little intoxicates
in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers,
look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that : he
never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to
take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made
and finished. I speak but in the figures and
comparisons of it : as Alexander killed his
friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups,
so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right
wits and his good judgments, turned away the

fat knight with the great belly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you, there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, with a part of the English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald! Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:

If they will fight with us, bid them come down,

Or void the field; they do offend our sight.

If they'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them skirr away, as swift as stones

Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.

Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,

And not a man of them that we shall take,

Shall taste our mercy.—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king I come to thee for charitable license,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

To book our dead, and then to bury them;

To sort our nobles from our common men

For many of our princes, woe the while!

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood

(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs In blood of princes); and their wounded steeds

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage Yerk out their armed heels at their dead

masters,

Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king

To view the field in safety, and dispose Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald, I know not if the day be ours, or no; For yet a many of your horsemen peer, And gallop o'er the field.

Mont.

The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle, Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:

For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that; Got pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead, On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to WILLIAMS. *Exeunt MONTJOY and others.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, I if can see my glove in his cap (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive), I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath.

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge, and literated in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. *[Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace, that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an't please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. *[Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,

May haply purchase him a box o' the ear:

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him (as, I judge By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word), Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder, And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Before King HENRY'S Pavilion.

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I pescech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be God for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your

majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it. 40

'T was I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An't please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse. 45

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow, And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.— 50

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 't is a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it. 71

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [Delivers a paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt: Of other lords, and barons, knights, and squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number, 80

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

One hundred twenty-six: added to these,

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred; of the

which,

Five hundred were but 'yesterday dubb'd knights:

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead, — 90

Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;

Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Ram-bures;

Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guis-chard Dauphin;

John Duke of Alençon; Antony Duke of Brabant,

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;

And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,

Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,

Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont and Les-trale.

Here was a royal fellowship of death! — 100
Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald presents another paper.]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:

None else of name; and of all other men,

But five-and-twenty. O God! thy arm was here,

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,

Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock and even play of battle,

Was ever known so great and little loss,

On one part and on the other!—Take it, God, 110

For it is none but thine!

Exe.

'T is wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:

And be it death proclaimed through our host,

To boast of this, or take that praise from
God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an't please your
majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this ac-
knowledgegment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great
good. 12.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites :
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy
men. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not
read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as
have,

I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now, we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and
boys, 10

Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-
mouth'd sea,

Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land,
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath:
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious
pride; 20

Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of
thought,

How London doth pour out her citizens.
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland
coming, 31

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more (and much
more cause)

Did they this Harry. Now, in London place
him;

As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home
(The emperor coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them); and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd, 40
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have
play'd

The interim, by remembering you 't is past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes ad-
vance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to
France. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—France. An English Court
of Guard.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear
you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is
past.

Flu. There is occasions, and causes, why
and wherefore, in all things: I will tell you,
as my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally,
scald, beggarly, lousy, praggling knave, Pistol,
which you and yourself, and all the 'orld,
know to be no petter than a fellow, look you
now, of no merits, he is come to me, and
prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you,
and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place
where I could not breed no contention with him;
but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap
till I see him once again, and then I will tell
him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a
turkey-cock.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings, nor
his turkey-cocks.—God pless you, Aunchient
Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless
you

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou
thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? 20
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the meantime, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. --Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat, and eat I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good.—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[*Exit.*]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an

ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

[*Exit.*]

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital

Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn, And something lean to outpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal: And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars.

And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French KING'S Palace.

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the French KING, Queen ISABEL, the Princess KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c., the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister, Health and fair time of day: joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—

And, as a branch and member of this royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,

We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;—

And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face.

Most worthy brother England: rarely met:—

So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,

Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,

As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in
them

Against the French, that met them in their
bent,

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :

The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,

Have lost their quality, and that this day

Shall change all griefs and quarrels into
love.

K. Hen. To cry Amen to that, thus we
appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do
salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love.
Great Kings of France and England, that I
have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong en-
deavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties

Unto this bar and royal interview,

Your mightiness on both parts best can wit-
ness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,

That face to face, and royal eye to eye, 30

You have congregated, let it not disgrace me,

If I demand before this royal view,

What rub, or what impediment, there is,

Why that the naked, poor, and mangled
Peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,

Should not in this best garden of the world,

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?

Alas ! she hath from France too long been
chas'd,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,

Corrupting in its own fertility. 40

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,

Unpruned dies ; her hedges, even-pleach'd,

Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,

Put forth disorder'd twigs ; her fallow leas

The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,

Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts,

That should deracinate such savagery ;

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly
forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, 50

Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems,

But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies,
burs,

Losing both beauty and utility ;

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and
hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness ;

Even so our houses, and ourselves, and chil-
dren,

Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,

The sciences that should become our country,
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,— 60
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And everything that seems unnatural.

Which to reduce into our former favour,

You are assembled ; and my speech entreats,

That I may know the let, why gentle Peace

Should not expel these inconveniences,

And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would
the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfec-
tions

Which you have cited, you must buy that
peace 70

With full accord to all our just demands ;

Whose tenors and particular effects

You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them ; to the
which, as yet,

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace

Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye

O'erglanc'd the articles : pleaseth your grace

To appoint some of your council presently

To sit with us once more, with better heed 80

To re-survey them, we will suddenly

Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle
Exeter,—

And brother Clarence,—and you, brother
Gloster,—

Warwick,—and Huntingdon,—go with the
king ;

And take with you free power to ratify,

Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best

Shall see advantageable for our dignity,

Anything in, or out of, our demands,

And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair
sister, 90

Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go
with them.

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,

When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine
here with us :

She is our capital demand, compris'd

Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but King HENRY, KATHARINE,
and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair !

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,

Such as will enter at a lady's ear, 100

And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

Kath. You majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez-moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits? 120

Alice. *Ouy*; dat de tongues of the mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you, in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady? 132

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor have I no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be

thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee, that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee. 171

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of Fraunce?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine. 180

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off.—*Quand j'ay le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy*, (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me. 191

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell. 199



Engraved by J. QUARTLEY.

Drawn by F. DICKSER, A.R.A.

HENRY V. AND KATHARINE OF FRANCE.

King Henry. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divin déesse?* 222

Kath. Your majesté have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage* damoiselle dat is *en France*.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with thy looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of

good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English! wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please *de roy mon père*. 252

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Der it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une vostre indigne serviteur: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.* 223

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le costume de France.*

K. Hen. Malam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not de fashion *pour les ladies of France*,—I cannot tell what is *baiser* in English.

K. Hen. To kiss. 270

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vraiment.*

K. Hen. O Kate! nice customs curtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will lo yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French KING and QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

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K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield, as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do. 310

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too. 321

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively: the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife? 330

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures. 340

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—

Where your majesty demands,—that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French, —*Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin, —*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance, 351

Let that one article rank with the rest;

And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up

Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,

May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance 360

His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,

Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,

So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,

Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, 370

Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,

To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Englishmen,

Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,

My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

<p><i>Chor.</i> Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen, Our bending author hath pursu'd the story ; In little room confining mighty men, Mangling by starts the full course of their glory. Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd This star of England. Fortune made his sword,</p>	<p>By which the world's best garden he achiev'd, And of it left his son imperial lord. Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king Of France and England, did this king suc- ceed ; Whose state so many had the managing, That they lost France, and made his England bleed : Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake, In your fair minds let this acceptance take. <i>[Exit.]</i></p>
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THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

• DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, *a Country Justice.*

SLENDER, *Cousin to Shallow.*

FORD, } *Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*
PAGE, }

WILLIAM PAGE, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh Parson.*

DOCTOR CAIUS, *a French Physician.*

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, *Followers of Falstaff.* Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

ROBIN, *Page to Falstaff.*

SIMPLE, *Servant to Slender.*

RUGBY, *Servant to Doctor Caius.*

MISTRESS FORD.

MISTRESS PAGE.

ANNE PAGE, *her Daughter, in love with Fenton.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Servant to Doctor Caius.*

SCENE—WINDSOR, and the Parts adjacent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. Before PAGE's House.

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quit-tance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, hath done 't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white lues in their coat. 21

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit. 31

Eva. Yes, per-lady: if he has a quarter of

your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glád to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot: take your vizaments in that. 42

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small, like a woman. 51

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld; as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage

between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound? 61

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman: she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there? 68

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks.*] What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Within.*] Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter PAGE.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart. I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd.—How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsall. 91

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not.—'T is your fault, 't is your fault.—'T is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you. 101

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me:—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king? 111

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight:—I have done all this.—That is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at. 120

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter. 130

Pist. How now, Mephistophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is—Master Page, *fidelicet*, Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear?" Why, it is affectations. 150

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else), of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a piece of Yed Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo: 160
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 't was he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say, "marry trap," with you, if you run the nut-hook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too but 't is no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves. 180

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit ANNE PAGE.*]

Slen. O Heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her.*]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. 192

[*Excunt all but SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS.*]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have

not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas? 208

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it. 211

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it, the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands. 221

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as' it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her. 222

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid? 230

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer ; save the faul is in the 'ort dissolutely : the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely.—His meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la ! 251

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.—'Would I were young, for your sake, Mistress Anne !

Anne. The dinner is on the table ; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will ! I will not be absence at the grace.

[Exeunt SHALLOW and EVANS.]

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir ?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily ; I am very well. 251

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. *[Exit SIMPLE.]* A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead ; but what though ? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship : they will not sit, till you come. 271

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing ; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence (three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes), and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since.—Why do your dogs bark so ? be there bears i' the town ? 280

Anne. I think, there are, sir ; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well ; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not ?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now : I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain ; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd : but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em ; they are very ill-favoured rough things. 291

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come ; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir. Come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir ; pray you, keep on. 300

Slen. Truly, I will not go first : truly, la ! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way ; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet.—Give her this letter ; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page : and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page : I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner : there's pippins and cheese to come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter !

Host. What says my bully-rook ? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules ; cashier : let them wag ; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keisar, and Pheeazar. I will entertain Bardolph ; he shall draw, he shall tap : said I well, bully Hector ? 11

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke ; let him follow.—Let

me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word follow. *[Exit Host.]*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired. will thrive. *[Exit.]*

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minini's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then let kibes ensue. 31

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Fôrd of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more. 38

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath a legion of angels. 51

Pist. As many devils entertain, and "To her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious œiliads: sometimes

the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly. 60

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive. 72

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter. I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. *[To ROBIN.]* Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly:

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.— Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;

Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! 80

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, French thrift, you rogues: myself, and skirted page. *[Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.]*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds, And high and low beguile the rich and poor.

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk.

Nym. I have operations, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star. 90

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I: I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold, How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold, And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour. 101

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—A Room in Doctor CAIUS'S House.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit RUGBY.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way, but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O! I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, Heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts SIMPLE in the Closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home. [*Sings.*] And down, down, adown-a, &c.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert; a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. [*Aside.*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mettez le au mon pocket; dépêchez, quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Herè, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to do court.

Rug. 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! Qu'ay j'oublié? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. [*Aside.*] Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable! diable! vat is in my closet?—Villainy! larron! [*Pulling SIMPLE out.*] Rugby; my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I besecch you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue!—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, baillez me some paper: tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear (I would have no words of it), my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind; that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make.—You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. *[Exit SIMPLE.]*

Quick. Alas! he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de *Jartiere* to measure our weapon.—By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby. *[Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.]*

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heaven.

Fent. *[Within.]* Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman? how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise Heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale.—Good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart.—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company;—but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing. But for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. *[Exit.]*

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon 't! what have I forgot? *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before PAGE's House.

Enter Mistress PAGE with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

[Reads.]

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I: go to then, there's sympathy; you are merry, so am I: ha! ha! then, there's more sympathy; you love sack,

and so do I: would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 't is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might

For thee to fight, JOHN FALSTAFF." 20
What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to

pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name!) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company.—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page! give me some counsel. 42

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it? 48

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest.—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so, thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves." What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like? 60

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine

inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two: I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man. 81

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck. 91

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy. 101

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither.

[They retire.]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife. 111

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford. He loves the gally-mawfry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels.

O! odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell:

Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do
foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-
birds do sing.—

Away, Sir Corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. *[Exit.*

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nym. *[To PAGE.]* And this is true; I like
not the humour of lying. He hath wronged
me in some humours: I should have borne
the humoured letter to her; but I have a
sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity.
He loves your wife; there's the short and
the long. My name is Corporal Nym: I
speak, and I avouch 't is true:—my name is
Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu.
I love not the humour of bread and cheese
and there's the humour of it. Adieu. *[Exit.*

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a
fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawing,
affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it:—well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,
though the priest o' the town commended him
for a true man.

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—
Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why
art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.
—Get you home, go. 150

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets
in thy head now.—Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come
to dinner, George?—*[Aside to Mrs. Ford.]*
Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our
messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her:
she'll fit it.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my
daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how
does good Mistress Anne? 160

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we
have an hour's talk with you.

*[Exeunt Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and
Mrs. QUICKLY.]*

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me,
did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other
told me.

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think
the knight would offer it: but these that
accuse him, in his intent towards our wives,
are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues,
now they be out of service. 171

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.
—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should
intend this voyage towards my wife, I would
turn her loose to him; and what he gets
more of her than sharp words, let it lie on
my head. 179

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I
would be loath to turn them together. A
man may be too confident: I would have
nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus
satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the
Garter comes. There is either liquor in his
pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so
merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a
gentleman.—Cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good
even, and twenty, good Master Page.
Master Page, will you go with us? we have
sport in hand. 182

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him,
bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought be-
tween Sir Hugh, the Welch priest, and Caius,
the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a
word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook? 190
[They go aside.]

Shal. *[To PAGE.]* Will you go with us to
behold it? My merry host hath had the
measuring of their weapons, and, I think,
hath appointed them contrary places; for,
believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester.
Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall
be.

Host. 'Hast thou no suit against my knight,
my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you
a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to
him, and tell him, my name is Brook, only
for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have
egress and regress; said I well? and thy name

shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, mynheers? 212

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir! I could have told you more: in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats. 221

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt Host, SHALLOW, and PAGE.*]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not. 12

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go:—a short knife and a throng:—to your manor of Tick-hatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine

honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch: and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing. 41

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways.—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants! 51

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton: well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries, as 't is wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches: I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart, and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty

angels given me this morning ; but I defy all angels, (in such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty :—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all ; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners ; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me ? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times ; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quick. Ay, forsooth ; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of : Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas ! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him ; he's a very jealousy man ; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven.—Woman, commend me to her ; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship : Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too ;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other : and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man : surely, I think you have charms, la ; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee ; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't !

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this : has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me ?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed !—they have not so little grace, I hope :—that were a trick, indeed ! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves : her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page ; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does : do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will ; and, truly, she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page ; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then : and, look you, he may come and go between you both ; and, in any case, have a nayword, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything : for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness ; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well : commend me to them both. There's my purse ; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*] This news distracts me.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers.—Clap on more sails ; pursue, up with your fights :

Give fire ! She is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all ! [*Exit.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack ? go thy ways ; I'll make more of thy body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee ? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer ? Good body, I thank thee : let them say, 't is grossly done ; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you ; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name ?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah ! ha ! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you ? go to ; *via !*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir : would you speak with me ?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will ?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much : my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours ; not to charge you ; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are ; the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion, for, they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me : if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage. 170

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook ; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection ; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir ; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir. 180

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her ; followed her with a doting observance ; engrossed opportunities to meet her ; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her ; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me, which hath been, on the wing of all occasions : but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel ; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this :

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues ;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose ?

Ford. Never. 210

Fal. Of what quality was your love then ?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground ; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose : you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir !

Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money ; spend it, spend it : spend more ; spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife : use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you ; if any man may, you may as soon as any. 220

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy ? 'Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O ! understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself : she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves ; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John ?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money ; next, give me your hand ; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir ! 252

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John ; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook ; you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment ; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me : I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven ; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night ; you shall know how I speed. 265

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir ?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave ! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him, to call him poor : they say, the jealous wittolly knave

hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to be well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest home. 271

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night.—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*]

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous, I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts, but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he

is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came. 11

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so ás I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir! I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Master Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Esculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead? 30

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal: Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page? 41

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow. 50

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. 'Pardon, guest-justice:—a word, Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater ! vat is dat ?

Host. Mock-water in our English tongue is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-water as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest ! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw ! at is dat ?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me ; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he ?

Host. He is there : see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well ?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience : throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore ; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim ? said I well ?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat : by gar, I love you ; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page : said I well ?

Caius. By gar, 't is good ; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic ?

Sim. Marry, sir, the Pitty-ward, the park-ward, every way ; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Retiring.*]

Eva. Pless my soul ! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind !—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am !—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork :—pless my soul ! [*Sings.*]

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals ;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—*

Mercy on me ! I have a great disposition to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals ;—
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—*

Sim. [*Coming forward.*] Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome.—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right !—What weapons is he ?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown ; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson ? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page !

Page. 'Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you !

Shal. What ! the sword and the word ? do you study them both, master parson ?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day !

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well : what is it ?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman

who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. God's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hippocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slm. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder:—here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine host *de Jartiere*, have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say! Gallia and Guallia, French and Welch, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good: excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my Sir Hugh?

no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slm. O, sweet Anne Page!

[Exeunt SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and Host.]

Caius. Ha! do I perceivè dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vloating-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this sune scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promised to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you, follow.

SCENE II.—A Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O! you are a flattering boy: now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he ; I can never hit on 's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he ! Is your wife at home, indeed ?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir : I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains ? hath he any eyes ? hath he any thinking ? Sure, they sleep ; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination ; he gives her folly motion and advantage : and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind :—and Falstaff's boy with her !—Good plots !—they are laid ; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well ; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon ; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search ; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this than mocked ; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there : I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, Sir HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page, Shal., &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford. ⁵⁰

Slen. And so must I, sir : we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender ; I stand wholly for you :—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether. ⁶⁰

Caius. Ay, by gar ; and de maid is love-a me : my nursh-a Quickly tell me so 'nush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton ? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May : he will carry 't, he will carry 't ; 't is in his buttons ; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having : he kept company with the wild prince and Poin ; he is of too high a region ; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortune with the finger of my substance : if he take her, let him take her simply ; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner : besides your cheer, you shall have sport ; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go :—so shall you, Master Page,—and you, Sir Hugh. ⁸⁰

Shal. Well, fare you well.—We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER.*]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby ; I come anon. [*Exit RUGBY.*]

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.*]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him ; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles ?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John ! what, Robert !

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly. Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say !

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge : we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house ; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders : that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it ?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over ; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin. ⁹⁰

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it, for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master, I am alone. [*Exit ROBIN.*]—Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that

persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come; I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear, you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford! Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me. I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.— [*FALSTAFF hides himself.*]

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford! what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.



FALSTAFF AND MRS. FORD.

Falstaff. I would make thee my lady.
Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John ! alas,

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house. 121

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand "you had rather," and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet-mead. 130

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't! O, let me see 't! I'll in, I'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee: help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never—

[He gets into the basket: they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! 141
[Exit ROBIN.]

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why, then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth. 140

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. *[Exeunt Servants with the basket.]* Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night: I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll

unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first:—so, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much. 161

Ford. True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. *[Exit.]*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gaz, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen: see the issue of his search.

[Exeunt PAGE, CAIUS, and EVANS.]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John. 171

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in, the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now. 181

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford. 200

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be anypody in the house, and

in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too, dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'T is my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it. 21

Eva. You suffer for a bad conscience: your wife is as honest a woman as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well; I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, Mistress Page: I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you tomorrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Anything.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make a deturd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance tomorrow on the lousy knave, mine host. 220

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave! to have his gibes, and his mockeries! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in PAGE'S House.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of birth, And that my state being gall'd with my expense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth. Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me, 't is a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property. 10

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 't is the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither. 20 [They converse apart.]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mistress QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't. 'Slid, 't is but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you. 30

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.

O! what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy! thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne: my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle. 41

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself. 50

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender.

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Ood's heartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed. I ne'er made my will

yet, I thank Heaven ; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me ?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions : if it be my luck, so ; if not, happy man be his dole ! They can tell you how things go better than I can : you may ask your father ; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender !—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now ? what does Master Fenton here ?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house :

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me ?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.—Come, Master Shallow ; come, son Slender, in.—

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire : let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not ; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas ! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself.—

Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy :

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected.

Till then, farewell, sir : she must needs go in ; Her father will be angry.

[Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ANNE.]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress.—Farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now.—Nay, said

I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician ? look on Master Fenton.—This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee ; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

[Exit.]

Quick. Now, Heaven send thee good fortune ! A kind heart he hath : a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne ; or I would Master Slender had her ; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word ; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses : what a beast I am to slack it !

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack ; put a toast in't. *[Exit BARDOLPH.]* Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames ? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter ; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking : if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow ; a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled ! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH with the wine.

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water, for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave.—I cry you mercy : give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-spern in my brewage. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou? 80

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of Master Brook: he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O! here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. Now, Master Brook; you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business. 80

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you? 78

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there? 80

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet Lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,

—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle, to escape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch lish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more? 120

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed, and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. *[Exit.*

Ford. Hum: ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be

married: this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets.—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should: he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, —I'll be horn-mad. *[Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Mistress PAGE, Mistress QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by-and-by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see. 11

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come. 20

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, Od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings!—What is fair, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure. 30

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is lapis, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is lapis: I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles? 40

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, haec, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*:—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child: *accusativo, hang, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William?

Will. *O—vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, William; focative is, caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—*horum, harum, horum.* 60

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman!

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words.—He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call whorum,—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires. 71

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *quas*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in FORD'S HOUSE.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mistress FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's-breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What ho! gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Enter Mistress PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—[*Aside.*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, peer out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband

he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him: better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

Mrs. Page. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places; and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is, and there's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too.—Run up, Sir John!

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick : we'll come dress you straight ; put on the gown the while.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape : he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford ; he swears, she's a witch ; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards !

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming ?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he ; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that ; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently : let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet ! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too :
We do not act, that often jest and laugh ;
'Tis old but true, "Still swine eat all the draff."

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Mistress FORD with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders : your master is hard at door ; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly ; despatch.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not ; I had as lief bear so much lead.

110

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfold me again ? —Set down the basket, villains. —Somebody call my wife. —Youth in a basket ! —O you panderly rascals ! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me : now shall the devil be shamed. —What, wife, I say ! —Come, come forth. —Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes ! Master Ford, you

are not to go loose any longer ; you must be pinioned.

120

Eva. Why, this is lunatics ; this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well ; indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter Mistress FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford ; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband ! —I suspect without cause, mistress, do I ?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

130

Ford. Well said, brazen-face ; hold it out. —Come forth, sirrah.

[*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes !

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed ? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes ? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why, —

140

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket : why may not he be there again ? In my house I am sure he is : my intelligence is true ; my jealousy is reasonable. —Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford ; this wrongs you.

150

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart : this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time : if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity ; let me for ever be your table-sport ; let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman." Satisfy me once more ; once more search with me.

160

Mrs. Ford. What ho ! Mistress Page ! come you and the old woman down ; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman ! What old woman's that ?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say. 173

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband.—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, led by Mistress PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her.—Out of my door, you witch! *[beats him]* you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon: out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. *[Exit FALSTAFF.*

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman! 183

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler. 180

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen.

[Exeunt FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, and EVANS.]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge? 202

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him? 208

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the

poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed, and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be tomorrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—A Room in FORD's House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mistress PAGE, Mistress FORD, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 't is well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission 11
As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow;
Where we may take him, and disgrace him
for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet,

him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come. ¹⁹

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight, ³⁰
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd
horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the
cattle;

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes
a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well
you know,

The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that
do fear ³⁹

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his
head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll
come:

And in this shape when you have brought him
thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your
plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought
upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll
dress

Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and
white, ⁵⁰

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upōn a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,

Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once

With some diffused song: upon their sight,

We two in great amazedness will fly:

Then let them all encircle him about,

And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;

And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,

In their so sacred paths he dares to tread, ⁶⁰
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the
spirit,

And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er
do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their be-
haviours; I will be like a jack-an-apes also,
to burn the knight with my taper.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy
them vizards. ⁷⁰

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of
all the fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—[*aside*]
and in that tire

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton.—Go send to Falstaff
straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of
Brook;

He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll
come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go, get us
properties,

And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: it is admirable plea-
sures, and fery honest knaveries. ⁸¹

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. FORD.*]

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:

The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have
her,

Though twenty thousand worthier come to
crave her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what,
thickskin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short,
quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir
John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed : 't is painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call : he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee : knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber : I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down ; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha ! a fat woman ? the knight may be robbed : I'll call.—Bully knight ! Bully Sir John ! speak from thy lungs military : art thou there ? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine host !

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend ; my chambers are honourable : fie ! privacy ? fie ! 22

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford ?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell : what would you with her ?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no. 32

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir ?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled Master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself : I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him. 40

Fal. What are they ? let us know.

Host. Ay, come ; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page ; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'T is, 't is his fortune.

Sim. What, sir ?

Fal. To have her,—or no. Go ; say, the woman told me so. 51

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir ?

Fal. Ay, sir : like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly,

Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee ?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host ; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned, before in my life : and I paid nothing, for it neither, but was paid for my learning. 61

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir ! cozenage ; mere cozenage !

Host. Where be my horses ? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners ; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire ; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say, they be fled : Germans are honest men. 71

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host ?

Host. What is the matter, sir ?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments : there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin-germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you : you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 't is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host *de Jartiere* ? 81

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat ; but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany* : by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill : adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain ! go.—Assist me, knight ; I am undone.—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain ! I am undone !

[*Exeunt Host and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have beeft transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me : I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but

long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;

Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,

Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff

Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,

Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,

And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot

She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:

Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time

To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand; and on that token
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:

And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar

To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,

And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device: I'll to the vicar.

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;

Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mistress QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go:—I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.

[*Exit Mrs. QUICKLY.*]

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste: go along with me; I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook: follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come: we'll couch i' the castle ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, "mum;" she cries, "budget;" and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your "mum," or her "budget?" the

white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress PAGE, Mistress FORD, and Doctor CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit CAIUS.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 't is no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chouse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: to the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies: come: and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you. Come, come: trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF disguised, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer? 18

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves;" hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[Embracing her.]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome. [Noise within.]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise? 32

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away!

Mrs. Page. }

[They run off.]

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, like a Satyr; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and others, dressed like Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,

You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Hobgoblin. Elves, list your names: silence,
you airy toys!

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:

Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:

I'll wink and couch. No man their works must eye. *[Lies down upon his face.]*

Eva. Where's Bead?—Go you, and where you find a maid, 51

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides,
and shins.

Anne. About, about!

Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouches, on every sacred room,

That it may stand till the perpetual doom, 60

In state as wholesome, as in state 't is fit,

Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm, and every precious flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,

With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,

Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:

The expressure that it bears, green let it be,

More fertile fresh than all the field to see; 70

And *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write

In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white:

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,

Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

Away! disperse! But, till 't is one o'clock,

Our dance of custom, round about the oak

Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand: yourselves in order set;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be 80

To guide our measure round about the tree.

But, stay! I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Hobgoblin. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd
even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-
end :

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain ; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Hobgoblin. A trial ! come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire ?
[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh !

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in
desire !

About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme ;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

*Fie on sinful fantasy !
Fie on lust and luxury !
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
Pinch him for his villainy ;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be
out.*

[*During this song, the Fairies pinch FALSTAFF.*

*Doctor CAIUS comes one way, and steals away
a Fairy in green ; SLENDER another way,
and takes off a Fairy in white ; and FENTON
comes, and steals away ANNE PAGE. A noise
of hunting is made within. All the Fairies
run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's
head, and rises.]*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, Mistress PAGE, and Mis-
tress FORD. They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly : I think, we have
watch'd you now.

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your
turn ?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come ; hold up the
jest no higher.—

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor
wives ?

See you these, husband ? do not these fair
yokes

Become the forest better than the town ?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now ?—
Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly
knave ; here are his horns, Master Brook :
and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing
of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and
twenty pounds of money, which must be paid
to Master Brook : his horses are arrested for
it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck ;
we could never meet. I will never take you
for my love again, but I will always count you
my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made
an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too ; both the proofs
are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies ? I was three
or four times in the thought, they were not
fairies ; and yet the guiltiness of my mind,
the sudden surprise of my powers, drove
the grossness of the foppery into a received
belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and
reason, that they were fairies. See now, how
wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 't is
upon ill employment !

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve God, and leave
your desires, and fairies will not pinch you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I
pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again,
till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and
dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so
gross o'er-reaching as this ? Am I ridden with
a Welch goat too ? shall I have a cockcomb of
frize ? 'T is time I were choked with a piece
of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter : your
pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter ! have I lived to
stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters
of English ? This is enough to be the decay
of lust, and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think,
though we would have thrust virtue out of
our hearts by the head and shoulders, and
have given ourselves without scruple to hell,
that ever the devil could have made you our
delight ?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding ? a bag of
flax ?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man ?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intoler-
able entrails ?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as
Satan ?

Page. And as poor as Job ?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife ?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to
taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins,
and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings,
ribbles and prabbles ?

Fal. Well, I am your theme : you have
the start of me ; I am dejected ; I am not
able to answer the Welch flannel. Ignorance

itself is a plummet o'er me : use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander : over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction. 171

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight : thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house ; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that : if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slender. Whoo, ho ! ho ! father Page ! 180

Page. Son, how now ? how now, son ? have you despatched ?

Slender. Despatched !—I'll make the best in Glostershire know on't ; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son ?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy : if it had not been i' the church, I would have swunged him, or he should have swunged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 't is a postmaster's boy. 183

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that ? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl : if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments ? 182

Slender. I went to her in white, and cried, "mum," and she cried, "budget," as Anne and I had appointed ; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry : I knew of your purpose ; turned my daughter into green ; and indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married. 200

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page ? By gar, I am cozened ; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy ; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy : it is not Anne Page ; by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green ?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy : by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*]

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne ?

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes Master Fenton. 220

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton ?

Anne. Pardon, good father ! good my mother, pardon !

Page. Now, mistress ; how chance you went not with Master Slender ?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid ?

Fenton. You do amaze her : hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. 231

The offence is holy that she hath committed, And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or undutious title, Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd : here is no remedy.

In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state : 239

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy ? Fenton, Heaven give thee joy.

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days.— Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire ; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so.—Sir John, To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word ;

For he, to-night, shall lie with Mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*]

THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing.
Save the eagle, feather'd king :
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :
Love and constancy is dead ;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one ;
Two distincts, division none :
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight :
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together ;
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes, and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *Brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the*

CURIO, } *Duke.*

SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to Olivia.*

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *Steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, } *Servants to Olivia.*
Clown, }

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

*Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians,
and other Attendants.*

SCENE.—A City in ILLYRIA; and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on:

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—Enough! no more:

'T is not so sweet now, as it was before.
O! spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
(Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence)
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—

Enter VALENTINE.

How now? what news from her? My brother he is in Elysium.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,

But from her handmaid do return this answer:—

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep
fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her: when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled

(Her sweet perfections) with one self king.—
Away, before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with
bowers. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—what think you sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after your ship did split,
When you, and those poor maner saved with you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmur (as, you know,

What great ones do, the less will prattle of),
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,

They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O! that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow, 40
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee,
captain;

And though that nature with a beauteous wall

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pr'ythee (and I'll pay thee bounteously),
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid 50
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only, shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute
I'll be:

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes
not see. 60

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to
take the death of her brother thus? I am
sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must
come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my
lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself
within the modest limits of order. 9

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no
finer than I am. These clothes are good
enough to drink in, and so be these boots too;
an they be not, let them hang themselves in
their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo
you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and
of a foolish knight, that you brought in one
night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-check?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in
Illyria. 20

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats
a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all
these ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'
he viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four
languages word for word without book, and
hath all the good gifts of nature. 28

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou mightst never draw sword again!

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers'

ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Sir To. O knight! thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or any ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair!

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig: I

would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 't is strong, and it does in-different well in a damask-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all: I have un-clasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul;
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her:

Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow,
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofit return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord:
what then?

Duke. O! then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:

It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,

Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair.—Some four, or five, attend him;

All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company.—Prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best, 40
To woo your lady: *[aside]* yet, a barful strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours. 10

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent; or, to be turned away,—is not that so good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage, and for turning away, let summer bear it out. 20

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well,

go thy way : if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling ! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools ; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man : for what says Quinapalus ? Better a witty fool, than a foolish w.

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady !

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows ? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool ; I'll no more of you : besides, you grow dishonest. 39

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend : for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry ; bid the dishonest man mend himself : if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patched : virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin ; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so ; if it will not, what remedy ? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool ; therefore, I say again, take her away. 51

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree !—Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum* : that's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it ?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me. 61

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou ?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen. 70

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio ? doth he not mend ?

Mal. Yes ; and shall do, till the pangs of

death shake him : infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly ! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio ? 80

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal : I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already : unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O ! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools !

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it ?

Mar. I know not, madam : 'tis a fair young man, and well attended. 101

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay ?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you : he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him ! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio : if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home ; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it. 109

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains ; for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin ?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman ! what gentleman ?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring !—How now, sot ?

Clo. Good Sir Toby ! 120

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy ?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him. 131

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit.]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep: he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial. 143

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Ha's been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man? 150

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly: one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Re-enter MARIA.

[Exit.]

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty.—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible even to the least sinister usage. 173

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part: Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house? 182

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise. 191

Vio. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so' skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind. 202

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you? 211

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment.



J. GREEN, Engr.

G. GREATHACH, Sculpt.

VIOLA AND OLIVIA.

Olivia : We will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present : Is't not well done? (*unveiling*).

Viola : Excellently done.

What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. We will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir; what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text? 220

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I was this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all. 223

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir: 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy. 240

Oli. O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you, what you are: you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you: O! such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd 251

The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant;

And in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him. 260

He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,

With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense:

I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night:

Holla your name to the reverberate hills, 270 And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out, Olivia! O! you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord: I cannot love him. Let him send no more, Unless, perchance, you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well: I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me. 281

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:

My master, not myself, lacks recompense. Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,

And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. "What is your parentage?"

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman."—I'll be sworn thou art:

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, 290

Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast:—soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now? Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections With an invisible and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—What, ho! Malvolio.—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,

The county's man : he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not : tell him, I'll none of it. 300
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes : I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee,
Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

Fate, show thy force : ourselves we do not owe ;

What is decreed must be, and be this so !
[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer ? nor will you not that I go with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me : the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours ; therefore, I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound. 11

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in : therefore, it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of : he left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended ! but you, sir, altered that ; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned. 3

Ant. Alas the day !

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful : but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, — she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more. 33

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment. :

Seb. O good Antonio ! forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered ; desire it not. Fare ye well at once : my bosom is full of kindness ; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court : farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee !

I have many enemies in Orsino's court, "
Else would I very shortly see thee there ;
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter VIOLA ; MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia ?

Vio. Even now, sir : on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir : you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more : that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so. 11

Vio. She took the ring of me ; — I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir ; you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so returned : if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her : what means this lady ?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her !

She made good view of me ; indeed, so much,

That, methought, her eyes had lost her
tongue, 20
For she did speak ~~in~~ starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure: the cunning of her
passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her
none.

I am the man:—if it be so, as 't is,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxy hearts to set their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we, 31
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her
learly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia
breathe!
O Time! thou must untangle this, not I; 40
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW
AGUE-CHEEK.*

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be
a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and
diluculo surgere, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not;
but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an
unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and
to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to
bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes.
Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but I think,
it rather consists of eating and drinking. 12

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us there-
fore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop
of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never
see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a
catch. 18

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an
excellent breast. I had rather than forty

shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a
breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou
wast in very gracious fooling last night, when
thou spokest of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians
passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was
very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for
thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impetuous thy gratillity, for Mal-
volio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a
white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-
ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best
fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. 20

Sir To. Come on: there is sixpence for
you; let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if
one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love song, or a song
of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O mistress mine! where are you roam-
ing?

O! stay and hear; your true love's
coming, 40

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 't is not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty! 50

Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true
knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in
contagion. But shall we make the welkin
dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl
in a catch, that will draw three souls out of
one weaver? shall we do that? 60

Sir And. An you love me, let's do 't: I
am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will
catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be,
"Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave,"
knight? I shall be constrain'd in 't to call
thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.
[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady! [*Sings.*] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings.*] "O! the twelfth day of December,"—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show, his days are almost done."

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O! no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o' time? Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us: tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent ! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him ?

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse, now, would make him an ass. 171

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O ! 't will be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you : I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter : observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed and dream on the event. Farewell.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me : what o' that ? 182

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight : if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me ; take it how you will. 191

Sir To. Come, come : I'll go burn some sack, 't is too late to go to bed now. Come, knight ; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends.—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song, we heard last night ;

Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs, and recollected terms, Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times : Come ; but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it ? 10

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit CURIO.—Music.*]

Come hither, boy : if ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me ; For such as I am all true lovers are : Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune ? 20

Vio. It gives a very echo to the scat Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly. My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves ; Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't ?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith ?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heaven. Let still the woman take

An elder than herself ; so wears she to him, 30

So sways she level in her husband's heart :

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then, let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;

For women are as roses, whose fair flower,

Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are— 40

To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O fellow ! come, the song we had last night.—

Mark it, Cesario ; it is old, and plain :

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,

And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love,

Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir ?

Duke. Ay ; pr'ythee, sing. 50

[*Music.*]

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

*My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it:*

*My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;* 60

*Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be
thrown:*

*A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid,
one time or another. 71

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee,
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable
taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would
have men of such constancy put to sea, that
their business might be everything, and their
intent everywhere; for that's it, that always
makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty: 80

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon
her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 't is that miracle and queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart: 90

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so; must she not then be
answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart; no woman's
heart

So big to hold so much: they lack retention.

Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,—

No motion of the liver, but the palate,—

That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea, 100

And can digest as much. Make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter lov'd a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told
'her love,— 110

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in

thought:

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat like Patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love in-
deed?

We men may say more, swear more; but, in-
deed,

Our shows are more than will, for still we
prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my
boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's
house, 120

And all the brothers too; and yet I know
not.—

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,

My love can give no place, bide no deny.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-
CHEEK, and FABIAN.*

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of
this sport, let me be boiled to death with
melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have
the niggardly, rascally sheep-biter come by
some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he
brought me out o' favour with my lady about
a bear-baiting here. 130

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear
again, and we will fool him black and blue;
—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our
lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—
How now, my metal of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half-hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't? 31

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare-turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.—

Sir To. Peace! I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him. 40

Sir To. Peace! Peace!

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone! 55

Fab. O, peace! peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby.—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now. 60

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play

with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace!

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then? 71

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,"—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,"— 81

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One Sir Andrew,"—

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. [*Seeing the letter.*] What employment have we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him! 90

Mal. [*Taking up the letter.*] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impression her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be? 100

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads.*] "Jove knows, I love;

But who?

Lips, do not move:

No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows? the numbers altered!—"No man must know:" if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads.*] "I may command, where I adore; 110

But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—
Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wind the stannye checks at it!

Mal. "I may command, where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this.—And the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I,*—

Sir To. O! ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—*Malvolio*:—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*!

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I*:—this simulation is not as the former;—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[*Reads.*] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is, yet a postscript. [*Reads.*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee."—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion skedetests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music.
Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain: they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun: it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee: I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir, 't is well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element, but the word is over-worn.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,

And to do that well craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time, And, like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice As full of labour as a wise man's art; For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit, But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. 'Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens
rain odours on you !

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier.
"Rain odours !" well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but
to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed
ear.

Sir And. "Odours," "pregnant," and
"vouchsafed :"—I'll get 'em all three all
ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave
me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir
ANDREW, and MARIA.*] Give me your hand,
sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble
service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair
princess.

Oli. My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry
world,

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.

You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs
be yours :

Your servant's servant is your servant,
madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his
thoughts,

'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd
with me !

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle
thoughts

On his behalf :—

Oli. O ! by your leave, I pray you : I
bade you never speak again of him ;

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you. I did send
After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you : so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours : what might
you think ?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of
your receiving

Enough is shown ; a cypress, not a bosom,

Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a guise ; for 'tis a vulgar
proof,

That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 't is time to
smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !

If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf !

[*Clock strikes.*]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of
time.—

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you ;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to har-
vest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man.

There lies your way due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho !

Grace, and good disposition attend your lady-
ship !

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :

I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what
you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right : I am not what
I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have
you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I
am ?

I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O ! what a deal of scorn looks beau-
tiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip !

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid ; love's night
is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause ;

But rather, reason thus with reason fetter :

Love sought is good, but given unsought is
better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my
youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has ; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam : never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again, for thou perhaps
may'st move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom: give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me: I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour: challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as

many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*. Go. *[Exit Sir ANDREW.]*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver it?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;

But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,

I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my
desire,

More sharp than filed steel, did spur me
forth;

And not all love to see you (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage),
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which to a
stranger,

Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good
turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to
do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your
lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to
night.

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you 'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the count his gal-
leys,

I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be
answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his
people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody
nature,

Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repay-
ing

What we took from them; which, for traffic's
sake,

Most of your city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here 's
my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your
knowledge,

With viewing of the town: there shall you
have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some
toy

You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer, and leave
you for an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says, he 'll
come;

How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or
borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my for-
tunes.—

Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very
strange manner. He is sure possess'd,
madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he
rave?

Mar. No, madam; he does nothing but
smile: your ladyship were best to have some
guard about you, if he come, for sure the man
is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I am as mad as
he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This
does make some obstruction in the blood, this
cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please
the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is
the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow
n my legs. It did come to his hands, and
commands shall be executed: I think we do
know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart, and I 'll
come to thee.

Oli. God comfort 'thee! why dost thou
smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—
't was well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings,"—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so:"—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;—"be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity;"—and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together,

that no drachm of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance. — What can be said? Nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you!—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise-woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace: this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers: good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you; he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

Sir To. Is 't possible?

[*Exit.*]

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man. 131

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see. 142

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] "Youth; whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant. 150

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou comest to the Lady Olivia; and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. "I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,"— 161

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK."—If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him. 171

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away! 181

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece. Give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*]

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, 200

And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault,

But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here; wear this jewel for me: 't is my picture.

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you;

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny 210

That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,

Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well :

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit,*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir. 218

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not ; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount thy tuck ; be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir : I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man. 222

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration ; but he is a devil in private brawl ; souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word : give 't, or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady : I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour ; belike, this is a man of that quirk. 222

Sir To. Sir, no ; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury : therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him : therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked ; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is : it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose. 223

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter ?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against

you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he ? 270

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him ? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't : I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight : I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil, I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable ; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified : Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. 220

Sir And. Plague on't ; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here ; make a good show on't. This shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

[*To FABIAN.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil. 220

Fab. [*To Sir TOBY.*] He is as horribly conceited of him ; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To VIOLA.*] There's no remedy, sir : he will fight with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of : therefore draw for the supportance of his vow : he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. 221

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 't is against my will.
[*Draws.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

[*Drawing.*]

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more,

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*Draws.*]

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir:—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

Enter two Officers.

1 *Off.* This is the man: do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot: I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—

Take him away: he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—[*To* VIOLA.] This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy: I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves

me
Much more for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something. My having is not much:

I'll make division of my present with you.

Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is 't possible, that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man,

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir: I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth,

that you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,

And to his image, which, methought, did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by: away

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature-shame.

In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;

None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil

Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad: away with him!

Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,

In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, ³⁹⁰
For him I imitate. O! if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in
love! [Exit.]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and
more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty
appears in leaving his friend here in necessity,
and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask
Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, re-
ligious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and
beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never
draw thy sword. ⁴⁰¹

Sir And. An I do not,— [Exit.]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be
nothing yet. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA'S House.

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am
not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out; i' faith! No, I do
not know you; nor I am not sent to you by
my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor
your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is
not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is
so. ¹⁰

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere
else:

Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that
word of some great man, and now applies it
to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this
great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.
I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and
tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall
I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from
me.

There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment. ²¹

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.
—These wise men, that give fools money, get
themselves a good report after fourteen years'
purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again?
there's for you. [Striking SEBASTIAN.]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and
there.

Are all the people mad?

[Beating Sir ANDREW.]

Enter Sir TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger
o'er the house. ³⁰

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I

would not be in some of your coats for two-
pence. [Exit.]

Sir To. Come on, sir: hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go an-
other way to work with him: I'll have an
action of battery against him, if there be any
law in Illyria. Though I struck him first,
yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go 'thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go.
Come, my young soldier, put up your iron:
you are well fleshed. Come on. ⁴¹

Seb. I will be free from thee. What
wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy
sword.

Sir To. What, what! Nay, then I must
have an ounce or two of this malapert blood
from you. [Draws.]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee,
hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious
wretch!

Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous
caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of
my sight!— ⁵⁰

Be not offended, dear Cesario.—

Rudesby, be gone!

[Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.]

I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;

And hear thou there how many fruitless
pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this. Thou shalt not choose

but go:

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee. ⁶⁰

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay; come, I prythee. 'Would thou 'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O! say so, and so be.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prythee, put on this gown, and this beard: make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.
[*Exit.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't: and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That, that is, is;" so I, being master parson, am master parson, for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho! I say.—Peace in this prison.

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [Within.] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil

himself with courtesy. Sayest thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent 'as barricadoes, and the clear-stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas! Sir Topas!—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by-and-by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clo. [Singing.] "Hey Robin, jolly Robin, Tell me how thy lady does."

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. "She loves another."—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio !

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits ?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused : I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well ? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertyed me ; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses ! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say : the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore ! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir ? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, Amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir ? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper : I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir !

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady : it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed ? or do you but counterfeit ?

Mal. Believe me, I am not : I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree : I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old Vice,

Your need to sustain ;

Who with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, Ah, ha ! to the devil :

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, Goodman drivel.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun ;

This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't ;

And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet 't is not madness. Where's Antonio then ?

I could not find him at the Elephant ;

Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out.

His counsel now might do me golden service ; For though my soul disputes well with my sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness,

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

So far exceed all instance, all discourse,

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,

And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me

To any other trust but that I am mad,—

Or else the lady's mad : yet, if 't were so,

She could not sway her house, command her followers,

Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,

With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,

As, I perceive, she does. There's something in 't,

That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,

Into the chantry by ; there, before him,

And underneath that consecrated roof,

Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;

That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

May live at peace. He shall conceal it,

Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,

What time we will our celebration keep

According to my birth.—What do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father ; and heavens so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine !

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings. 10

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be? 17

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now, my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another. 31

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once; and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind,—one, two, three. 40

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and

bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit.]

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; 51

Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd,
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war.

A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he
make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the
matter?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio, 60
That took the Phoenix and her freight from
Candy;

And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and
state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my
side,

But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon
me;

I know not what 't was but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their
mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so
dear, 71

Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you
give me:

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground
enough,

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me
hither:

That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy
mouth

Did I redeem ; a wrack past hope he was :
 His life I gave him, and did thereto add 80
 My love, without retention, or restraint,
 All his in dedication ; for his sake
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town ;
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset :
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
 Taught him to face me o' of his acquaint-
 tance,
 And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
 While one would wink, denied me mine own
 purse, 90
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord ; and for three months
 before

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy),
 Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess : now
 heaven walks on earth !—

But for thee, fellow ; fellow, thy words are
 madness :

Three months this youth hath tended upon
 me ;

But more of that anon.—Take him aside. 100

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may
 not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?—

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam ?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario ?—Good
 my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes
 me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
 As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel ? 110

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness ? you uncivil
 lady,

To whose ingrate and inauspicious altars
 My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd
 out,

That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I
 do ?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that
 shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart
 to do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,

Kill what I love ? a savage jealousy,
 That sometimes savours nobly.—But hear me
 this : 120

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument
 That screws me from my true place in your
 favour,

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;
 But this your minion, whom, I know, you
 love,

And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender
 dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—

Come, boy, with me : my thoughts are ripe
 in mischief :

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, 130
 To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario ?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my
 life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love
 wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above,

Punish my life for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ah me ! detested ! how am I beguil'd !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do
 you wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so
 long ? 141

Call forth the holy father !

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Duke. [To VIOLA.] Come away.

Oli. Whither, my lord ?—Cesario, husband,
 stay.

Duke. Husband ?

Oli. Ay, husband : can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah ?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas ! it is the baseness of thy fear,
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety.

Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up ;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou
 art

As great as that thou fear'st.

—*Re-enter Attendant with the Priest.*

O, welcome, father ! 150

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
 Here to unfold (though lately we intended
 To keep in darkness, what occasion now
 Reveals before 't is ripe) what thou dost know
 Hath newly pass'd between this youth and
 me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your
rings;

And all the ceremony of this compact 160
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward
my grave

I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt
thou be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on'thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never
meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O! do not swear! 170
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much
fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon!
send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across,
and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb
too. For the love of God, your help! I had
rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Ce-
sario: we took him for a coward, but he's the
very devil incarnadine. 182

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings! here he is.—You
broke my head for nothing! and that that I
did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never
hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me, without
cause;

But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt,
you have hurt me: I think you set nothing
by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear
more: but if he had not been in drink, he
would have tickled you othergates than he
did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't
with you?

Sir To. That's all one: he has hurt me,
and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick
surgeon, sot?

Clow. O! he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour

agone: his eyes were set at eight i' the
morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-
measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue. 201

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made,
this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because
we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help?—an ass-head and
a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave,
a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed! and let his hurt be
look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your
kinsman;

But had it been the brother of my blood, 210
I must have done no less, with wit and
safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by
that

I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and
two persons;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio? O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd
me,

Since I have lost thee! 220

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio!

Ant. How have you made division of your-
self?—

An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebas-
tian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a
brother;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have de-
vour'd.—

[*To VIOLET.*] Of charity, what kin are you to
me? 230

What countryman? what name? what pa-
rentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my
father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, ²⁴⁰
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his
brow,—

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day, when Viola from
her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O! that record is lively in my soul.
He finished, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy
both,

But this my masculine usurp'd attire, ²⁵⁰
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds: by whose
gentle help

I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [To OLIVIA.] So comes it, lady, you
have been mistook;

But nature to her bias drew in that. ²⁶⁰
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd.
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his
blood.—

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.
[To VIOLA.] Boy, thou hast said to me a
thousand times,

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-
swear,

And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent, the fire ²⁷⁰
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first
on shore,

Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some
action,

Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him.—Fetch Mal-
volio hither.—

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own ²⁸¹
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—

Re-enter Clown, with a letter, and FABIAN.

How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at
the stave's end, as well as a man in his case
may do. He has here writ a letter to you:
I should have given it you to-day morning;
but as a madman's epistles are no gospels,
so it skills not much when they are de-
livered.

Oli. Open it, and read it. ²⁹⁰

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the
fool delivers the madman.—[*Reads.*] “By
the Lord, madam,”—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read mad-
ness: an your ladyship will have it as it
ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his
right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend,
my princess, and give ear. ³⁰¹

Oli. [To FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [*Reads.*] “By the Lord, madam, you
wrong me, and the world shall know it:
though you have put me into darkness, and
given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet
have I the benefit of my senses as well as
your ladyship. I have your own letter that
induced me to the semblance I put on; with
the which I doubt not but to do myself much
right, or you much shame. Think of me as
you please. I leave my duty a little
unthought of, and speak out of my injury. ³¹²
The madly-used MALVOLIO.”

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of dis-
traction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian: bring him
hither. [Exit FABIAN.]

My lord, so please you, these things further
thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so
please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost. ³²¹

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace
your offer.—

[To VIOLA.] Your master quits you; and, for
your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time
be

Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister!—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no. 331

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse
that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand:

Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 't is not your seal, nor your inven-
tion:

You can say none of this. Well, grant it
then,

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of
favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to
you,

To put on yellow stockings, and to frown 340
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people?

And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas! Malvolio, this is not my
writing,

Though, I confess, much like the character;
But, out of question, 't is Maria's hand:

And now I do bethink me, it was she 350
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in
smiling,

And in such forms which here were presup-
pos'd

Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be con-
tent:

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
thee;

But when we know the grounds and authors
of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;

And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall
not, 360

Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance:
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd. 370

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled
thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some
achieve greatness, and some have greatness
thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this
interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all
one.—"By the Lord, fool, I am not mad."—
But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh
you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not,
he's gagg'd:" and thus the whirligig of time
brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of
you. [Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a
peace,

He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time con-
vents,

A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. 380

[Exeunt all, except Clown.

CLOWN sings.

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knives and thieves men shut their
gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one. our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.*
[Exit.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, *living in exile.*

FREDERICK, *his Brother, Usurper of his dominions.*

AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the exiled Duke.*
JAQUES, }

LE BEAU, *a Courtier.*

CHARLES, *a Wrestler.*

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, } *Servants to Oliver.*
DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*

CORIN, } *Shepherds.*
SILVIUS, }

WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.*

HYMEN.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the exiled Duke.*

CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near OLIVER'S House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of ARDEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Orchard, near OLIVER'S House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that Nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against

this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. 30

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury? 41

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O! sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are

the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O! no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What,—you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honour if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love of me, which, thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore, use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break

his neck as his finger ; and thou wert best look to 't ; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other ; for, I assure thee (and almost with tears I speak it), there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him ; but should I anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment : if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more ; and so, God keep your worship ! *[Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester. I hope, I shall see an end of him ; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he : yet he's gentle ; never schooled, and yet learned ; full of noble device ; of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long ; this wrestler shall clear all : nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Lawn before the DUKE'S Palace

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier ? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine : so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have ; and, truly,

when he dies, thou shalt be his heir : for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection : by mine honour, I will ; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see ; what think you of falling in love ?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal : but love no man in good earnest ; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then ?

Cel. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so ; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest ; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's : Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Cel. No : when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire ?—Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument ?

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's ; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone : for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit ? whither wander you ?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger ?

Touch. No, by mine honour ; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool ?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught : now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough. Speak no more of him: you'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau:* what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do: and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—“Be it known unto all men by these presents,”—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so : I'll not be by.

[*DUKE goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you. 161

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir : your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward. 177

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial : wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious ; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you. 180

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I deceived in you !

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

Orl. Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. 202

Orl. You mean to mock me after : you should not have mocked me before ; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.*]

Ros. O excellent young man !

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. 210

[*CHARLES is thrown. Shout.*]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace : I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles ?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away.

[*CHARLES is borne out.*]

What is thy name, young man ?

Orl. Orlando, my liege ; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, 220
But I did find him still mine enemy
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK, Train, and LE BEAU.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this ?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,

His youngest son ;—and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul, 230

And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd :

If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman, 240

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—

Shall we go, coz ?

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you ? My better parts

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with
my fortunes ;
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call,
sir?—

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz ? 250

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights
upon my tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd con-
ference.

O poor Orlando ! thou art overthrown.

Or Charles, or something weaker, masters
thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship
counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have
deserv'd

High commendation, true applause, and love,

Yet such is now the duke's condition,

That he misconstrues all that you have
done. 260

The duke is humorous : what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than I to speak
of.

Orl. I thank you, sir ; and, pray you, tell
me this :

Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we
judge by manners :

But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter :

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company ; whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke 275

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle
niece,

Grounded upon no other argument,

But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake ;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you
well :

Hereafter, in a better world than this,

I shall desire more love and knowledge of
you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you
well. [*Exit LE BEAU.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the
smother ;

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.—

But heavenly Rosalind ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin, why, Rosalind !—Cupid
have mercy !—Not a word ?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be
cast away upon curs, throw some of them at
me : come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up,
when the one should be lamed with reasons,
and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father ? 10

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's
father : O, how full of briars is this working-
day world !

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown
upon thee in holiday foolery : if we walk not
in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will
catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat : these
burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and
have him.

Cel. Come, come ; wrestle with thy affec-
tions. 20

Ros. O ! they take the part of a better
wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you ! you will
try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning
these jests out of service, let us talk in good
earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you
should fall into so strong a liking with old
Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father
dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you
should love his son dearly ? By this kind
of chase, I should hate him, for my father
hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Or-
lando. 30

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not ? doth he not de-
serve well ?

Ros. Let me love him for that ; and do
you love him, because I do.—Look, here comes
the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your
safest haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle ?

Duke F. You, cousin :
Within these ten days if that thou be'st
found

So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic
(As I do trust I am not), then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors.
If their purgation did consist in words, 50
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a
traitor.

Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter;
there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his
dukedom;

So was I when your highness banish'd him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no
traitor. 60

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for
your sake;

Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her
stay:

It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat to-
gether;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and
her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem
more virtuous,

When she is gone. Then, open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom 80
Which I have passed upon her. She is
banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me,
my liege:

I cannot live out of her company?

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, pro-
vide yourself:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt
thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee
mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than
I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin. 90
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the
duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then
the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet
girl?

No: let my father seek another heir.

Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your change upon
you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me 100

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of
Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean
attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face.

The like do you: so shall we pass along, 110
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there
will,

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;

As many other mannish cowards have,

That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art
a man? 120

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's
own page,

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to
my state:

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world
with me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, 100
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and other
Lords, like foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers
in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more
sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites, and blows upon my
body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and
say,

This is no flattery: these are counsellors 10
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is
your grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of for-
tune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us
venison?

And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked
heads,

Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more
usurp

Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along 30

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a
hurt,

Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern
coat

Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool, 40
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift
brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralise this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O! yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless
stream;

"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testa-
ment

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then, being
there alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; 50
"T is right," quoth he; "thus misery doth
part

The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: "Ay," quoth
Jaques,

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'T is just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's
worse, 61

To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this
contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and
commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend

The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Before OLIVER'S House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master?—O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors: within this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—(no, no brother: yet the son—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father)—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.

Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:

All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man! how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee

To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years, till now almost 'four-score,

Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me: I can go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you; who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As sure I think did never man love so,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,

If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say.—

Food even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir; and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment, 70
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.

Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,

And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her ;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze ;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality. 80
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,

Are now on sale : and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock
and pasture ?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here
but erewhile,

That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottago, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us. 91

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like
this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me : if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. 92

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see

No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more ! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More ! I pr'ythee, more.

I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More ! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged ; I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me ; I do desire you to sing. Come, more ; another stanza. Call you 'em stanzas ?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing. Will you sing ? 93

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you : but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes ; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while ; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company : I think of as many matters as he, but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble ; come.

SONG.

[*All together here.*]

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither : 94
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease, 95
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame :
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that ducdame ?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt. 96

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke : his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further :
O ! I die for food. Here lie I down, and
measure out my grave. Farewell, kind
master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam ! no greater
heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a
little ; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth
forest yield anything savage, I will either be
food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy
conceit is nearer death than thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death
awhile at the arm's end, I will here be with
thee presently, and if I bring thee not some-
thing to eat, I will give thee leave to die ; but
if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker
of my labour. Well said ! thou look'st
cheerily ; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet
thou liest in the bleak air : come, I will bear
thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die
for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in
this desert. Cheerly, good Adam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Forest.

*A table set out. Enter DUKE Senior,
AMIENS, Lords, and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a
beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone
hence :

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow
musical,

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.—
Go, seek him : tell him, I would speak with
him.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own
approach.

Enter JAQUES.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ! what
a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your com-
pany ? 10

What, you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool !—I met a fool i' the
forest,

A motley fool—a miserable world !—

As I do live by food, I met a fool,

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the
sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
“ Good morrow, fool,” quoth I :—“ No, sir,”
quoth he,

“ Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me
fortune.”

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, “ It is ten o'clock :

Thus may we see,” quoth he, “ how the
world wags :

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,

And after one hour more 't will be eleven ;

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,

And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did
hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30

That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !

A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this ?

Jaq. O worthy fool !—One that hath been
a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it ; and in his
brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage, he hath strange places
cramm'd 40

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool !

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq.

It is my only suit ;

Provided that you weed your better judg-
ments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them,

That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :

And they that are most galled with my
folly, 50

They most must laugh. And why, sir, must
they so ?

The way is plain as way to parish church :

He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob ; if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomis'd

Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley : give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and
through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 60
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me
see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him
right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes
here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus holden'd, man, by thy distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility; yet am I inland-bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:

He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought, that all things had been savage here,

And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,

That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye, and be bless'd for your good comfort! *[Exit.]*

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Muling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age]
shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-
thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need :
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho ! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly linn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke,
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be :
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it :
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;
Seek him with candle ; bring him, dead or living,

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.
Ol. O, that your highness knew my heart in this !
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors ;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently, and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere
above,

Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth
sway.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll
character,

That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.

Run, run, Orlando : carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. ¹⁰

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
Master Touchstone ?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,
it is a good life, but in respect that it is a
shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that
it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect
that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now,
in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me
well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it
is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you,
it fits my humour well ; but as there is no
more plenty in it, it goes much against my
stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee,
shepherd ? ²²

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more
one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that
he that wants money, means, and content, is
without three good friends ; that the property
of rain is to wet, and fire to burn ; that good
pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great
cause of the night is lack of the sun ; that he
that hath learned no wit by nature nor art
may complain of good breeding, or comes of
a very dull kindred. ³¹

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.
Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-
roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court ? Your
reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court,
thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou
never saw'st good manners, then thy manners
must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and
sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous
state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone : those that
are good manners at the court are as ridiculous
in the country, as the behaviour of the country
is most mockable at the court. You told me,
you salute not at the court, but you kiss your
hands : that courtesy would be uncleanly, if
courtiers were shepherds. ⁵⁰

Touch. Instance, briefly ; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes,
and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands
sweat ? and is not the grease of a mutton as
wholesome as the sweat of a man ? Shal-
low, shallow. A better instance, I say ;
come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner :
shallow again. A more sounder instance ;
come. ⁶⁰

Cor. And they are often tarred over with
the surgery of our sheep ; and would you have
us kiss tar ? The courtier's hands are per-
fumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man ! Thou worms-
meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, in-
deed !—Learn of the wise, and perpend :
civet is of a baser birth than tar ; the very
uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance,
shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me :
I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned ? God help
thee, shallow man ! God make incision in
thee ! thou art raw. ⁷²

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer : I earn that
I eat, get that I wear ; owe no man hate,
envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's
good, content with my harm ; and the
greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze
and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you,
to bring the ewes and the rams together, and
to offer to get your living by the copulation
of cattle ; to be bawd to a bell wether, and to
betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a
crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all
reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned
for this, the devil himself will have no

shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

100

"If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind."

110

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

120

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Cel. Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No:

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show.

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

130

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated cows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence's end,

Will I Rosalinda write:

Teaching all that read, to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

140

Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarg'd:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synd was devis'd,

150

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest priz'd.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now? back-friends.—Shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

155

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O! yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: thy feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

171

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

180

Ros. 'Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change your colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends' to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee, now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is. 191

Cel. O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery; I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it, quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin. 201

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I faith, coz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando? 211

Cel. Orlando. 215

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled? 231

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight. 241

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here? 251

Ros. 'T is he: slink by, and note him.

[ROSALIND and CELIA retire.]

Enter ORLANDO and JAUQUES.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I: but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. Good bye, you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks. 261

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart. 271

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me! and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults. 281

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook : look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit JACQUES.*—*ROSALIND and CELIA come forward.*]

Ros. [*Aside to CELIA.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well : what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day : there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then, there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you, who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnised : if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain : the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning ; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows ; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many : but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal : they were all like one another, as half-pence are ; every one fault seeming monstrous, till its fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No ; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not ; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not ; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not ; a beard neglected, which you have not : —but I pardon you for that, for simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. —Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man : you are rather point-device in your accoutrements ; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does ; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences.

But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak? 301

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so? 400

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and in this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is. 422

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES behind, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how,

Audrey! am I the man yet! doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features? Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house! 10

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers they do feign. 21

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd, for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness: sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us. 43

Jaq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife: 't is none of his own getting. Horns? Even so.—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer

bath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you for your last company. I am very glad to see you.—Even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey: We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver! Not,—

O sweet Oliver!

O brave Oliver!

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.
Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me: I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire: therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was: I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a

puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O! come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,
Phebe:

Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in my mine
eye:

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes—that are the frail'st and softest
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them
kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon, why, now fall
down;

Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for
shame!

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there re-
mains

Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps, but now mine
eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,

If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time

Come not thou near me; and when that time
comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. *[Advancing.]* And why, I pray you?
Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have
no beauty

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed).
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look
on me?

I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work.—O! 's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk
hair,

Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of
cream,

That can entame my spirits to your
worship.—

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd
children.

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters
her;

And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—

But, mistress, know yourself: down on your
knees,

And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's
love;

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all
markets.

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer :

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd.—Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together.

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,

For I am falser than vows made in wine :

* Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—

Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—

Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,

And be not proud : though all the world could see,

None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd ! now I find thy saw of might :

“Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?”

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha ! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love : is not that neighbourly ?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness. ⁹⁰
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too ;
But do not look for further recompense.
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous ¹⁰⁰
crop

To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well ; but I have met him oft ;

And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,

That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.

'Tis but a peevish boy :—yet he talks well :—
But what care I for words ? yet words do well, ¹¹⁰

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—

But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him.

He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him

Is his complexion : and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall.

His leg is but so so ; and yet 't is well.

There was a pretty redness in his lip ;

A little ripier, and more lusty red ¹²⁰

Than that mix'd in his cheek : 't was just the difference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels, as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him ; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet—

Have more cause to hate him than to love him :

For what had he to do to chide at me ?

He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black :

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me. ¹³⁰

I marvel, why I answer'd not again :

But that's all one ; omittance is no quit-tance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ;

The matter's in my head, and in my heart :

I will be bitter with him, and passing short.

Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I prythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. *[Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity; and almost chide God for making you that counterpane you are: or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail: for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me: for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The

poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me. 110

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, 'faith will I; Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

120

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—“Will you, Orlando,”—

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? 130

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—“I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:—there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions. 140

Orl. So do all thoughts: they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O! but she is wise. 150

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out of the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“Wit, whither wilt?”

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue: O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love! I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again. 170

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways.—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'t is but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. There-

fore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind : so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. *[Exit ORLANDO.]*

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your toublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O ! coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love ! But I cannot be sounded : my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or, rather, bottomless ; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. 205

Ros. No ; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love.—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES and Lords, like foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer ?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror ; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose ?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it : 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have, that kill'd the deer ?

His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn ;

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it :

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now ? Is it not past two o'clock ? and here much Orlando !

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath taken his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this : *[Giving a letter.]*

I know not the contents ; but, as I guess
By the stern brow, and waspish action,
Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer : bear this, bear all.
She says, I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;
She calls me proud, and that she could not
love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix : Od's my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt :

Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd,
well ;

This is a letter of your own device. 20

Sil. No, I protest ; I know not the contents :

Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand : I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her
hands :

She has a housewife's hand ; but that's no
matter.

I say, she never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers. 20

Ros. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel
style.

A style for challengers : why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle
brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude inven-
tion,

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear
the letter ?

Sil. So please you ; for I never heard it
yet,

Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

“Art thou god to shepherd turn’d,
That a maiden’s heart hath burn’d?”—
Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. “Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr’st thou with a woman’s heart?”
Did you ever hear such railing?—

“Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.”—
Meaning me a beast.—

“If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chide me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I’ll study how to die.”

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no; he deserves
no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—
What, to make thee an instrument, and play
false strains upon thee! not to be endured!
—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love
hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to
her:—that if she love me, I charge her to
love thee; if she will not, I will never have
her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a
true lover, hence, and not a word, for here
comes more company. [*Exit SILVIUS.*]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if
you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepee, fenc’d about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neigh-
bour bottom:

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the
place.

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There’s none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years:—“The boy
is fair,

Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,

And browner than her brother.” Are not
you

The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask’d, to say, we
are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you
both:

And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am. What must we understand by
this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know
of me,

What man I am, and how, and why, and
where

This handkercher was stain’d.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted
from you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the
forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss’d
with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o’ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath’d itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, ap-
proach’d

The opening of his mouth: but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink’d itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush’s shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn’dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike
watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for
’t is

The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder
brother.

Cel. O! I have heard him speak of that
same brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv’d ’mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando.—Did he leave him
there,

Food to the suck’d and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and pur-
pos’d so;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness, ¹³⁰
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurt-
ling

From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to
kill him?

Oli. 'T was I; but 't is not I. I do not
shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By-and-by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly
bath'd, ¹⁴⁰

As, how I came into that desert place:—

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love:

Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his
arm,

The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he
fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.

Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at
heart, ¹⁵¹

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin.

Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*ROSALIND swoons.*]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet
Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look
on blood.

Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin!—Gany-
mede!

Oli. Look, he recovers. ¹⁶⁰

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man?
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a
body would think this was well counter-
feited. I pray you, tell your brother how
well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too
great testimony in your complexion, that it
was a passion of earnest. ¹⁷¹

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and
counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do; but, 'faith, I should have
been a woman by right.

Cel. Come; you look paler and paler: pray
you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with
us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer
back,

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind. ¹⁸¹

Ros. I shall devise something. But, I pray
you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—
Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey:
patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough,
for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey;
a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is
a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 't is: he hath no
interest in me in the world. Here comes the
man you mean. ¹¹

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see
a clown. By my troth, we that have good

wits have much to answer for: we shall be
flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover
thy head, cover thy head, nay, pr'ythee, be
covered. How old are you, friend? ²⁰

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the
forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer. Art
rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good : and yet it is not ; it is but so, so. Art thou wise ?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid ?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned ?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me. To have, is to have ; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other ; for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he : now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir ?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman ; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel : I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'errun thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways : therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you : come, away, away !

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is 't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that, but seeing, you should love her ? and, loving, woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? and will you persevere to enjoy her ?

Ol. Neither call the giddiness of it in

question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her, that she loves me ; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other : it shall be to your good ; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow : thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers. Go you, and prepare Aliena ; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Ol. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O ! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkercher ?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O ! I know where you are. —Nay, 't is true : there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame : " for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked ; no sooner looked, but they loved ; no sooner loved, but they sighed ; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason ; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy : and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together : clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O ! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes ! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I

speak to some purpose), that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, converseu with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study To seem spiteful and ungentle to you. You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd: Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty, and observance; All humbleness, all patience, and impatience; All purity, all trial, all observance; And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. [To ROSALIND.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. [To PHEBE.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, "Why blame you me to love you?"

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this: 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

—[To SILVIUS.] I will help you, if I can:—

[To PHEBE.] I would love you, if I could.—

To-morrow meet me all together.—[To

PHEBE.] I will marry you, if ever I marry

woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—[To

ORLANDO.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satis-

fied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:

—[To SILVIUS.] I will content you, if what

pleases you contents you, and you shall be

married to-morrow.—[To ORLANDO.] As you

love Rosalind, meet:—[To SILVIUS.] As you

love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman,

I'll meet.—So, fare you well: I have left you

commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter Two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

*It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,*

*When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.* 20

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.*

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime* 21
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

I Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices. Come, Audrey. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. —Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JACQUES,
ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.*

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.—

[To the DUKE.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. [To ORLANDO.] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

Ros. [To PHEBE.] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [To SILVIUS.] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke! to give your daughter;— 19

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;—
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

Methought he was a brother to your daughter;

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 20
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears. 22

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause. 23

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks.—A poor virgin, sir, an

ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster. ⁶¹

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause, how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed.—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey.—As thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the "retort courteous." If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the "quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the "reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the "reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the "countercheck quarrelsome:" and so to the "lie circumstantial," and the "lie direct." ⁶²

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the "lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "lie direct;" and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print; by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as *if you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*. ⁶³

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes, and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with
his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [*To DUKE S.*] To you I give myself,
for I am yours.

[*To ORLANDO.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true, ¹²⁵
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. [*To DUKE S.*] I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[*To ORLANDO.*] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[*To PHEBE.*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents. ¹³⁰

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.*] You and you no cross shall part:

[*To OLIVER and CELIA.*] You and you are heart in heart:

[*To PHEBE.*] You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*] You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning,

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown: ¹⁴¹

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured.

Honour, high honour, and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece! welcome thou art to me :
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phe. [*To SILVIUS.*] I will not eat my word,
now thou art mine ;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. 150

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq de B. Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword.
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man, 160
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world ;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends 170
That here were well begun, and well begot ;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights
with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—
Play, music! and you brides and bridegrooms
all,
With 'measure heap'd in joy, to the measures
fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you
rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life, 180
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ;

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these con-
vertites

There is much matter to be heard and
learn'd.—

[*To DUKE S.*] You to your former honour I
bequeath ;

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve
it :—

[*To ORLANDO.*] You to a love, that your true
faith doth merit :—

[*To OLIVER.*] You to your land, and love, and
great allies :

[*To SILVIUS.*] You to a long and well-deserved
bed .

[*To TOUCHSTONE.*] And you to wrangling; for
thy loving voyage 190

Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your
pleasures :

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I :—what you
would have,

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin
these rites,

As we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady
the epilogue ; but it is no more unhandsome,
than to see the lord the prologue. If it be
true that good wine needs no bush, 't is true
that a good play needs no epilogue ; yet to
good wine they do use good bushes, and good
plays prove the better by the help of good
epilogues. What a case am I in then, that
am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot in-
sinuate with you in the behalf of a good play?
I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to
beg will not become me : my way is, to conjure
you ; and I'll begin with the women. I

charge you, O women ! for the love you bear
to men, to like as much of this play as please
you : and I charge you, O men ! for the love
you bear to women (as I perceive by your
simpering, none of you hates them), that
between you and the women, the play may
please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as
many of you as had beards that pleased me,
complexions that liked me, and breaths that I
defied not ; and, I am sure, as many as have
good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths,
will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy,
bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

HAMLET, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*

HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

LAERTES, *his Son.*

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRICK,

A Gentleman,

A Priest.

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO,

Courtiers.

Officers.

FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*

REYNALDO, *Servant to Polonius.*

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

Players.

Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*

OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE—DENMARK.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

FRANCISCO *on his post. Enter to him*
BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring. 10

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O! farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. *[Exit.*

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say.

What! is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing. 22

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us.
Therefore, I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,

That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush! 't will not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile, 30
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star, that's westward from
the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of
heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace! break thee off: look, where
it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king
that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it,
Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it,
Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear
and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time
of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by Heaven, I charge
thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away. 50

Hor. Stay! speak: speak, I charge thee,
speak! [*Exit Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and
look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this
believe,

Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armour he had on, 60
When he the ambitious Norway combated.
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry

parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this
dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our
watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I
know not;

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he
that knows, 70

Why this same strict and most observant
watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land?

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore
task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week?

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the

day,

Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor.

That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant

Hamlet

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd
him)

Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd
compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did forfeit with his life all those his lands,

Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety competent 90

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same
cov'nant,

And carriage of the article design'd,

His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortin-
bras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,

Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,

For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state) 101

But to recover of us, by strong hand

And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands

So by his father lost. And this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations,

The source of this our watch, and the chief
head

Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but e'en so:

Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes arm'd through our watch, so like the

king 110

That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A moth it is to trouble the mind's
eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse: 120
And even the like precursor of fierce events—
As harbingers preceding all the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—
But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done, 130
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in
death, [Cock crows.
Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it,
Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do. if it will not stand.

Ber. 'T is here!

Hor. 'T is here!

Mar. 'T is gone! [Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock
crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty
thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 150
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk
abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to
charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part
believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, 170
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morn-
ing know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State.

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS,
LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords,
and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear
brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole
kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 't were, with a defeated joy,— 10
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in
marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortin-
bras,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20
Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for
him.

Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.

Thus much the business is. We have here writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress 30
His further gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject : and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway ;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the
scope

Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell ; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor., Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty. 40

King. We doubt it nothing : heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit ; what is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice : what wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France ;
From whence though willingly I came to
Denmark, 52

To show my duty in your coronation ;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward
France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave?
What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me
my slow leave,

By laboursome petition ; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent : 60
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time
be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside.*] A little more than kin, and
less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang
on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord ; I am too much i'
the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted
colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Den-
mark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids 70
Seek for thy noble father in the dust :
Thou know'st, 't is common ; all that lives
must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know
not seems.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 80
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of
grief,

That can denote me truly : these, indeed,
seem,

For they are actions that a man might play ;
But I have that within, which passeth shew,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a
father ;

That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor
bound 90

In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow : but to persevere
In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 't is unmanly grief ;
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd :
For what, we know, must be, and is as
common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition, 100
Take it to heart? Fie! 't is a fault to
Heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to
earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father ; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne ;
And, with no less nobility of love, 110
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire ;
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet :

I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Witten-
berg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you,
madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply :
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-
day,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt KING, QUEEN, Lords, &c.,*
POLONIUS, and LAERTES.

Ham. O ! that this too too solid flesh
would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew ;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O
God !

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on 't ! O fie ! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross
in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to
this !

But two months dead !—nay, not so much,
not two :

So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of
heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and
earth !

Must I remember ? why, she would hang on
him,

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on ; and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't :—Frailty, thy name
is woman

A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's
body,

Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even she,
(O God ! a beast, that wants discourse of
reason,

Would have mourn'd longer,)—married with
my uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my
father

Than I to Hercules : within a month ;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my
tongue

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well :
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor
servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change
that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg,
Horatio ?—

Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you.—Good
even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Witten-
berg ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say
so ;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself : I know, you are no truant,
But what is your affair in Elsinore ?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you de-
part.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's
funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
student ;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard
upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral
bak'd meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio !—

My father,—methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O ! where, my lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once : he was a goodly
king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in
all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yester-
night.

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: a figure like your
father,

Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he
walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they,
distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to
me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the
watch;

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and
good,

The apparition comes. I knew your father:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where
we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once, me-
thought,

It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis
true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles
me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar., Ber. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar., Ber. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar., Ber. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then, saw you not his face?

Hor. O! yes, my lord; he wore his beaver
up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than
in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might
tell a hundred.

Mar., Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw 't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night:
Perchance, 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's
person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Fare-
well.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and
BERNARDO.]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night
were come!

Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will
rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to
men's eyes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in POLONIUS' House.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd: fare-
well;

And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his
favour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute ;
No more.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more :

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk ; but, as this temple
waxes,

The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you
now ;

And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will : but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his
own,

For he himself is subject to his birth :
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state ;
And therefore must his choice be circum-
scrib'd

Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he
loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed ; which is no
further,

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sus-
tain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs, 30
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure
open

To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ; 40

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then ; best safety lies in fear :

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson
keep,

As watchman to my heart. But, good my
brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance
treads,

And recks not his own read.

Laer. O ! fear me not.

I stay too long ;—but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace ;

Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ? aboard, aboard,
for shame !

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There,—my bless-
ing with you ;

[*Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 50

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar :

The friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertain-
ment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70

But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :

For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;

And they in France, of the best rank and
station,

Are most select and generous, chief in that.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all,—to thine own self be true ;

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man. 80

Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave,
my lord.

Pol. The time invites you : go, your serv-
ants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember
well

What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching
the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought :

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you ; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and
bounteous.

If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many
tenders

Of his affection to me. 100

Pol. Affection ? pooh ! you speak like a
green girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance,
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I
should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you : think your-
self a baby ;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true
pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself
more dearly ;

Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me
with love, 110

In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to,
go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his
speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I
do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the
soul

Lends the tongue vows : these blazes,
daughter,

Giving more light than heat,—extinct in
both,

Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this

time, 120

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden pre-
sence :

Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For Lord
Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young ;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers
Not of that dye which their investments
show,

But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds, 130
The better to beguile. This is for all,—

I would not, in plain terms, from this time
forth,

Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord
Hamlet.

Look to 't, I charge you ; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very
cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed ? I heard it not : it then
draws near the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance
shot off, within.]

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and
takes his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring
reels ;

And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish
down, 10

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't :

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the obser-
vance.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations :
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish
phrase

Soil our addition ; and, indeed, it takes 20
From our achievements, though perform'd at
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of
reason ;

Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners ;—that these
men,— 30

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,

Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: the dram of
 bale
 Doth all the noble substance off and out
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord! it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend
 us!

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts
 from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee
 . Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane: O! answer me:
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
 Why thy canonis'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements; why the sepul-
 chre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our
 souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should
 we do? [*The Ghost beckons HAMLET.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow
 it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
 And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?
 It waves me forth again:—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the
 flood, my lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of
 reason

And draw you into madness? think of it:
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
 And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still:—go on, I'll
 follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd: you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
 And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[*Ghost beckons.*]

Still am I call'd.—Unhand me, gentlemen,—

[*Breaking from them.*]

By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that
 lets me:—

I say, away!—go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagina-
 tion.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to
 obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this
 come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of
 Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A more remote Part of the
 Platform.

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak;
 I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
 When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
 Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not; but lend thy serious
 hearing
 To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou
 shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the
 night,
 And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of
 nature,

Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am
 forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
 blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from
 their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand an-end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine ; 20
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood.—List, Hamlet, O
 list !—
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Ham. O God !
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most un-
 natural murder.
Ham. Murder ?
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it
 is ;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with
 wings as swift
 As meditation, or the thoughts of love, 30
 May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt ;
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat
 weed
 That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
 hear.
 'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
 A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of
 Denmark
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abus'd ; but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life
 Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul ! 40
 Mine uncle !
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
 beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous
 gifts,
 (O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
 O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand even with the
 vow
 I made to her in marriage ; and to decline 50
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine !
 But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,

Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.
 But, soft ! methinks, I scent the morning
 'air :
 Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine or-
 chard,
 My custom always in the afternoon, 60
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment ; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,*
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body ;
 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood : so did it
 mine ; 70
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazarus-like, with vile and loathsome
 crust,
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, and queen, at once des-
 patch'd ;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head : 80
 O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught : leave her to
 Heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at
 once.
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire : 90
 Adieu, adieu ! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*]
Ham. O all you host of heaven ! O earth !
 What else ?
 And shall I couple hell ? O fie !—Hold, hold,
 my heart ;
 And you my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up !—Remember thee !
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a
 seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee !
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures
 past, 100
 That youth and observation copied there ;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a
villain;

At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me." 111

I have sworn 't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord! my lord!

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet!

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!

Mar. [Within.] So be it!

Hor. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird,
come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLIUS.

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by Heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord. 120

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of
man once think it?—

But you'll be secret?

Hor., Mar. Ay, by Heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in
all Denmark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come
from the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point
you,

For every man hath business and desire, 130
Such as it is; and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling
words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
yes,

'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,
Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision
here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:

For your desire to know what is between us,

O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good
friends, 140

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have
seen to-night.

Hor., Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou
there, true-penny? 150

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellar-
age,—

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have
seen,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then, we'll shift our
ground.—

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword. 160

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i'
the earth so fast?

A worthy pioner!—Once more remove, good
friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
strange

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it
welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antick disposition on,— 172

That you, at such times seeing me, never
shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-
shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We
could, an if we would;"—

Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be,
an if they might;"—

There was he gaming ; there o'ertook in's
rouse ;

There falling out at tennis ; " or, perchance,
" I saw him enter such a house of sale," 60
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.—

See you now ;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of
truth :

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlances, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out :
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you
not ?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you ; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord ! 70

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell ! [*Exit* REYNALDO.

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter ?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so
affrighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of God ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my
chamber,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd ;
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle ; 80
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each
other ;

And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Oph. My lord, I do not know ;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he ?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me
hard ;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face, 90
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so :
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and
down,—

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And, with his head o'er his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me. 100

Pol. Come, go with me : I will go seek the
king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry—
What ! have you given him any hard words
of late ?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did
command,

I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad. 110
I am sorry that with better heed and judg-
ment

I had not quoted him : I fear'd he did but
trifle,

And meant to wrack thee ; but, beshrew my
jealousy !

It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the
king :

This must be known ; which, being kept close,
might move

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and
Guildenstern !

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you
heard

Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath
put him

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of : I entreat you both, 120
That, being of so young days brought up with
him,

And since so neighbour'd to his youth and
humour,

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our
court

Some little time ; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,

Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him
thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much
talk'd of you ;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please
you

To show us so much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of
us,

Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. We both obey ;
And here give up ourselves, in the full
bent,

To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle
Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle
Rosencrantz :

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our
practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him !

Queen. Ay, Amen
[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
and some Attendants.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my
good lord
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of
good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord ? Assure you, my
good liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king :
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do), that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O ! speak of that ; that do I long to
hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassa-
dors ;

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring
them in.—

[*Exit POLONIUS.*

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath
found

The head and source of all your son's distem-
per.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main ;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND, and
CORNELIUS.*

Welcome, my good friends.
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Nor-
way ?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and
desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies ; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack :
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness : whereat
griev'd,—

That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out ar-
rests

On Fortinbras ; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the essay of arms against your
majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual
fee,

And his commission to employ these soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack ;
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Giving a paper.*

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise ;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well ;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business :
Meantime, we thank you for your well-took
labour.

Go to your rest ; at night we'll feast together :
Most welcome home !

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is
time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and
time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward
flourishes,

I will be brief. Your noble son is mad :
Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad ?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 't is true : 't is true 't is pity ;
And pity 't is 't is true : a foolish figure ;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then ; and now re-
mains,

That we find out the cause of this effect ;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause :
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.

I have a daughter ; have, whilst she 's mine ;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather, and sur-
mise.

—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the
most beautified Ophelia,"—
That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase : "beauti-
fied" is a vile phrase ; but you shall hear.—
Thus :

"In her excellent-white bosom, these," &c.--

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile ; I will be
faithful.— [Reads.]

"Doubt thou, the stars are fire ;
Doubt, that the sun doth move ;
Doubt truth to be a liar ;
But never doubt, I love.

"O dear Ophelia ! I am ill at these numbers :
I have not art to reckon my groans ; but
that I love thee best, O most best ! believe it.
Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady,
whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET."
This in obedience hath my daughter show'd
me ;

And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what
might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on 'the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book ;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and
dumb ;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight :

What might you think ? No, I went round
to work,

And my young mistress thus did I bespeak :
"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star ;
This must not be : " and then I precepts gave
her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;
And he, repulsed,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wait for.

King. Do you think 't is this ?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain
know that,

That I had positively said, "'T is so,"
When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be other-
wise.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four
hours together,

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter
to him :

Be you and I behind an arras then ;
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor
wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away ! I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently :—O ! give me
leave.—

[Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.]

Enter HAMLET, reading.

How does my good Lord Hamlet ?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well ; you are a fish-
monger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a
man.

Pol. Honest, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir : to be honest, as this world

goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive.—Friend, look to 't.

Pol. How say you by that?—[*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical slave says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave? 208

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools! 210

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To POLONIUS.*] God save you, sir!
[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe? 211

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest. 212

Ham. Then is doomsday near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord. 213

Ham. Why, then 't is none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 't is too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. 214

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros., Guil. We'll wait upon you. 215

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggars that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny.

Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord? 280

Ham. Why, anything,—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour; I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consenancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no. 292

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, man delights not me? 310

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs

are tickled o' the sere: and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they? 331

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not. 340

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither. 348

Ham. What! are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are not better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question. 360

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O! there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules, and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. 372

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players (which, I tell

you, must show fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived. 281

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Re-enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Mark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child. 290

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: for o' Monday morning: 't was so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,— 300

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. "O Jephthah, judge of Israel," what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord? 410

Ham. Why,

"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well."

Pol. [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, 42

"As by lot, God wot,"

and then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was,"—the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all—I

am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my good lord? 438

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line:—let me see, let me see:—

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"

—'t is not so; it begins with Pyrrhus:—

"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,

Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse, 440

Hath now this dread and black complexion
smear'd

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters,
sons;

Bak'd and impasted with the parching
streets,

That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their vile murderers: roasted in wrath
and fire,

And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles the hellish
Pyrrhus

Old grandsire Priam seeks."— 450

So, proceed you.



Drawn by A. HOPKINS.

Engraved by C. ROBERTS.

HAMLET AND THE PLAYERS.

Hamlet. I heard thee speak me a speech once.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 Play. "Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,

'Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;

But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword

The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top

Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash

Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,

Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:

So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,

The bold winds speechless, and the orb below

As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder

Doth rend the region: so, after Pyrrhus' pause,

Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,

With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword

Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,

In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,

And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,

As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on:—he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.—Say on: come to Hecuba.

1 Play. "But who, O! who had seen the mobled queen"—

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames

With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head,

Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,

About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;

Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:

But if the gods themselves did see her then,

When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport

In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,

The instant burst of clamour that she made,

(Unless things mortal move them not at all),

Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,

And passion in the gods."

Pol. Look, whe'er he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes!—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts, and brief chronicles, of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodikin, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. [*Exit POLONIUS, with all the players except the First.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends [*to ROS. and GUIL.*], I'll

leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye.—

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage
wann'd;

Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function
suing

With forms to his conceit? and all for
nothing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

That he should weep for her? What would
he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage
with tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid
speech; 570

Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie
i' the throat, 583

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

'Swounds! I should take it; for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy
villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
villain! 590

O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! Ay, sure, this is
most brave;

That I, the son of a dear father murder'd;
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with
words,

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain!—I
have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene 600
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will
speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have
seen

May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and,
perhaps, 610

Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this:—the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,
ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

King. And can you, by no drift of cir-
cumstance,

Get from him, why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself dis-
tracted;

But from what cause he will by no means
speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be
sounded,

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some con-
fession

Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well? 10

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his dis-
position.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our
demands,

Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain
players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told
him;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your
majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth
much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 't were by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.

Her father, and myself, (lawful espials,)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, un-
seen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your
virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit QUEEN.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so
please you,

We will bestow ourselves.—[*To OPHELIA.*]
Read on this book;

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in
this,—

'Tis too much prov'd, that, with devotion's
visage,

And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside.*] O! 't is too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my
conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering
art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,

Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw,
my lord.

[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the
question:—

Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to
sleep,

No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks

That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's
the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would these fardels
bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after
death,—

The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you,
now!

The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well,
well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of
yours,

That I have longed long to re-deliver ;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I ;

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did ;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd,

As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,

Take these again ; for, to the noble mind, ¹⁰⁰
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

Oph. My lord !

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty ? ¹¹⁰

Ham. Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness : this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me ; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not. ¹²⁰

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery : why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest ; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious ; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth ? We are arrant knaves, all ; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father ?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in his own house. Farewell.

Oph. O ! help him, you sweet heavens ! ¹⁴⁰

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry : be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery ; go, farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a

fool ; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him ! ¹⁴⁰

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough : God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another : you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to : I'll no more on't : it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*]

H. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword ;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state, ¹⁵⁰
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,

The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down !

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love ! his affections, do not that way tend ; ¹⁷⁰

Nor what he spake, though it lack form a little,

Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;

And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger : which for to prevent,

I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to

England,

For the demand of our neglected tribute :

Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel ¹⁸⁰

This something-settled matter in his heart ;
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus

From fashion of himself. What think you on't ?

Pol. It shall do well : but yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief



J. D. WATSON, *Paint.*

S. SMITH, *Sculpt.*

HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

Hamlet. I loved you not.

Ophelia. I was the more deceived.

Act III., Scene I.

Sprung from neglected love.—How now,
Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet
said;

We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,

Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs: let her be round with
him;

And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Same.

Enter HAMLET and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
pronounced it to you, trippingly on the
tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your
players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke
my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much
with your hand, thus; but use all gently:
for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I
may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must
acquire and beget a temperance, that may
give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the
soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow
tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split
the ears of the groundlings; who, for the
most part, are capable of nothing but inex-
plicable dumbshows, and noise: I would
have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing
Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you,
avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let
your own discretion be your tutor: suit the
action to the word, the word to the action,
with this special observance, that you o'er-
step not the modesty of nature; for anything so
overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose
end, both at the first, and now, was, and is,
to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature;
to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own
image, and the very age and body of the time,
his form and pressure. Now, this overdone,
or come tardy off, though it make the unskil-
ful laugh, cannot but make the judicious
grieve; the censure of the which one must,
in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre
of others. O! there be players, that I have
seen play,—and heard others praise, and that
highly,—not to speak it profanely, that neither

having the accent of Christians, nor the gait
of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted,
and bellowed, that I have thought some of
nature's journeymen had made men, and not
made them well, they imitated humanity so
abominably.

1 Play. I hope, we have reformed that in-
differently with us.

Ham. O! reform it altogether. And let
those that play your clowns speak no more
than is set down for them: for there be of
them, that will themselves laugh, to set on
some quantity of barren spectators to laugh
too; though, in the meantime, some necessary
question of the play be then to be considered:
that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful
ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make
you ready.—
[*Exeunt Players.*]

*Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.*

How now, my lord? will the king hear this
piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros., Guil. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Ham. What, ho! Horatio.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversatian cop'd withal.

Hor. O! my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from
thee,

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the
poor be flatter'd?

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd
pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her
choice,

And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast
been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man; that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are
those,

Whose blood and judgment are so well co-
mingled,

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me
that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear
him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of
this.—

There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death:
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt 80
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is
playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I must
be idle; 90
Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING,
QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's
dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed. You
cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer,
Hamlet: these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—[*To POLONIUS.*]
My lord, you played once in the university,
you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted
a good actor. 101

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was
killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so
capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your
patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit
by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more
attractive. 110

Pol. O ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at OPHELIA's feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country
matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between
maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord? 120

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God! your only jig-maker. What
should a man do, but be merry? for, look you,
how cheerfully my mother looks, and my
father dïed within 's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my
lord. 130

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil
wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O
heavens! die two months ago, and not for-
gotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's
memory may outlive his life half a year; but,
by'r lady, he must build churches then, or
else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the
hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, "For, O! for,
O! the hobby-horse is forgot."

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly;
the Queen embracing him, and he her. She
kneels, and makes show of protestation unto
him. He takes her up, and declines his
head upon her neck; lays him down upon
a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep,
leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes
off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in
the King's ears, and exit. The Queen re-
turns, finds the King dead, and makes pas-
sionate action. The Poisoner, with some
two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming
to lament with her. The dead body is car-
ried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen
with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling
awhile; but in the end accepts his love.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it
means mischief. 140

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argu-
ment of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the
players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell
all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show

him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play. 150

Pro. For us, and for tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

[*Exit.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;

And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,

About the world have times twelve thirties been; 160

Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,

Unitè commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.

But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,

So far from cheer, and from your former state,

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,

Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;

For women's fear and love holds quantity,

In neither aught, or in extremity. 170

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;

And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;

Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave to do:

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,

Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast: 180

In second husband let me be accurst;

None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory, 190
Of violent birth, but poor validity;

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,

But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament; 200

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,

That even our loves should with our fortunes change:

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:

For who not needs shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his enemy. 210

But, orderly to end where I begun,

Our wills and fates do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;

But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope! 220

An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!

Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,

Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now?

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile:

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would be-
guile
The tedious day with sleep. *[Sleeps.]*
P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain!

[Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play? ²⁸¹

Queen. The lady protests too much, mo-
thinks.

Ham. O! but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is
there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no; they do but jest, poison, in
jest: no offence in the world.

King. What do you call the play? ²⁸⁸

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how?
Tropically. This play is the image of a
murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the
duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall
see anon; 't is a knavish piece of work: but
what of that? your majesty, and we, that
have free souls, it touches us not: let the
galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are a good chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and
your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are
keen. ²⁹⁰

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to
take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands.—
Begin, murderer: pox, leave thy damnable
faces, and begin. Come:—the croaking raven
doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit,
and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds col-
lected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice in-
fected, ²⁹⁰

Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the Sleeper's ears.]

Ham. He poisons him in the garden for's
estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is
extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall
see anon, how the murderer gets the love of
Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play. ²⁷⁰

King. Give me some light!—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must
sleep:

Thus runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,
(if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with
me,) with two Provincial roses on my razed
shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players,
sir? ²⁹⁰

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself: and now reigns here

A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio! I'll take the
ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst
perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord. ²⁹⁰

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music! come,
the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—
Come, some music!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word
with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him? ³⁰⁰

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous dis-
tempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself
more richer, to signify this to his doctor; for
me to put him to his purgation, would,
perhaps, plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse
into some frame, and start not so wildly from
my affair. ³¹⁰

Ham. I am tame, sir;—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most
great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is
not of the right breed. If it shall please you
to make me a wholesome answer, I will do
your mother's commandment; if not, your
pardon and my return shall be the end of
my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased; but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,

Ros. Then, thus she says. Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do freely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but "While the grass grows;"—the proverb is something musty.

Enter Players with recorders.

O! the recorders: let me see one.—To withdraw with you.—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony: I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to

the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by-and-by.

Pol. I will say so. *[Exit.]*

Ham. By-and-by is easily said.—Leave me, friends. *[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, HORATIO, &c.]*

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself
breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink
hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my
mother.—

O heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Same.

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe
with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare
you:

I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide.
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your majesty. 10

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the
mind,

To keep itself from noyance ; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depends and
rests

The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it : it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser
things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it
falls, 20

Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage ;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros., Guil. We will haste us.
[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's
closet.

Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process : I'll warrant, she'll tax
him home ;

And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 30
'Tis meet that some more audience than a
mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-
hear

The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my
liege :

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*

O ! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder !—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will :
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound, 40
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves
mercy,

But to confront the visage of offence ?

And what's in prayer, but this two-fold
force,—

To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down ? Then, I'll look up :
My fault is past. But, O ! what form of
prayer

Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul
murder !—

That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law : but 't is not so above ; 60
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves com-
pell'd,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what
rests ?

Try what repentance can : what can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged ! Help, angels ! make
assay :

Bow, stubborn knees ; and heart, with strings
of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe. 70
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is
praying ;

And now I'll do 't :—and so he goes to heaven ;
And so am I reveng'd ? That would be
scann'd :

A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread ; 80
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as
May ;

And how his audit stands, who knows, save
Heaven ?

But, in our circumstance and course of
thought,

'T is heavy with him. And am I then
reveng'd,

To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid
hent :

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;

Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act,
That has no relish of salvation in't ;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at
heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and
black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother
stays :
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[*Exit.*]

The KING rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts re-
main below
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Same.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay
home to him ;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to
bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood
between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en
here.

Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you ; fear me not :

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*POLONIUS hides himself behind the arras.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much
offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much
offended.

Queen. Come, come ; you answer with an
idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go ; you question with a wicked
tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :
You are the queen, your husband's brother's
wife ;

But—'would you were not so !—you are my
mother.

Queen. Nay then, I'll set those to you that
can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you
shall not budge :

You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not
murder me ?

Help, help, ho !

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho ! help, help, help !

Ham. How now ! a rat ? [*Draws.*] Dead !
for a ducat, dead !

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind.*] O ! I am slain.

[*Falls, and dies.*]

Queen. O me ! what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not :

Is it the king ?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is
this !

Ham. A bloody deed ; almost as bad, good
mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king !

Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word.

[*Lifts up the arras, and draws
forth POLONIUS.*]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !

I took thee for thy better ; take thy fortune :

Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands. Peace ! sit
you down,

And let me wring your heart : for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuff ;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so ;

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;

Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there ; makes marriage

vows

As false as dicers' oaths : O ! such a deed,

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul ; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words : heaven's face doth
glow ;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me ! what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this ;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow :

Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;

A station like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband : look you now, what
follows.

Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you
eyes ?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to
feed,

And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you
eyes ?

You cannot call it love ; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment ; and what
judgment

Would step from this to this ? Sense, sure,
you have,

Else could you not have motion ; but, sure,
that sense

Is apoplex'd ; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil
was't,

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious
hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the
charge ;

Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet ! speak no more !
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed ;
Stew'd in corruption ; honeying, and making
love
Over the nasty sty ;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more !
These words like daggers enter in mine ears :
No more, sweet Hamlet !

Ham. A murderer, and a villain ;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord :—a Vice of kings ;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more !

Ham. A king of shreds and patches.—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards !—What would your
gracious figure ?

Queen. Alas ! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command ?
O, say !

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits ;
O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works :
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady ?

Queen. Alas ! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold dis-
course ?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle
son !

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper,
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you
look ?

Ham. On him, on him !—Look you, how
pale he glares !
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to
stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look
upon me ;

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects : then, what I have to do
Will want true colour ; tears, perchance, for
blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all, that is, I
see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there ! look, how it
steals away !

My father, in his habit as he liv'd !
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the
portal !

Queen. This is the very coinage of your
brain :

This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue ;
For, in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.
Queen. O Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night ; but go not to mine uncle's bed :
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Oft habits' devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night ;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence : the next more easy ;
For use almost can change the stump of nature,
And master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night :
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For, this same lord,
[*Pointing to POLONIUS.*]
I do repent : but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,—
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—
I must be cruel, only to be kind :
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do ?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do :
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed ;
Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you his mouse ;
And let him, for a pair of recchy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'T were good, you let him know ;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide ? who would do so ?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.
Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England ; you know that.
Queen. Alack !
I had forgot : 't is so concluded on.
Ham. There's letters seal'd : and my two school-fellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work ;
For 't is the sport, to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar : and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O ! 't is most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing :
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.
[*Exeunt severally ; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs: these profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.

Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat!
a rat!"

And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out
of haunt,

This mad young man; but so much was our
love,

We would not understand what was most
fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath
kill'd;

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude! come away.
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile
deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further
aid.

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet hath he dragged
him:

Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the
body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest
friends;

And let them know, both what we mean to
do,

And what's untimely done: so, haply, slan-
der—

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our
name,

And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros., Guil. [Within.] Hamlet! Lord Ham-
let!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O! here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with
the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto
'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may
take it thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and
not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of
a sponge, what replication should be made
by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's
countenance, his rewards, his authorities.
But such officers do the king best service in
the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the
corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last
swallowed: when he needs what you have
gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge,
you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech
sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;

And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth
and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd, 10
Or not at all,—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,

We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where? 15

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. 20

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven: send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. [To some Attendants.] Go seek him there. 40

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence

With fiery quickness; therefore, prepare thyself.

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—
But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother. 51

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England!

[*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard:

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.

Away, for everything is seal'd and done,
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught, 60

(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set

Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me. Till I know 't is
done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. 70
[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

*Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Soldiers,
marching.*

For. Go, captain ; from me greet the Danish
king ;
Tell him, that, by his license, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendez-
vous.
If that his majesty would ought with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Soldiers.*

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-
STERN, &c.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these ?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir. 10

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you ?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir ?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortin-
bras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland,
sir,

Or for some frontier ?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no
addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole, 21

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will
defend it.

Cap. Yes, 't is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty
thousand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw :
This is the imposthume of much wealth and
peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause
without

Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [Exit.

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord ?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a
little before. 31

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.*

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed ? a beast, no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large dis-
course,

Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one
part wisdom,

And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do ;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means,

To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort
me :

Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event ; 50
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I
then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep ? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame, 61
Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause ;
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain ?—O ! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

[Exit

SCENE V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate ; indeed, distract :
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have ?

Hor. She speaks much of her father ; says,
she hears,

There's tricks i' the world ; and hems, and
beats her heart ;

Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in
doubt,

That carry but half sense : her speech is
nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own
thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures
yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be
thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
'T were good she were spoken with, for she
may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit HORATIO.*]
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of
Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. [*Sings.*] *How should I your true love
know*

From another one?

*By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.*

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this
song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

*White his shroud as the mountain
snow,—*

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.*

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say, the
owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know
what we are, but know not what we may be.
God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of
this; but when they ask you what it means,
say you this:

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,*

*And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine;
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll
make an end on't:

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!*

Young men will do't, if they come to't;

By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed:

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must
be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to
think, they should lay him i' the cold ground.
My brother shall know of it, and so I thank
you for your good counsel. Come, my coach!
Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies;
good night, good night. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow her close; give her good
watch, I pray you. [*Exit HORATIO.*]
O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. And now, be-
hold,

O Gertrude, Gertrude!

When sorrows come, they come not single
spies,

But in battalions. First, her father slain:

Next, your son gone; and he most violent
author

Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have done
but greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere
beasts:

Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear

With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,

Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude! this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places

Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*]

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord; The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste, Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, 100 O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, custom not known, The ratifiers and props of every word, They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,

"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without. 111

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you: keep the door.—O thou vile king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?— 120 Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person: There's such divinity doth hedge a king, That treason can but peep to what it would, Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes, Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude.—

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! 130

Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation. To this point I stand, That both the worlds I give to negligence; Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge, 140

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;

And, like the kind life-rendering pelican, Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak Like a good child, and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death, And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment pierce, 150 As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!— By Heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,

Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May! Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—

O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Nature is fine in love; and, where't is fine, It sends some precious instance of itself 160 After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier, Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny: And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down-a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes t! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter. 170

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines;—there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it call it herb-grace o' Sundays:—O, you must wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy: I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died.—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed:
He never will come again.

*His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!*

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' you! *[Exit.]*

Laer. Do you see this? O God!

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart, 200
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.

If by direct, or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure burial,— 210
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Ory to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter HORATIO and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.— *[Exit Servant.]*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him.
There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *[Reads.]* "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they know what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."
Come, I will give you way for these your letters; 30
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me

To him from whom you brought them.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,

That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears : but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O ! for two special reasons ;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much un-
sinew'd, 10
And yet to me they are strong. The queen,
his mother,

Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him ;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to
stone, 20

Convert his gyves to graces ; so that my
arrows,

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost ;
A sister driven into desperate terms ;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will
come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that ; you
must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with
danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall
hear more :

I lov'd your father, and we love ourself ;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger.

How now ! what news ?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
This to your majesty : this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! who brought them ?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say ; I saw
them not :

They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd
them 40

Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us. [Exit Messenger.]

[Reads.] "High and mighty, you shall know,
I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow
shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes ;

when I shall, first asking your pardon there-
unto, recount the occasions of my sudden and
more strange return. HAMLET."

What should this mean ? Are all the rest
come back ?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character.

"Naked,"—

And, in a postscript here, he says, "alone." 20
Can you advise me ?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him
come :

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,
(As how should it be so ? how otherwise ?)
Will you be ruled by me ?

Laer. Ay, my lord ;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now
return'd,— 30

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but
fall ;

And for his death no wind of blame shall
breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the
practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel
much, 40

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of
parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one ; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds.
Importing health and graveness.—Two months
since, 50

Here was a gentleman of Normandy :—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the
French,

And they can well on horseback ; but this
gallant
Had witchcraft in 't ; he grew unto his seat ;

And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought.

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. Norman, was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch,
indeed,

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy, ¹⁰²
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love
your father;

But that I know love is begun by time; ¹¹⁰
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would
do,

We should do when we would; for this
"would" changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift
sigh, ¹²¹

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o'
the ulcer:

Hamlet comes back: what would you under-
take,

To show yourself your father's son in deed,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder
sanctuarise;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your
chamber.

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come
home:

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame ¹³¹

The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine,
together,

And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't;

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank, ¹⁴⁰
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from
death,

That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my
point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him
slightly,

It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and
means,

May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad per-
formance, ¹⁵⁰

'T were better not assay'd: therefore, this
project

Should have a back, or second, that might
hold,

If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me
see:—

We'll make a solemn wager on your cun-
nings,—

I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that
end,)

And that he calls for drink, I'll have pre-
par'd him

A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck, ¹⁵⁰

Our purpose may hold there. But stay!
what noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's
heel,

So fast they follow.—Your sister's drown'd,
Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd!—O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a
brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy
stream;

There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long
purples,

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,¹⁷⁰
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them:

There, on the pendant boughs her coronet
weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes
spread wide,

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted, snatches of old
tunes,

As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not
be,

Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,¹⁸¹
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas! then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are
gone,

The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,¹⁹⁷
But that this folly douts it. [*Erit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude.

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I, this will give it start again;

Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattocks.

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian
burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo. I tell thee, she is; and therefore
make her grave straight: the crowner hath
sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned
herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 't is found so.

1 Clo. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot
be else. For here lies the point: if I drown
myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an
act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do,
and to perform: argal, she drowned herself
wittingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, Goodman del-
ver.—

1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water;
good: here stands the man; good: if the
man go to this water, and drown himself, it
is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that:
but if the water come to him, and drown him,
he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not
guilty of his own death shortens not his own
life.

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, marry, is 't, crowner's quest-
law.

2 Clo. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If

this had not been a gentlewoman, she should
have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 Clo. Why, there thou say'st; and the
more pity, that great folk shall have coun-
tenance in this world to drown or hang them-
selves, more than their even-Christian. Come,
my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen
but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers;
they hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clo. He was the first that ever bore
arms.

2 Clo. Why, he had none.

1 Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost
thou understand the Scripture? The Scrip-
ture says, Adam digged: could he dig with-
out arms? I'll put another question to thee:
if thou answerest me not to the purpose, con-
fess thyself—

2 Clo. Go to.

1 Clo. What is he, that builds stronger
than either the mason, the shipwright, or the
carpenter?

2 Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame
outlives a thousand tenants.

1 Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith:
the gallows does well; but how does it well?
it does well to those that do ill: now, thou
dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger
than the church: argal, the gallows may do
well to thee. To 't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason
a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To 't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it,
for your dull ass will not mend his pace with
beating; and, when you are asked this ques-
tion next, say, a grave-maker: the houses
that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get
thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoop of liquor.

[*Exit 2 Clown.*]

1 *Clown digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet,

To contradict, O! the time, for-a! my behove,

O, methought, there was nothing-a meet.

Ham. Hath this fellow no feeling of his
business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a prop-
erty of easiness.

Ham. 'T is e'en so: the hand of little em-
ployment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me intil the land,

As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and
could sing once: how the knave jowls it to
the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that
did the first murder! This might be the pate of
a politician, which this ass now o'er-offices, one
that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say,
"Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou,
good lord?" This might be my Lord Such-
a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's
horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my Lady
Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the
mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine
revolution, an we had the trick to see 't.
Did these bones cost no more the breeding,
but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache
to think on 't.

1 *Clo.* A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,

For and a shrouding sheet:

O! a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Ham. There's another: why may not that
be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his
quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures,
and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude
knave now to knock him about the sconce
with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of
his action of battery? Humph! This fel-
low might be in 's time a great buyer of land,
with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines,
his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this
the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his
recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine
dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of
his purchases, and double ones too, than the
length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The
very conveyances of his lands will hardly
lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself
have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-
skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which
seek out assurance in that. I will speak to
this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir.—

O! a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou
liest in 't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore
it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in 't,
and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and
say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the
quick; therefore, thou liest.

1 *Clo.* 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away
again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clo.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 *Clo.* For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 *Clo.* One, that was a woman, sir; but,
rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must
speak by the card, or equivocation will undo
us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I
have taken note of it; the age is grown so
picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so
near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.
—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came
to 't that day that our last King Hamlet o'er-
came Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool

can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'T will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corsers now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred my imagination is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O! that that earth, which kept the world

in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's
flaw!

But soft! but, soft! aside:—here comes the
king,

Enter Priests, &c., in procession; the Corse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they
follow,

And with such maimed rites? This doth be-
token,

The corse they follow did with desperate
hand

Fordo its own life; 't was of some estate.

Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with HORATIO.*]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far en-
larg'd

As we have warrantise: her death was doubt-
ful;

And, but that great command o'ersways the
order,

She should in ground unsanctified have
lodg'd,

Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown
on her;

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants.

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing
home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done :
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish
priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What ! the fair Ophelia ? 250

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : farewell.

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's
wife :

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet
maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O ! treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine
arms. [*Leaping into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and
dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have made, 260
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose
grief

Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of
sorrow

Conjures the wandering stars, and makes
them stand,

Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaping into the grave.*]

Laer. The devil take thy soul !
[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prythee, take thy fingers from my throat ;
For though I am not splenitive and rash, 270
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Away thy
hand !

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet !. Hamlet !

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they
come out of the grave.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon
this theme,

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son ! what theme ?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia : forty thousand
brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for
her ? 280

King. O ! he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds ! show me what thou'lt
do :

Woo't weep ? woo't fight ? woo't fast ? woo't
tear thyself ?

Woo't drink up Esill ? eat a crocodile ?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine ?

To outface me with leaping in her grave ?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I :

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them
throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground, 290

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart ! Nay, and thou'lt
mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness :

And thus awhile the fit will work on him ;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplet are disclos'd,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham.

Hear you, sir :

What is the reason that you use me thus ?

I lov'd you ever : but it is no matter ;

Let Hercules himself do what he may, 300

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*]

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon
him.— [*Exit HORATIO.*]

[*To LAERTES.*] Strengthen your patience in
our last night's speech ;

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your
son.

This grave shall have a living monument :

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir : now let me
see the other ;—

You do remember all the circumstance ?

Hor. Remember it, my lord !

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind
of fighting,

That would not let me sleep : methought, I lay

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.

Rashly,—

And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do pall ; and that should
teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10
Rough-hew them how we will,—

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them ; had my desire ;
Finger'd their packet ; and, in fine, with-
drew

To mine own room again : making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission ; where I found,

Horatio,

O royal knavery ! an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons, 20
Importing Denmark's health, and England's
too,

With, ho ! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is 't possible ?

Ham. Here's the commission : read it at
more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed ?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with
villainies,—

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains, 30
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission ; wrote it fair :
I once did hold it, as our statist's do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning ; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou
know

The effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the
king,—

As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them as the palm should
flourish, 40
As peace should still her wheaten garland
wear,

And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and know of these con-
tents,

Without debatèment further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven
ordinant.

I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which 'was the model of that Danish seal ; 50
Folded the writ up in form of the other ;
Subscrib'd it ; gave 't the impression ; plac'd
it safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the next
day

Was our sea-fight ; and what to this was se-
quent

Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go
to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to
this employment :

They are not near my conscience : their de-
feat

Does by their own insinuation grow.

'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell-incensed points 60
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this !

Ham. Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me
now upon—

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my
mother ;

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes ;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,

And with such cozenage—is't not perfect con-
science,

To quit him with this arm ? and is't not to be
damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil ?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
England,

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short : the interim is
mine ;

And a man's life no more than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,

That to Læertes I forgot myself ;

For, by the image of my cause, I see

The portraiture of his : I'll court his fa-
vours :

But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put
me

Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace ! who comes here ? 80

Enter OSRICK.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back
to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost
know this water-fly ?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious ;

for 't is a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile : let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess : 't is a chough ; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt. 90

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use ; 't is for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold ; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot, for my complexion. 101

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry,—as 't were,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, in good faith ; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes ; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing : indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see. 102

Ham. Sir, his defilement suffers no perdition in you ; though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and it but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sale. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article ; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror ; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more. 122

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir ? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath ?

Osr. Sir ?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue ? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman ? 130

Osr. Of Laertes ?

Hor. His purse is empty already ; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir ; yet, in faith,

if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence ; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon ; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon ?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons : but, well. 140

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses : against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilt, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages ?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers. 150

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides : I would it might be hangers till then. But, on : six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages ; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this imponed, as you call it ?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits : he hath laid on twelve for nine ; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer. 171

Ham. How, if I answer no ?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall : if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me ; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can ; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits. 180

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so ?

Ham. To this effect, sir ; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [Exit OSRICK.]—He does well to commend it himself ; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;

But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd

With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it. Who does it then? His madness. If 't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honour, I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation, Till by some elder masters, of known honour. I have a voice and precedent of peace, To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely; And will this brother's wager frankly play.— Give us the foils.—Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance, Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.— Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord; Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both; But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.—

If Hamlet gives the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better
breath:

And in the cup an union shall he throw, 290
Richer than that which four successive
kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me
the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to
earth,

"Now the king drinks to Hamlet!"—Come,
begin;—

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well:—again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this
pearl is thine; 295

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off
within.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first: set it by
awhile.

Come.—[*They play.*] Another hit; what say
you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord: I pray you, pardon
me.

King. [*Aside.*] It is the poison'd cup! it is
too late. 300

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by-
and-by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. [*Aside.*] And yet it is almost against
my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You
but dally:

I pray you, pass with your best violence.

I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*]

Osr. Nothing, neither way. 305

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling,
they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds
LAERTES.*]

King. Part them! they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The QUEEN falls.*]

Osr. Look to the queen there.—Ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it,
my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own
springe, Osrick;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoonds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O
my dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink: I am poison'd. [*Dies.*]

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be
lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou
art slain: 321

No medicine in the world can do thee good;

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me: lo! here I lie,

Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.

I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point—envenom'd too!

Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the KING.*]

All. Treason! treason! 321

King. O! yet defend me, friends, I am but
hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous,
damm'd Dane,

Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [*KING dies.*]

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;

Mine and my father's death come not upon
thee,

Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it: I
follow thee. 340

I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen,
adieu!—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O! I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st : report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it :

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane :
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man.

Give me the cup : let go ; by Heaven, I'll
have it.---

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live
behind me !

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in
pain,

To tell my story.

[March afar off, and shot within.]

What warlike noise is this ?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest
come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O ! I die, Horatio ;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit :
I cannot live to hear the news from Eng-
land ;

But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras : he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and
less,

Which have solicited.---The rest is silence.

[Dies.]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.---Good
night, sweet prince ;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !---
Why does the drum come hither ?

[March within.]

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors,
and others.*

For. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it ye would see ?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. This quarry cries on havoc.---O
proud death !

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What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck ?

1 *Amb.* The sight is dismal, |

And our affairs from England come too late :
The ears are senseless that should give us
hearing,

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,

Had it the ability of life to thank you :
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from
England,

Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view ;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about : so shall you
hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I
Truly deliver.

For. Let us haste to hear it,

And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune :
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite
me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to
speak,

And from his mouth whose voice will draw
on more :

400

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more
mischance,

On plots and errors, happen.

For.

Let four captains

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally ; and for his
passage,

The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies :---such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

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*[Exeunt, bearing off the bodies ; after which,
a peal of ordnance is shot off.]*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

CICERO,

PUBLIUS,

POPILIUS LENA,

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

*Triumvirs after the
death of Julius Cæsar.*

Senators.

*Conspirators against
Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a Poet.* *Another Poet.*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *Young CATO,*
and VOLUMNIUS, Friends to Brutus and
Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, *Servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—During a great part of the Play, at ROME: afterwards at SARDIS, and near PHILIPPI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of
Citizens.*

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures,
get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art
thou?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy
rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine work-
man, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.¹²

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer
me directly.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may
use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed,
sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou
naughty knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out
with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend
you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend
me, thou saucy fellow?

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with
the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's
matters, nor women's matters, but with all.
I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes;
when they are in great danger, I re-cover them.
As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-
leather, have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop
to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the
streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes,
to get myself into more work. But, indeed,
sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to
rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest
brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than
senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,³⁰
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for
this fault

Assemble all the poor men of your sort: 60
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your
tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol:
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal. 70

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's
wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch:
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Public Place.

*Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR;
ANTONY, for the course: CALPHURNIA,
PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS,
and CASCA; a great Crowd following,
among them a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calphurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs.

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. 110
[*Music.*]

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet
again! [*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on
me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar!—Speak: Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the
ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his
face. 20

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng! look
upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak
once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:
—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and
CASSIUS.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the
course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some
part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 30
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a
hand

Over your friend that loves you.

Bru.

Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my beha-
viours;

But let not therefore my good friends be
griev'd,

(Among which number, Cassius, be you one.)

Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook
your passion ;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath
buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not it-
self,

But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'T is just ?

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have
heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself

For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to
hear :

And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do
fear, the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?

Then must I think you would not have it a

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him
well :—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?

What is it that you would impart to me ?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently :

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you,

Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life ; but for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he :

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap i'n with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the
word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,

And stemming it, with hearts of controversy ;

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,

Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man

Is now become a god ; and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake : 't is true, this god did
shake :

His coward lips did from their colour fly ;

And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,

Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan ;

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the
Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their
books,

Alas ! it cried, "Give me some drink,
Titinius,"

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honours that are heaped on
Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the nar-
row world,

Like a colossus ; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates :

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. 140
Brutus, and Cæsar : what should be in that
Cæsar ?

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours ?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as
well ;

Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with
'em,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art
sham'd !

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble
bloods ! 150

When went there by an age, since the great
flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one
man ?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
Rome,

That her wide walks encompass'd but one
man ?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have
brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king. 160

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing
jealous ;

What you would work me to, I have some
aim ;

How I have thought of this, and of these
times,

I shall recount hereafter : for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high
things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
Brutus had rather be a villager, 171
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from
Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is
returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the
sleeve,

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day. 180

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius !

Ant. Cæsar. 190

Cas. Let me have men about me that are
fat ;

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dan-
gerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dan-
gerous :

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. 'Would he were fatter ! But I fear
him not :

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads
much ; 200

He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no
plays,

As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his
spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at anything.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than them-
selves ;

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd, 210

Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA
stays behind.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak : would
you speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd
to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you
not ?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath
chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered
him ; and, being offered him, he put it by

with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting. 221

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was'the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown? 230

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown:—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swoonded, and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air. 240

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,

And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. 250

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me tope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I

would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues.—And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, “Alas, good soul!”—and forgave him with all their hearts; but there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect? 270

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow? 280

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick metal when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite. 300

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.— [*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, Thy honourable metal may be wrought From that it is dispos'd: therefore, 't is meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes; For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd? 312 Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves.

Brutus:

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein ob-
scurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from oppo-
site sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn,
and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you
Cæsar home ?

Why are you breathless, and why stare you
so ?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the
sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero !
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have
seen

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more won-
derful ?

Casca. A common slave (you know him
well by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and
burn

Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,) 20
Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me : and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they

saw

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,

Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these pro-

digies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons,—they are natural ;"

For, I believe, they are portentous things 31
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :

But men may construe things after their
fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things them-
selves.

Cofnes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-
morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca : this dis-
turbed sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what
night is this !

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace
so ?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so
full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :

And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to
open 50

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much
tempt the heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks
of life,

That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens ;

But if you would consider the true cause, 60
Why all these fires, why all these gliding

ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;

Why old men, fools, and children, calculate ;
Why all these things change from their

ordinance,
Their natures, and performed faculties,

To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these

spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and

warning 70
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol:—
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it
not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: For Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are
dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-
morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger
then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius: so
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of
iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*]

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant
then?

Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Roman's hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is
Rome,

What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak
this

Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a
man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,

And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful
night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes
one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his
gait:
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that?
Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night
is this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange
sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius! if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take
this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw
this

In at his window: set this up with wax,
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall
find us.

Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's
gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will
hie,

And so bestow these papers as you bid me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O! he sits high in all the people's
hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 100
Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great
need of him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go;
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. BRUTUS'S Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I
say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so
soundly.—
When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! What,
Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.
Bru. It must be by his death: and, for
my part, 10
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be
crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's
the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the
adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him!
—that!
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common
proof, 21
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost
round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities; 31
And therefore think him as a serpent's
egg,

Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mis-
chievous
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Giving him a letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me
word.

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thy-
self.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"—
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up. 50

"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it
out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?
What Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make
thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus! 61

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some-
body knocks. [Exit LUCIUS.

Since Cassius first did whet me against
Cæsar, 61

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]
They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,

When evils are most free? O! then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
Conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,
METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your
rest:

Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all
night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man
here

But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this,
Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day
break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O! pardon, sir, it doth; and yon
grey lines,

That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both
deceiv'd,

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward
the north.

He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by
one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of
men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's
abuse,—

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, country-
men,

What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the
word,

And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men
cautelous,

Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes
swear

Such creatures as men doubt; but do not
stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think that, or our cause, or our per-
formance,

Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,

If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound
him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O! let us have him: for his silver
hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our
hands;

Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O! name him not; let us not break with him;

For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar;
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody,
Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him.

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should; for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'T is time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: we'll leave you, Brutus.—

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember

What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;

Let not our looks put on our purposes;

But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:

And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy! Lucius!—fast asleep? It is no matter;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brains of men;

Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por.

Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,

Musing and sighing, with your arms across;

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.

I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;

But, with an angry wafture of your hand,

Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,

Fearing to strengthen that impatience,

Which seem'd too much enkindled; and,

withal,

Hoping it was but an effect of humour,

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;

And, could it work so much upon your shape,

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my

lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours

Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the night,

And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air

To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;

You have some sick offence within your mind,

Which, by the right and virtue of my place,

I ought to know of: and upon my knees

I charm you, by my once commended beauty,

By all your vows of love, and that great

vow

Which did incorporate and make us one,

That you unfold to me, your self, your half,

Why you are heavy, and what men to-night

Have had resort to you; for here have been

Some six or seven, who did hide their faces

Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it expected, I should know no secrets

That appertain to you? Am I yourself

But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;

To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,

Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops

That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,

A woman well reputed,—Cato's daughter.

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,

Being so father'd, and so husbanded?

Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them.

I have made strong proof of my constancy,

Giving myself a voluntary wound

Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,

And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.]

Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;

And by-and-by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the character of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. [Exit PORTIA.]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,

I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you.
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. --The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,

"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!"—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord.

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions

Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well,

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.

We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;—
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.



F. DICKSEE, *Print.*

J. BAUER, *Sculpt.*

CÆSAR AND CALPHURNIA.

Cal. O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

"JULIUS CÆSAR," *Act II., Scene 1.*

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy

Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,

To bear my greeting to the senators,

And tell them that I will not come to-day:

Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;

I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?

Decius, go tell them, Cæsar, will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will; I will not come:

That is enough to satisfy the senate;

But, for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dream'd to-night she saw my statue,

Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

And these does she apply for warnings and portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted:

It was a vision, fair and fortunate.

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood; and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance.

This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now. The senate have concluded

To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar:

If you shall send them word, you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

"Break up the senate till another time,

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,

"Lo! Cæsar is afraid."

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this,

And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIVS, BRUTVS, LIGARIVS, METELLVS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is 't o'clock?

Brv. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Did they prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—[*aside*] and so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Brv. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar;

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have

an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you ; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS." Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, And as a suitor will I give him this. My heart laments that virtue cannot live Out of the teeth of emulation. If thou read this, O Cæsar ! thou may'st live : If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house :

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone. Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side !

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ? 10 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ? And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well, For he went sickly forth : and take good note. What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him. Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well ; I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray, And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow : which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet : I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

Sooth. That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me

I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :

I'll get me to a place more void, and there Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is ! O Brutus ! 40

The heavens' speed thee in thine enterprise !

Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit, That Cæsar will not grant.—O ! I grow faint.—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;

Say, I am merry : come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. The Capitol ; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of People in the street leading to the Capitol ; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

**Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread, At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar ! read mine first ; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly. *

Cæs. What ! is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What ! urge you your petitions in the street ?

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.

All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius ?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to CÆSAR.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cæs. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar : mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd : press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready ? What is now amiss,

That Cæsar and his senate must redress ?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart :— *[Kneeling.]*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools ; I mean sweet words,

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished :

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,

I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear, For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus !

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon : As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me ;

But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks, They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place :

So, in the world ;—'t is furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;

Yet in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion : and, that I am he, Let me a little show it, even in this,

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute ?—Then fall, Cæsar !

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

Brut. People and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition’s debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Brut. Where’s Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar’s
Should chance —

Brut. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer :

There is no harm intended to your person, ⁹⁰
Nor to no Roman else, so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Brut. Do so:—and let no man abide this deed,
But we, the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where’s Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz’d.
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Brut. Fates, we will know your pleasures.—
That we shall die, we know; ’t is but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death. ¹⁰¹

Brut. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :

So are we Caesar’s friends, that have abridg’d
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Caesar’s blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market-
place ;

And, waving our red weapons o’er our heads,
Let’s all cry, “Peace, freedom, and liberty!”

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many
ages hence ¹¹¹

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown !

Brut. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in
sport,

That now on Pompey’s basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust !

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call’d
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What ! shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away :
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his
heels ¹²⁰
With the most boldest and best hearts of
Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brut. Soft ! who comes here ? A friend of
Antony’s.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
kneel ;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And, being prostrate, thus he bad me say :
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving ;
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
Say, I fear’d Caesar, honour’d him, and lov’d
him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony ¹³⁰
May safely come to him, and be resolv’d
How Caesar hath deserv’d to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master
Antony.

Brut. Thy master is a wise and valiant
Roman :

I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour, ¹⁴
Depart untouch’d.

Serv. I’ll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Brut. I know that we shall have him well
to friend.

Cas. I wish we may : but yet have I a
mind,
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Brut. But here comes Antony.—Welcome,
Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so
low ?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs,
spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee
well.— ¹⁵⁰

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar’s death’s hour ; nor no instrument

Of half that worth as those your swords made
rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die : 160
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and
cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have
done :
Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome 170
(As fire drives out fire, so pity pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your
part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony :
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our
hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and re-
verence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any
man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause, 181
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck
him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand ;
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; now yours,
Metellus ;
Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good
Trebolius.
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ? 190
My credit now stands on such slippery
ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit
me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O ! 't is true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy
death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy
blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd,
brave hart ;
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters
stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy
lethe.
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world ! the heart of
thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie ! 210
Cas. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.
Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar
so :
But what compact mean you to have with
us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was,
indeed,
Sway'd from the point by looking down on
Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me rea-
sons, 221
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral. 230
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
[*Aside to Brutus.*] You know not what you
do ; do not consent,
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be
mov'd
By that which he will utter ?
Bru. By your pardon,
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave and by permission ;
 And that we are contented, Cæsar shall 240
 Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall : I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
 And say, you do 't by our permission :
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral. And you shall speak ' 250
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;
 I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. [*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
 (Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby 260
 lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they be-
 hold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of
 war ;

All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, 270
 With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's
 voice,

Cry "Havoc !" and let slip the dogs of war,
 That this foul deed shall smell above the
 earth

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Serpent.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming ; 270

And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
 O Cæsar !

[*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile ;
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this 280
 corse

Into the market-place : there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
 According to the which thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied : let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. . .

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers. . .

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered. 10

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*]

BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended.
 Silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer :—Not that I loved

Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brut. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Brut. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Brut. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's corse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair; We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain: We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them, The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, (For Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men,) Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me: But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man. He hath brought many captives home to

Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man. You all did see, that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious; And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in
his sayings. 110

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the
matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would
not take the crown:

Therefore, 't is certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear
abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire
with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome
than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to
speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar
might 120

Have stood against the world: now lies he
there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius
wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of
Cæsar; 130

I found it in his closet, 't is his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark
Antony. 140

All. The will, the will! we will hear
Cæsar's will

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must
not read it:

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but
men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will enflame you, it will make you mad.

'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it, An-
tony;

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will. 150

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay
awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear
it.

Cit. They were traitors:—honourable
men

All. The will! the testament! 160

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The
will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the
will? 159

Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring: stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from
the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony; most noble
Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far
off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back! 170

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed
them now.

You all do know this mantle! I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on:

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger
through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it, 180

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd
him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua, 190

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar
fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O! now you weep; and I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but
behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you
here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle! 200

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors! villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge!
about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—
let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace, there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him. 210

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me
• not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know
not,

That made them do it: they are wise and
honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know
full well 220

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor
dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I
Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. 231

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear
me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony; most
noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know
not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas! you know not:—I must tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true;—the will: let's stay, and
hear the will. 240

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge
his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his
walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber: he hath left them you, 250
And to your heirs for ever; common
pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any-
thing. [*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art
afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow?

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit
him.

He comes upon a wish: Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of
Rome. 270

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the
people,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to
Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast
with Cæsar,

And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly; you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet; I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius. Away! go!

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in ANTONY'S House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS. *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many then shall die: their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[Exit LEPIDUS.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:

And though we lay these honours on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way; And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will; But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that I do appoint him store of provender.

It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on, His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit. And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so; He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds On abject orts, and imitations, Which, out of use and stal'd by other men, Begin his fashion: do not talk of him, But as a property. And now, Octavius, Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius Are levying powers: we must straight make head:

Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd, Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I
fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Before BRUTUS's Tent, in the
Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS,
and Soldiers. TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet
them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Lucil. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

Lucil. He is at hand : and Pindarus is
come

To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master,
Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone ; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt, 10
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lu-
cilius :

How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy, and with respect
enough ;

But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple
faith ;

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their
mettle ;

But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to
be quarter'd :

The greater part, the horse in general, 20
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark ! he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

1 *Sold.* Stand !

2 *Sold.* Stand !

3 *Sold.* Stand !

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done
me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! wrong I mine
enemies !

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs ; 40

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly : I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from
us,

Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no
man 50

Come to our tent, till we have done our con-
ference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Within the Tent of BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth
appear in this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such
a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his com-
ment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold 11
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak
this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this
corruption,

And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember :

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,

But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours

For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself :

Have mind upon your health ; tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?

Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more : fret, till your proud heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?

Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :

Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ! durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—

For I can raise no money by vile means :

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world :
 Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his
 brother ;
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults
 observ'd,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and coun'd by
 rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O ! I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes.—There is my
 dagger,
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
 him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Brut. Sheathe your dagger :
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be honour.
 O Cassius ! you are yoked with a lamb,
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth
 him ?

Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
 too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me
 your hand.

Brut. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !

Brut. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear
 with me,

When that rash humour, which my mother
 gave me,
 Makes me forgetful ?

Brut. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
 When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave
 you so. *[Noise within.]*

Poet. *[Within.]* Let me go in to see the
 generals :

There is some grudge between 'em ; 't is not
 meet

They be alone.

Lucil. *[Within.]* You shall not come to
 them.

Poet. *[Within.]* Nothing but death shall
 stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS,
 and LUCIUS.*

Cas. How now ? What's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals ! What do
 you mean ?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should
 be ;

For I have seen more years, I am sure, than
 ye.

Cas. Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic
 rhyme !

Brut. Get you hence, sirrah : saucy fellow,
 hence !

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus ; 't is his
 fashion.

Brut. I'll know his humour, when he knows
 his time :

What should the wars do with these jiggling
 fools !—

Companion, hence !

Cas. Away, away ! be gone.
[Exit Poet.]

Brut. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the com-
 manders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring
 Messala with you,

Immediately to us.

[Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

Brut. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

Cas. I did not think, you could have been
 so angry.

Brut. O Cassius ! I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
 If you give place to accidental evils.

Brut. No man bears sorrow better : Portia
 is dead.

Cas. Ha ! Portia ?

Brut. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd
 you so !—

O insupportable and touching loss !—
 Upon what sickness ?

Brut. Impatient of my absence ;
 And grief, that young Octavius with Mark
 Antony

Have made themselves so strong : for with
 her death

That tidings came ;—with this she fell dis-
 tract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so ?

Brut. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods !

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Brut. Speak no more of her.—Give me a
 bowl of wine :—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

[Drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble
pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. 161
[*Drinks.*
Bru. Come in, Titinius. [*Exit LUCIUS.*
Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.
Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone ?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame
tenor. 170
Bru. With what addition ?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of out-
lawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree :
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one ?
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my
lord ! 180
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of
her ?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of
her in yours ?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I
tell :
For certain she is dead, and by strange
manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala :
With meditating that she must die once, 190
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do
you think
Of marching to Philippi presently ?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is.
'T is better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his
soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness. 201
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give
place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;
For they have grudg'd us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and en-
courag'd :
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there, 210
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note
beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day ;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life 220
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it
serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go'on :
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at
Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our
talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?
Cas. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence. 230
Bru. Lucius ! [*Re-enter LUCIUS.*] My
gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]—Farewell,
good Messala :—
Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Everything is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit., Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.*

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
240

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men:
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my
tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and
sleep:

It may be, I shall raise you by-and-by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and
watch your pleasure.
250

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good
sirs:

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for
so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give
it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much
forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or
two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.
260

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy
might:

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep
again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee. *[Music, and a Song.]*

This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous
slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good
night;
270

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake
thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy in-
strument:

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good
night.—

Let me see, let me see:—is not the leaf turn'd
down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[He sits down.]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes
here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some
devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to
stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at
Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi
then.—
[Ghost vanishes.]

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! sirs,
awake!—
280

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his in-
strument.—

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou
so criest out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did
cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see
anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah,
Claudius!
300

[To VARRO.] Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord?

Claud. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your
sleep

Var., Claud. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claud. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother
Cassius:

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var., Claud. It shall be done, my lord.
[Exeunt.]

A C T V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :

You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut ! I am in their bosoms, and I know

Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have
courage ;

But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals :

The enemy comes off in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army : LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Br. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Br. Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Br. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, " Long live ! hail, Cæsar ! "

Cas.

Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant.

Not stingless too.

Br. O ! yes, and soundless too ;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains ! you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself.

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause : if arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look ;

I draw a sword against conspirators :

When think you that the sword goes up again ?—

Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Br. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct.

So I hope,

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Br. O ! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Oct.

Come, Antony ; away !—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

Cas. Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and swim, bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Br. Ho !

Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

Lucil.

My lord? 10

[BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand,
Messala:

Be thou my witness, that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now, I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign 20
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they
perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and
kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly; 30
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still in-
certain,

Let's reason with the worst that may be-
fall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determin'd to do? 40

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not
how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with pa-
tience,

To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome? 45

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou
noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind: but this same day

Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And, whether we shall meet again, I know
not.

Therefore, our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell,
Brutus! 50

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man
might know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho!
away! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give
these bills

Unto the legions on the other side.

[Loud Alarum.
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. Another Part of
the Field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains
fly!

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too
early;

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further
off;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
Titinius;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. *[Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill :

My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[Exit PINDARUS.]

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end :
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pin. *[Above.]* O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;
Yet he spurs on :—now they are almost on him.

Now, Titinius !—now some light :—O ! he lights too :—

He's ta'en : *[Shout.]* and, hark ! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down ; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath :

Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search
this bosom.

Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;

And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art
reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. *[Dies.]*

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have
been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for
Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the
ground ?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my
heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set :

The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds
are done.

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done
this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child !

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of
men

The things that are not ? O error ! soon con-
ceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus ! Where art thou,
Pindarus ?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to
meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[Exit MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?
Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not
hear their shouts ?

Alas ! thou hast misconstrued everything.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow :
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods :—this is a Roman's
part :

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius'
heart.

[Dies.]

Alarum. *Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS,
Young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIVS, and
LUCILIUS.*

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body
lie ?

Mes. Lo, yonder ; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar ! thou art mighty yet :

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius !

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead

Cassius !

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these ?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body :

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come ;—

And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.—

Iabeo, and Flavius, set our battles on :—

'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies ; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O ! yet hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

[*Charges the enemy.*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ; Brutus, my country's friend : know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato ! art thou down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die :

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

[*Offering money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner !

2 Sold. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Lucil. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :

The gods defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe ;

Give him all kindness : I had rather have

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,

And see wher Brutus be alive, or dead ;

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,

How everything is chang'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,

He came not back : he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the word ;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What ! I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then ! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.—

[*Whispers him.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

Cli. O Dardanius !

Dar. O Clitus !

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it
goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Low Alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st, that we two went to school
together;

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on
it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my
lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying
here.

Bru. Farewell to you:—and you;—and you,
Volumnius.---

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would
rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly

Bru.

Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and*
VOLUMNIUS.

I pry thee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in
it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: fare you
well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now
be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum: Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is
thy master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in,
Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank
thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain
them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay; if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow
thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them
all:

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand
up,

And say to all the world, "This was a
man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use
him,

With all respect, and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest; and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*
 ANGELO, *the Deputy.*
 ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord.*
 CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*
 LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*
Two other like Gentlemen.
 Provost.
 THOMAS, } *Two Friars.*
 PETER, }
 A Justice.
 VARRIUS.
 ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*

FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*
 Clown.
 ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
 BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*
 ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*
 MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
 JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*
 FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
 MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a Bawd.*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE—VIENNA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus!

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,

Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse:

Since I am put to know, that your own science

Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice

My strength can give you: then no more remains,

But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them work. The nature of our people,

Our city's institutions, and the terms

For common justice, you're as pregnant in,

As art and practice hath enriched any

That we remember. There is our commission, From which we would not have you warp.—

Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

What figure of us think you he will bear?

For, you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply,

Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,

And given his deputation all the organs
 Of our own power. What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
 There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That, to the observer, doth thy history
 Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches
 do.

Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
 touch'd,

But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,

Both thanks and use. But I do bend my
 speech

To one that can my part in him advertise;

Hold, therefore, Angelo : —

In our remove, be thou at full yourself ;

Mortality and mercy in Vienna

Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,

Though first in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my
metal,

Before so noble and so great a figure

Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :
We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your
honours.

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to
you,

As time and our concernings shall importune,
How goes it with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you
well :

To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your
hand ;

I'll privily away : I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and Aves vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your
purposes

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in
happiness !

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me
leave

To have free speech with you ; and it con-
cerns me

To look into the bottom of my place :

A power I have, but of what strength and
nature

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw
together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes,
come not to composition with the King of
Hungary, why then, all the dukes fall upon
the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not
the King of Hungary's !

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sancti-
monious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten-
Commandments, but scraped one out of the
table.

2 Gent. "Thou shalt not steal ?"

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 't was a commandment, to
command the captain and all the rest from
their functions : they put forth to steal.
There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the
thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the
petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee ; for, I think, thou
never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No ? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What, in metre ?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any
language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay ; why not ? Grace is grace,
despite of all controversy : as for example,
thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of
all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of
shears between us.

Lucio. I grant ; as there may between the
lists and the velvet : thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet : thou art
good velvet : thou art a three-pil'd piece, I
warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an
English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd,
for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly
now ?

Lucio. I think thou dost ; and, indeed,
with most painful feeling of thy speech : I
will, out of thine own confession, learn to
begin thy health ; but, whilst I live, forget to
drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think, I have done myself wrong,
have I not ?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou
art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam
Mitigation comes !

1 Gent. I have purchased as many diseases
under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more. 50

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all. 61

2 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Murry, sir, that's Claudio; Signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 't is so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child. 71

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away: let's go learn the truth of it. *[Exeunt LUCIO and Gentlemen.]*

Bawd. Thus: what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. 82

Enter Clown.

How now? what's the news with you?

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man? 92

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress. 100

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! what shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw. 110

Clo. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's Madam Juliet. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god Authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—

The words of Heaven;—on whom it will, it will:

On whom it will not, so: yet still 't is just.

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: 119

As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane, A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment. — What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is it murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend.—*Lucio*, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*]

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Is lechery so look'd after? 30

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed:

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order: this we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,

Till time had made them for us. But it chances,

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment With character too gross is writ on Juliet. 40

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up, 50

I stagger in,—but this new governor

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him. 60

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service.

This day my sister should the cloister enter,

And there receive her approbation:

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:

I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art, 70

When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer; away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Monastery.

Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought:

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled, than the aims and ends

Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you

How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,

And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,

Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. 10

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo

(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)

My absolute power and place here in Vienna,

And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;

For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,

And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,

You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,

(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds) 20

Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;

Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,

That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,

Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of
birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our
decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you
pleas'd;
And it in you more dreadful would have
seem'd,
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 't was my fault to give the people
scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall
them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be
done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed,
my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike
home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I
pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this
action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce con-
fesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we
see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers
be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further pri-
vileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring
more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint

Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint
Clare.

Lucio. [*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this
place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of
him:

You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak
with men,

But, in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your
face,

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again: I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that
calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those
cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me
ask,

The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
greet's you.

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be
his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true.

I would not, though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to
jest,

Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins
so;

I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking
me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and
truth, 't is thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming
time,

That from the seedness the bare fallow brings

To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
 By vain, though apt, affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O! let him marry her.
Lucio. This is the point.
 The duke is very strangely gone from hence,
 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
 In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn,
 By those that know the very nerves of state,
 His givings-out were of an infinite distance
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
 And with full line of his authority,
 Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He (to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
 As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act.
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,
 To make him an example. All hope is gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo; and that's my pith of business
 'Twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censur'd him
 Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
 A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
 To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power, alas! I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
 Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight,
 No longer staying but to give the mother
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
 Commend me to my brother; soon at night
 I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. —A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
 Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
 Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
 Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
 Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
 Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
 Let but your honour know
 (Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue),
 That, in the working of your own affections,

Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
 Or that the resolute acting of your blood
 Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
 Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
 Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
 And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Escalus,
 Another thing to fall. I not deny,
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
 Guiltier than him they try; what's open
 Made to justice,
 That justice seizes: what know the laws,

That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
 Because we see it; but what we do not see,
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence
 For I have had such faults; but rather tell
 me,
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my
 death,
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must
 die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
 Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
 Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none,
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW and Officers, with FROTH and Clown.

Elb. Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name, and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name: why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parol-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir was, as they say, pluck'd down in the

suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife: who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. [*To ANGELO.*] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence: your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then,—

Escal. Come; you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not. 119

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas.—Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-Hallownd eve.

Clo. Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'t was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit; have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter. 131

Clo. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause, Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit ANGELO.*] Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once. 140

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so. 150

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?—Is this true? 171

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her?—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure? I shall do with this wicked caitiff? 182

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue; now, thou varlet, thou art to continue. 190

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Clo. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last. 200

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well: no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit FROTH.*]—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster? 211

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you. 220

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey. 230

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so. 241

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; [*aside*] but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no, let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together? 251

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft

upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish. 271

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well.

[*Exit ELBOW.*]

What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;

But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so; 281

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.

Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause: he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas! He hath but as offended in a dream: All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her

To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[Exit Servant.]

See you the fornicatress be remov'd:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. God save your honour!

Ang. Stay a little while.—*[To ISAB.]*—

You're welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must;

For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. *[Aside.]* Heaven give thee moving graces

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor
of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

Lucio. *[To ISAB.]* Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.

To him, I say!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might
pardon him,

And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look: what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse

As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd: 't is too late.

Lucio. *[To ISAB.]* You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak
a word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipp'd like him; but he,
like you,

Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your
potency,

And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. *[To ISAB.]* Ay, touch him; there's
the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit
once;

And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new-made!

Ang. Be you content, fair maid,
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden!
Spare him, spare him!

He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our
kitchens

We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve
Heaven

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord,
bethink you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [To *ISAB.*] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead; though
it hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first, that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 't is awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future
evils,

Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show
justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
And do him right, that, answering one foul
wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives
this sentence,

And he that suffers. O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [To *ISAB.*] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be
quiet,

For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing
but thunder. ---

Merciful Heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous
bolt

Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape, ¹²⁰
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
heaven,

As make the angels weep; who, with our
spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [To *ISAB.*] O, to him, to him, wench!

He will relent:

He's coming; I perceive 't.

Prov. [Aside.] Pray Heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with
ourselves:

Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in
them,

But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. [To *ISAB.*] Thou'rt in the right,
girl: more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric
word,

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [To *ISAB.*] Art avis'd o' that? more
on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon
me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like
others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your
bosom;

Knock there, and ask your heart, what it
loth know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his, ¹³⁹
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [Aside.] She speaks, and 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.
Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me.—Come again to-
morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you. Good my
lord, turn back.

Ang. How, bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that Heaven
shall share with you.

Lucio. [To *ISAB.*] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested
gold, ¹⁴⁹

Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [To *ISAB.*] Go to; 't is well: away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [Aside.] Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon. ¹⁶⁰

Isab. 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt LUCIO, ISABELLA, and Provost.*]

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault,
or mine?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!

Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense ¹⁷
Than woman's lightness? Having waste
ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother
live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I
love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't
dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most
dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the
strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.—^aEver, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd
how. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

Enter DUKE, disguised as a Friar, and
Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost; so I think
you are.

Prov. I am the provost. What's your
will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my
bless'd order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may
minister

To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more
were needful.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of
mine, ¹⁰

Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd—a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Enter JULIET.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
[To JULIET.] I have provided for you: stay
awhile,

And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
carry?

Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most
patiently. ²⁰

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrought
you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that
wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offence-
ful act

Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind
than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you
do repent, ³⁰

As that the sin hath brought you to this
shame;

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves,
not Heaven,

Showing, we would not spare Heaven as we
love it,

But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you! Benedicite! [Exit.]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious
love, ⁴⁰

That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in ANGELO's House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I
think and pray

To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty
words,

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth

As if I did but only chew his name,

And in my heart the strong and swelling evil

Of my conception. The state, whereon I
studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown scar'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride, 10
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O
form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser
souls
To thy false seeming!—Blood, thou art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Servant.*
O heavens! 20

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that
swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fond-
ness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught
love 30

Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much
better please me,
Than to demand what 't is. Your brother
cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring.*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may
be,

As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his
reprieve, 40

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were
as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit

Their saucy sweetness, that do coin Heaven's
image

In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means,
To make a false one. 50

Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not
in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then, I shall pose you
quickly:

Which had you rather, that the most just
law

Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem
him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul. Our com-
pell'd sins

Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can
speak 60

Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do 't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul:

It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do 't, at peril of your
soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin, 70
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my
suit,

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are
ignorant,

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing
good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
bright, 79

When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great
place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law, and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your
body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as my-
self :
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as
rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 't were the cheaper way.
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the
sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses : lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a
tyrant ;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord ! it oft falls
out,
To have what we would have, we speak not
what we mean.

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary, but only he,
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view
themselves,
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women !—Help Heaven ! men their creation
mar

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times
frail,

For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well ;

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no
stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be
bold

I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you 'fe
none :

If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants), show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one : gentle my
lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former lan-
guage.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet ; and you
tell me,
That he shall die for 't.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me
love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler that it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha ! little honour to be much
believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose !—Seeming,
seeming !—

I will proclaim thee, Angelo ; look for 't :
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the
world

Aloud what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel ?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the
state,

Will so your accusation outweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein :
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for ; redeem thy
brother

By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-
morrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your
true.

Isab. To whom should I complain ? Did I
tell this,

[*Exit.*

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!
That bear in them one and the selfsame
tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the
blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour, 180

That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother,
die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.
[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

*Enter DUKE, as a Friar, CLAUDIO, and
Provost.*

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from
Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medi-
cine,

But only hope.

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death,
or life,

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus
with life:—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep; a breath
thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences,

That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,

Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art
not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no
means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly
fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains

That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to
get,

And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not
certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,

After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt
poor;

For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou
none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,

The mere effusion of thy proper loins,

Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor
youth, nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,

Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth

Becomes an aged, and doth beg the alms

Of palsied eld: and when thou art old and rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in
this,

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life

Lie hid more thousand deaths, yet death we
fear,

That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die,

And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [Without.] What, ho! Peace here;
grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish
deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with
Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior;
here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where
I may be conceal'd.

[Exit DUKE and Provost.]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are: most good,
most good, indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger :
Therefore, your best appointment make with
speed ;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy ?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a
head

To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any ?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live :

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance ?

Isab. Ay, just ; perpetual durance : a re-
straint,

Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature ?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting
to't,

Would bark your honour from that trunk
you bear,

And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I
quake,

Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame ?

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness ? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother : there my
father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must
lie :

Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted
leputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth
emnew,

As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil ;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
As a pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo ?

Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards ! Dost thou think,
Claudio ?—

If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens ! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this
rank offence,

So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O ! were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death
to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the
nose,

When he would force it ? Sure, it is no sin ;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least ?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so
wise,

Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd ?—O Isabel !

Isab. What says my brother ?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know
not where

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod : and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world ; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling !—'t is too horrible.
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas ! alas !

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast !

O faithless coward ! O dishonest wretch !
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame ? What should
I think ?

Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father
fair ;

For such a warped slip of wilderness

Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance : 140

Die ; perish ! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie !
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd :

'T is best that thou diest quickly. [Going.]

Claud. O hear me, Isabella !

• *Re-enter DUKE.*

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister ;
but one word. 150

Isab. What is your will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure,
I would by-and-by have some speech with
you : the satisfaction I would require, is
likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure : my
stay must be stolen out of other affairs ; but
I will attend you awhile. 155

Duke. [Aside to CLAUDIO.] Son, I have
overheard what hath passed between you and
your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to
corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of
her virtue, to practise his judgment with the
disposition of natures. She, having the
truth of honour in her, hath made him that
gracious denial which he is most glad to
receive : I am confessor to Angelo, and I
know this to be true ; therefore prepare your-
self to death. Do not satisfy your resolution
with hopes that are fallible : to-morrow you
must die. Go ; to your knees, and make
ready. 160

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I
am so out of love with life, that I will sue to
be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there : farewell.

[Exit CLAUDIO.]

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father ?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be
gone. Leave me awhile with the maid : my
mind promises with my habit, no loss shall
touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [Exit.]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair
hath made you good : the goodness that is
cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in good-
ness ; but grace, being the soul of your com-
plexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair.
The assault, that Angelo hath made to you,
fortune hath convey'd to my understanding ;

and, but that frailty hath examples for his
falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How
will you do to content this substitute, and to
save your brother ? 165

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I
had rather my brother die by the law, than
my son should be unlawfully born. But O,
how much is the good duke deceived in
Angelo ! If ever he return, and I can speak
to him, I will open my lips in vain, or dis-
cover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss ; yet,
as the matter now stands, he will avoid your
accusation : he made trial of you only.—
Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings :
to the love I have in doing good a remedy
presents itself. I do make myself believe,
that you may most uprightly do a poor
wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your
brother from the angry law, do no stain to
your own gracious person, and much please
the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall
ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I
have spirit to do anything that appears not
foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never
fearful. Have you not heard speak of Ma-
riana, the sister of Frederick, the great
soldier who miscarried at sea ?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and
words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married ;
was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial
appointed : between which time of the
contract, and limit of the solemnity, her
brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having
in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister.
But mark how heavily this befell to the poor
gentlewoman : there she lost a noble and re-
nowned brother, in his love toward her ever
most kind and natural ; with him the portion
and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry ;
with both, her combinate husband, this well-
seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so ? Did Angelo so
leave her ?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not
one of them with his comfort ; swallowed his
vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of
dishonour : in few, bestowed her on her own
lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake,
and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with
them, but relents not. 201

Isab. What a merit were it in death to
take this poor maid from the world ! What
corruption in this life, that it will let this
man live !—But how out of this can she avail !

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father. 230

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it? 240

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana; at that place call upon me, and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly. 250

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Street before the Prison.

Enter DUKE, as a Friar; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'T was never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worsen allowed by order of law a furr'd

gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing. 11

Elb. Come your way, sir.—'Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah: a bawd, a wicked bawd! 20

The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think

What 't is to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove— 30

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;

Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free! 40

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort: I cry, bail. Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it

sad, and few words, or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she herself is in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it; it must be so: every our fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—'Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt ELBOW, CLOWN, and OFFICERS.*] What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice: that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a coldpiece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women: he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty, and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon:—'t is a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and

soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully ; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice. 151

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me desire you to make your answer before him : if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you ; and, I pray you, your name ? 161

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O ! you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm : you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first : thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no ? 172

Duke. Why should he die, sir ?

Lucio. Why ? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke we talk of were return'd again : this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency ; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd ; he would never bring them to light : 'would he were return'd ! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar ; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it ; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic : say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure scape : back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ? But who comes here ? 191

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go : away with her to prison !

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me ; your honour is accounted a merciful man ; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and

still forfeit in the same kind ? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour. 199

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time : he promised her marriage ; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob ; I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me !

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license :—let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to prison ! Go to ; no more words. [Exit Bawd and Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd ; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation : if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him. 213

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you ?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time : I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See, In special business from his holiness. 220

Escal. What news abroad i' the world ?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of 'it must cure it : novelty is only in request ; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke ? 233

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to ?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which profess'd to make him rejoice : a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation. 243

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determina-

tion of justice ; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die. 250

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty ; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well. 261

Duke. Peace be with you !

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost.*
He who the sword of heaven will bear

Should be as holy as severe ;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking ! 270
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow !
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side !
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things !
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo to-night shall lie 280
His old betrothed, but despised :
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in MARIANA'S House.

MARIANA discovered sitting : a Boy singing.

SONG.

Take, O ! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in rain,
Seal'd in rain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away : 29

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit Boy.*

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir ; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical :
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good : though music oft hath
such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired
for me here to-day ? much upon this time
have I promis'd here to meet. 30

Mari. You have not been inquired after :
I have sat here all day.

Duke. I do constantly believe you.—The
time is come, even now. I shall crave your
forbearance a little : may be, I will call upon
you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy ?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with
brick, 30

Whose western side is with a vineyard
back'd ;

And to that vineyard is a planced gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key ;
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden
leads ;

There have I made my promise upon the
heavy middle of the night to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge
find this way ?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note
upon't :

With whispering and most guilty diligence, 31
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obser-
vance ?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark ;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me ; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.
Duke. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana 50
A word of this.—What, ho ! within ! come forth.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid :
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you !

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure : but make haste ;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside ?

[Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA.]

Duke. O place and greatness ! millions of false eyes 60

Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious
quests

Upon thy doings : thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies !

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome ! How agreed ?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her,
father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother."

Mari. Fear me not. 70

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not
at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract :
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go :
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head ?

Clow. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can ;
but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head,
and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir : leave me your snatches,
and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow
morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine.
Here is in our prison a common executioner,
who in his office lacks a helper : if you will
take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem
you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have
your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance
with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clow. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd,
time out of mind ; but yet I will be content to
be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive
some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, "Abhorson ! Where's
Abhorson, there ?" 20

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir ?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you
to-morrow in your execution. If you think
it meet, compound with him by the year, and
let him abide here with you ; if not, use him
for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot
plead his estimation with you : he hath been
bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir ? Fie upon him ! he will
discredit our mystery. 25

Prov. Go to, sir ; you weigh equally : a
feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.]*

Clow. Pray, sir, by your good favour (for,
surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that
you have a hanging look), do you call, sir,
your occupation a mystery ?

Abhor. Ay, sir ; a mystery.

Clow. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a
mystery ; and your whores, sir, being members
of my occupation, using painting, do prove
my occupation a mystery ; but what mystery
there should be in hanging, if I should be
hang'd, I cannot imagine. 30

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clow. Proof ?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your
thief.

Clow. If it be too little for your thief, your
true man thinks it big enough ; if it be too big
for your thief, your thief thinks it little
enough : so, every true man's apparel fits your
thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:
[*Exeunt Clown and ABHORSON.*
The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go; prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Knocking within.*
CLAUDIO.] By-and-by.—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paral-
lel'd

Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.

He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself, which he spurs on his power

To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.—[*Knocking within.*] Now are they come.

[*Exit Provost.*

This is a gentle provost: seldom, when
The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.

[*Knocking.*

How now? What noise? That spirit's pos-
sessed with haste,

That wounds the unsisting postern with these
strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. There he must stay, until the
officer

Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for
Claudio yet,

But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet, I believe, there
comes

No countermand: no such example have we.
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note;
and by me this further charge, that you
swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither
in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good
morning; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. [*Aside.*] This is his pardon, purchas'd
by such sin,

For which the pardoner himself is in;
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so ex-
tended,

That for the fault's love is the offender
friended.—

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike
thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens
me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks
strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] "Whatsoever you may hear
to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by

four of the clock ; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed ; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."—What say you to this, sir ?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon ?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred ; one that is a prisoner nine years old. 181

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him ? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him : and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent ?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison ? How seems he to be touch'd ? 181

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep ; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come : insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison : give him leave to escape hence, he would not : drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it : it hath not moved him at all. 183

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy : if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me ; but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law, than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy. 183

Prov. Pray, sir, in what ?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack ! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo ? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest. 189

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you : if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O ! death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard ; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death : you know, the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life. 182

Prov. Pardon me, good father : it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy ?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing.

Prov. But what likelihood is in that ? 190

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir ; here is the hand and seal of the duke : you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both. 198

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke : you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor ; perchance, of the duke's death ; perchance, entering into some monastery ; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head : I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away ; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Clown.

Cl. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession : one would think, it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for

here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Master Rash ; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money : marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier-and-dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabl'd Pots, and, I think, forty more ; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither. ²⁰
Clo. Master Barnardine ? you must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine !

Bar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats ! Who makes that noise there ? What are you ?

Clo. Your friends, sir ; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put ²⁵ to death.

Bar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away ! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too. ³⁰

Clo. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming : I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah ?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Bar. How now, Abhorson ! what 's the news with you ? ⁴⁰

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers ; for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night : I am not fitted for 't.

Clo. O, the better, sir ; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir ; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you ?

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and

hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I : I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that 's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must ; and, therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion. ⁵⁰

Duke. But hear you,—

Bar. Not a word : if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward ; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die. O gravel heart !

After him, fellows : bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.*]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner ?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death ;

And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever ⁷⁰ One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years ; his beard and head Just of his colour. What if we do omit This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd, And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio ?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that Heaven provides !

Despatch it presently : the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done, And sent according to command, whiles I ⁸⁰ Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon ; And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive ?

Duke. Let this be done,— Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio :

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To yonder generation, you shall find Your safety manifested. ⁹⁰

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch.

And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,
(The provost, he shall bear them) whose contents

Shall witness to him, I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly : him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city ; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form, 100
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here !

Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither ;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair, 110
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho ! by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world.

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other : show your wisdom, laughter,
In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes ! 120

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio ! Wretched Isabel !
Injurious world ! Most damned Angelo !

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot :

Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to Heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity.

The duke comes home to-morrow ;—nay, dry your eyes :

One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance : already he hath carried 130

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can.

"pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go ;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you. °

Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give ;
'T is that he sent me of the duke's return ;
Say, by this token, I desire his company 140
At Mariana's house to-night. ° Her cause, and yours,

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke ; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,

I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart : trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here ?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where is the provost ? 150

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red : thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare not for my head fill my belly : one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother : if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit ISABELLA.*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports ; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do : he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry ; I'll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true ; if not true, none were enough. 170

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing ?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I ; but I was fain

to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well. 178

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in ANGELO'S HOUSE.

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:

Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house.

Give notice to such men of sort and suit, As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Ang. Good night.— 20

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid,

And by an eminent body, that enforce'd The law against it!—But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no:

For my authority bears a credent bulk, That no particular scandal once can touch, But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, 20

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,

By so receiving a dishonour'd life

With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!

Alack! when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—Fields without the Town.

Enter DUKE, in his own habit, and Friar PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [*Giving letters.*]

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to your special drift, Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,

As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,

And tell him where I stay: give the like notice

To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;

But send me Flavius first.

Fri. Pet. It shall be speeded well. 20 [*Exit.*]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.

Come, we will walk: there's other of our friends

Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath: I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it, He says, to 'vailful purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure

He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic,

That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

Fri. Pet. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit, 20

Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded :
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering : therefore hence, away.
[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Public Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA (*veiled*), ISABELLA, and PETER, *at a distance*. Enter DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers and Citizens, *at several doors*.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met :—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace !

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks, Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O ! your desert speaks loud ; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 10
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus ;
You must walk by us on our other hand,
And good supporters are you.

Friar PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

Fri. Pet. Now is your time. Speak loud,
and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke ! Vail your regard 20
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a
maid !

O worthy prince ! dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

Duke. Relate your wrongs : in what ? by
whom ? Be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice :
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy duke !
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.

Hear me yourself ; for that which I must
speak 30

Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O,
hear me, here

Ang. My lord ! her wits, I fear me, are
not firm :

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice !

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and
strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will
I speak.

That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange ?

That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange ?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,

Is it not strange, and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange ;
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her.—Poor soul !
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou
believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not
impossible 51

That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not im-
possible,

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as
absolute,

As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince :
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other, 60
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke !
Harp not on that ; nor do not banish reason.

For inequality ; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems
hid,

And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more, lack of reason.—What
would you say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother ; one Lucio
As then the messenger—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace.
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune, with Lord
Angelo,

For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord ;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then :
Pray you, take note of it ; and, when you
have

A business for yourself, pray, Heaven, you
then

Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself : take
heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my
tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right ; but you are in the
wrong

To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it ;

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again : the matter ;—pro-
ceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process
by,

How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I replied ;
(For this was of much length) the vile con-
clusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother ; and, after much debate-
ment,

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn
betimes,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely !

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true !

Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch ! thou
know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish ; next, it imports no
reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself : if he had so
offended,

He would have weigh'd thy brother by him-
self,

And not have cut him off. Some one hath
set you on :

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all ?

Then, O ! you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience ; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance !—Heaven shield your grace
from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go !

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone.—An
officer !

To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us ? This needs must be a
practice.

Who knew of your intent, and coming hither ?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar
Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who
knows that Lodowick ?

Lucio. My lord, I know him : 'tis a
meddling friar ;

I do not like the man : had he been lay, my
lord,

For, certain words he spake against your
grace

In your retirement, I had swing'd him
soundly.

Duke. Words against me ? This' a good
friar, belike !

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute !—Let this friar be
found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and
that friar,

I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. Pet. Blessed be your royal grace !
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this
woman

Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute, 140
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick, that she
speaks of?

Fri. Pet. I know him for a man divine
and holy;

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously: be-
lieve it.

Fri. Pet. Well; he in time may come to
clear himself, 150

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was com-
plaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,
'To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth
know

Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convicted. First, for this
woman,

To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd, 160
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
'Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[*ISABELLA is carried off guarded; and
MARIANA comes forward.*]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness,
friar?

First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not show
my face,

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married? 170

Mari. No, my lord

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord,

Duke. Why, you

Are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor
wife.

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for
many of them are neither maid, widow, nor
wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he
had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was
married; 180

And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband, yet my husband
knows not

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord: it
can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would
thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord. 190
She that accuses him of fornication,
In selfsame manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is
Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew
my body,

But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's. 200

Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let's see
thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will
unmask. [Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once, thou swor'st, was worth 'the
looking on:

This is the hand, which, with a vow'd con-
tract,

Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more. 210

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know
this woman;

And five years since there was some speech of
marriage

Betwixt myself and her, which was broke
off,

Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard
from her,

Upon my faith and honour.



Drawn by J. M'L. RALSTON.

Engraved by J. D. COOPER.

MARIANA AND ANGELO.

Mariana. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

Mari. Noble prince, 220
As there comes light from heaven, and words
from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my
good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-
house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of
justice; 230
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier
member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious
woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou,
thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each par-
ticular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and
credit, 240
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, Lord
Escalus,
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Fri. Pet. 'Would he were here, my lord;
for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he
abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit Provost.*]
And you, my noble and well-warranted
cousin, 251
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best.
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave
you;

But stir not you, till you have well determin'd
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.
[*Exit DUKE.*]—Signior Lucio, did not you
say, you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a
dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:*

honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and
one that hath spoke most villainous speeches
of the duke. 255

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here
till he come, and enforce them against him.
We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once
again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an
Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me
leave to question; you shall see how I'll
handle her. 270

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own
report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled
her privately, she would sooner confess: per-
chance, publicly she'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are
light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA.

Escal. [*To ISAB.*] Come on, mistress.
Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you
have said. 280

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I
spoke of; here, with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you
to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

*Enter DUKE, disguised as a Friar, and
Provost.*

Escal. Come, sir. Did you set these
women on to slander Lord Angelo? they
have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'T is false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and
let the devil 290
Be sometime honour'd for his burning
throne.—

Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me
speak.

Escal. The duke's in us, and we will hear
you speak:

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least.—But, O,
poor souls!

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke
gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The duke's
unjust,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse. 305

Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,

And in the witness of his proper ear,

To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself,

To tax him with injustice!—Take him hence;

To the rack with him;—we'll touse you joint by joint,

But we will know his purpose.—What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he

Dare rack his own: his subject am I not, Nor here provincial. My business in this state

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,

Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O! did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd

withal:—Away with him to prison. Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough upon him, let him speak no more.—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hand on the DUKE.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; fol! sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal!

you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour,

Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the DUKE.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—[*To LUCIO.*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you

Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To ESCAL.*] What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.

We'll borrow place of him.—[*To ANG.*] Sir, by your leave:

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,

Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord! I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernable, When I perceive your grace, like power divine,

Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession:

Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—

Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt ANGELO, MARIANA, Friar PETER, and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel. Your friar is now your prince: as I was then

Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your
heart;

And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not
rather

Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid:
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with
him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. Make it your
comfort,

So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

*Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, Friar PETER,
and Provost.*

Duke. For this new-married man, ap-
proaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But, as he adjudg'd
your brother,

(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers
leisure,

Like doth quit like, and Measure still for
Measure.

Then, Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,—
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies
thee vantage,—

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with
like haste,—

Away with him.

Mari. O my most gracious lord!
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with
a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your
life,

And choke your good to come. For his pos-
sessions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord!
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him: we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labour.

Away with him to death.—[*To LUCIO.*]

Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord!—Sweet Isabel,
take my part:

Lend me your knees, and all my life to
come

I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune
her:

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would
break,

And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak
all.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the
better

For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir,
[*Kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:

For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no
subjects,

Intent but merely thoughts.

Mari. Morely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up,
I say.—

I have bethought me of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the
deed?

Prov. No, my good lord: it was by private
message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of
your office :
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me, after more advice ;
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by
Claudio.—

Go fetch him hither : let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so
wise

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of
blood,

And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I
procure ;

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy :
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO,
muffled, and JULIET.*

Duke. Which is that Barnardine ?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this
man.—

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt
condemned ;

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him :
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled
fellow's that ?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his
head,

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles CLAUDIO.*]

Duke. [*To ISAB.*] If he be like your
brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd ; and for your lovely sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe :
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well :

Look that you love your wife ; her worth,
worth yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.—
[*To LUCIO.*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a
fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman :
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but ac-
cording to the trick. If you will hang me for
it, you may ; but I had rather it would please
you, I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd
after.—

Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I have heard him swear himself there's
one

Whom he begot with child), let her appear,
And he shall marry her : the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not
marry me to a whore ! Your highness said
even now, I made you a duke : good my lord,
do not recompense me in making me a
cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry
her.

Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to
prison,

And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is press-
ing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you
restore.

Joy to you, Mariana !—love her, Angelo :
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much
goodness :

There's more behind that is more grateful.
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy ;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's :

The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
have a motion much imports your good ;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is
mine.—

So, bring us to our palace ; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should
know.

[*Exeunt.*]

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a Senator.

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.

CASSIO, his Lieutenant.

IAGO, his Ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.

MONTANO, Governor of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.

EMILIA, Wife to Iago.

BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messengers, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE—For the First Act, in VENICE; during the rest of the Play, at a sea-port in CYPRUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know
• of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me :
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou'ldst me, thou didst hold him
in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great
ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price: I am worth no worse a
place; 11

But he, as loving his own pride and pur-
poses,

Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,

Nonsuits my mediators; for, "Certes," says
he,

"I have already chose my officer."

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish
theoric,

Wherein the tongued consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without
practice,

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the
election:

And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the
proof

At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christen'd and heathen,—must be be-lee'd
and calm'd 20

By debtor-and-creditor; this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's
ancient.

Rod. By Heaven, I rather would have been
his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy: 't is the curse
of service,

Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each se-
cond

Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge
yourself,

Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then. 40

Iago. O, sir, content you :
I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's
ass,

For nought but provender; and when he's old,
cashier'd:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there
are,

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on them-
selves,

And, throwing but shows of service on their
lords,

Do well thrive by them, and, when they have
lin'd their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have
some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and
duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end:

For when my outward action doth demon-
strate

The native act and figure of my heart
In complement extern, 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-
lips owe,

If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father;
Rouse him: make after him, poison his de-
light,

Proclaim him in the streets: incense her kins-
men,

And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be
joy,

Yet throw such chances of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house: I'll call
aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and
lure yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Bra-
bantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio!
thieves! thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your
bags!

Thieves! thieves!

Enter BRABANTIO, above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible
summons?

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir! you are robb'd; for
shame, put on your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your
soul:

Even now, now, very now, an old black
ram

Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What! have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know
my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome:

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my
doors.

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in
madness,

Being full of supper and distempering
laughts,

Upon malicious knavery dost thou come

To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing?
this is Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir! you are one of those
that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.
Because we come to do you service, and you
think we are ruffians, you'll have your
daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll
have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have
coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you,
your daughter and the Moor are now making
the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee,
Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs ;

But if you know not this, my manners tell me, 130

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence :

Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself :

If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state 140
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !
Give me a taper !—call up all my people !—
This accident is not unlike my dream ;
Belief of it oppresses me already.—

Light, I say ! light ! [Exit from above.]

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you :
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor : for, I do know, the state
(However this may gall him with some check)

Cannot with safety cast him ; for he's embark'd 150

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars
(Which even now stands in act), that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business : in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ; 150
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[Exit.]

Enter, below, BRABANTIO and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;

And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ?—O unhappy girl !—

With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a father ?—

How didst thou know 't was she ?—O ! she deceives me

Past thought.—What said she to you ?—
Get more tapers !

Raise all my kindred !—Are they married, think you ?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O Heaven !—How got she out ?—O, treason of the blood !— 170

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds

By what you see them act.—Is there not charms,

By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd ? Have you not read,

Roderigo,
Of some such thing ?

Rod. Yes, sir ; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her !—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor ?

Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you please

To get good guard, and go along with me. 180

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house
I'll call ;

I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho !
And raise some special officers of might.—

On, good Roderigo ;—I'll deserve your pains.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants, with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder : I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times

I had thought to have yerk'd him here, under the ribs.

Oth. 'T is better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,

That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you,
sir, 190

Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance,
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to
know,

(Which, when I know that boasting is an
honour,

I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights
come yond?

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his
friends:

You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO and certain Officers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my
lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appear-
ance,

Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may
divine.

It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been
hotly call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several
quests,

To search you out.

Oth. 'T is well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. *[Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a
land-carack:

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you
go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for
you.

Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advis'd:
He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers,
with torches and weapons.*

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for
you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the
dew will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with
years,

Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou
stow'd my daughter?—

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to de-
light.

Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul
charms;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or
minerals,

That weaken motion.—I'll have 't disputed on;
'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him! if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
'Were it my cue to fight, I should have known
it

Without a prompter.—Where will you that I
go

To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison ; till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state, 50
To bring me to him ?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior :
'The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the duke in council !
In this time of the night !—Bring him away.
Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their
own ;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen
be. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Council
Chamber.

*The DUKE, and Senators. sitting at a table ;
Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition in these
news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd :
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred :
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all con-
firm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judg-
ment.

I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [Within.] What, ho ! what, ho !
what, ho !

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now, what's the business ?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for
Rhodes :

So was I bid report here to the state,
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change ?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason : 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider

The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk ; 20
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than
Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in :—if we make
thought of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain, 30
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
Rhodes.

1 Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and
gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of
Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought.—How many, as
you guess ?

Mess. Of thirty sail ; and now do they re-
stem

Their backward course, bearing with frank
appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior
Montano, 40

Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town ?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him : post-post-
haste despatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the
valiant Moor.

10 *Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight
employ you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.— 50
[To BRABANTIO.] I did not see you ; welcome,
gentle signior ;

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-
night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace,
pardon me ;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of
business,

Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the
general care

Take hold on me, for my particular grief

Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;

For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. [To OTHELLO.] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;

For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd

Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;

And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,) I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she—in spite of nature,

Of years, of country, credit, everything—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess, perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven

To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again,

That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof:
Without more wider and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;

Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.—

[*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent-deadly breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,

And portance in my traveller's history ;
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the pro-
cess ;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to
hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house-affairs would draw her
hence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observ-
ing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good
means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being
done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange, 't was
passing strange ;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :
She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she
wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man : she
thank'd me ;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake.
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd :
Here comes the lady ; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my
daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best :
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you, hear her speak :
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle
mistress :
Do you perceive in all this noble company, 180
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you I am bound for life and education ;
My life and education, both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty ;
I am hitherto your daughter : but here's my
husband ;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you !—I have
done.—

Please it your grace, on to the state affairs :
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my
heart

I would keep from thee.—For your sake,
jewel,

I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my
lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay
a sentence,

Which, as a grise, or step, may help these
lovers

Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes
depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on :
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from
the thief :

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile :
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing
bears

But the free comfort which from thence he
hears ;

But he bears both the sentence and the
sorrow,

That, to pay grief, must of poor patience
borrow.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
But words are words ; I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through
the ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs
of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty pre-

paration makes for Cyprus. — Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must, therefore, be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do aguish,
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your
state,

I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why; at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
him,

My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's sub-
dued

Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for why I love him are bereft
me,

And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voice.

Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it
not,

To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my defunct and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you
think

I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd
toys

Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instrument,
That my disports corrupt and taint my busi-
ness,

Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately de-
termine,

Either for her stay, or going. The affair
cries haste,

And speed must answer it.

1 Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll
meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace
shall think

To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—[*To BRABANTIO.*]
And, noble signior,

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona
well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes
to see:

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith!—Honest
Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*]

Rod. Iago!

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love
thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is
a torment; and then have we a prescription
to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O, villainous! I have look'd upon
the world for four times seven years, and

since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guineahen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect, or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

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Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness: I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore, put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore, make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in

compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

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Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. * Traverse; go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

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Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

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Iago. Go to; farewell! put money enough in your purse. [*Exit RODERIGO.*]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;

Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;

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The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
In double knavery,—How, how?—Let's see:—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,

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And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.—

have 't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.
A Platform.

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern
at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought
flood;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud
at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on
them,

Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear
of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore, 'n
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and
monstrous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are
drown'd;

It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lads! our wars are done. 'n
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the
Turks,

That their designment halts: a noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronessa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on 't; 't is a worthy
governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio, though he
speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were
parted

With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heavens he be;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this war-
like isle,
That so approve the Moor.—O! let the
heavens

Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his
pilot

Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, 'n
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise?

Mess. The town is empty; on the brow o'
the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "A sail!"

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the
governor. [*Guns heard.*]

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of
courtesy;
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a
maid

That paragon's description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

2 Gent. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the
general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and
happy speed:

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling
winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to enclog the guiltless
keel,

As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great cap-
tain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the old Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove! Othello
guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful
breath,

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Attendants.*

O, behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I
aught

But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O! but I fear—How lost you com-
pany?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and
skies

Parted our fellowship. But, hark! a sail.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail! [*Guns heard.*]

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the
citadel:

This likewise is a friend.

**Cas.* See for the news!—

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome.—[*To EMILIA.*]

Welcome, mistress.—

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners: 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of
her lips,

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures
out of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your
kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives
in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if
thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on; assay.—There's one gone
to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my
invention

Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from
frize;

'T plucks out brains and all: but my Muse
labours,

And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How, if she be black
and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a
wit,

She'll find a white that shall her blackness
fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was
fair;

For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i' the ale-house. What miserable
praise hast thou for her that's foul and
foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish
thereunto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones
do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou
bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one,
that, in the authority of her merit, did justly
put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, "Now I may;"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head, for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind:
She was a wight,—if ever such wights were,—
Des. To do what?
Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 't is so, indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed, an excellent courtesy! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*A trumpet heard.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'T is truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,

My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough to this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
[*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*Aside.*] O! you are well
tun'd now;

But I'll set down the pegs that make this
music,

As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends: our wars are done, the Turks
are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well-desir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pry thee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.

Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desde-
mona,

Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the
harbour.—Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,
—as they say, base men being in love have
then a nobility in their natures more than is
native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-
night watches on the court of guard.—First,
I must tell thee this,—Desdemona is directly
in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 't is not possible!

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul
be instructed. Mark me with what violence
she first loved the Moor, but for bragging,
and telling her fantastical lies; and will she
love him still for prating? let not thy discreet
heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and
what delight shall she have to look on the
devil? When the blood is made dull with
the act of sport, there should be, again to in-
flame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,
loveliness in favour, sympathy in years,
manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is
defective in. Now, for the want of these
required conveniences, her delicate tenderness
will find itself abused, begin to heave the

gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position), who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden-loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder-out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave: and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her, she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index, and obscure prologue to the history of just and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in cholera, and, haply, may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by-and-by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit:

The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;

And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona

A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;

Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,

I stand accountant for as great a sin,)

But partly led to diet my revenge,

For that I do suspect the lusty Moor

Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof

Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;

And nothing can, or shall, content my soul, Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;

Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor

At least into a jealousy so strong

That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on,—

I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;

Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb;—

For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;—

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,

For making him egregiously an ass,

And practising upon his peace and quiet,

Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confessed:

Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; people following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open;

and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus; and our noble general, Othello! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow, with your earliest,

Let me have speech with you.—[To DESDEMONA.] Come, my dear love:

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—

Good night. [Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O! they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do 't; but it dislikes me. [Exit.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch.

Three lads of Cyprus—noble, swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements of this warlike isle—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—But here they come.

If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[Sings.] And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

O, man's life's but a span;

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought in.]

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility,
your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to
overthrow your Almain; he gives your
Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can
be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do
you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor—down.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down,

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song
than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy
of his place, that does those things.—Well,
Heaven's above all; and there be souls
must be saved, and there be souls must not
be saved.

Iago. It is true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to
the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope
to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay; but, by your leave, not before
me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the
ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's
to our affairs.—God forgive us our sins!—
Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do
not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is
my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this
is my left hand.—I am not drunk now; I
can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then; you must not
think then, that I am drunk. *[Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters: come,
let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone
before:

He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction; and do but see his vice.
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 't is pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'T is evermore the prologue to his

He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,

The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. *[Aside to him.]* How now, Roderigo?
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[Exit RODERIGO.]

Mon. And 't is great pity, that the noble
Moor

Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:

It were an honest action to say

So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what
noise?

[Cry within: "Help! help!"

Re-enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[Striking RODERIGO.]

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;

[Staying him.]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come; you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! *[They fight.]*

Iago. *[Aside to RODERIGO.]* Away, I say!
go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[Exit RODERIGO.]

Nay! good lieutenant,—God's will, gentle-
men!

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—
sir;

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch,
indeed!

Who's that which rings the bell?—*Diablo,*
ho!

The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant,
hold!

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still: I am hurt to the
death.—He dies!

Oth. Hold, for your lives !

Iago. Hold, ho ! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen !—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?
Hold ! the general speaks to you : hold, for shame !

Oth. Why, how now, ho ! from whence ariseth this ?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that,
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell ! it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter,
masters ?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know :—friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed ; and then, but now,
(As if some planet, had unwitting men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
And would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs, that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How came it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure : what's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger :
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now
offends me,—

Of all that I do know ; nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on ;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a
birth,

Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of
safety !

'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began it ?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near :
I had rather have this tongue cut from my
mouth,

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow, crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determin'd
sword

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause :
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright : he, swift of
foot,

Outran my purpose ; and I return'd, the
rather.

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back
(For this was brief), I found them close to-
gether,

At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report :—
But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them
best,

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love
thee ;

But never more be officer of mine.—

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up !—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter ?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting ; come away
to bed.—

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—

Lead him off.— [MONTANO is led off.]

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—

Come, Desdemona; 't is the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay; past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation!
O! I have lost my reputation. I have lost
the immortal part of myself, and what re-
mains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my
reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought
you had received some bodily wound; there
is more sense in that than in reputation.
Reputation is an idle and most false imposi-
tion; oft got without merit, and lost without
deserving: you have lost no reputation at
all, unless you repute yourself such a loser.
What, man! there are ways to recover the
general again: you are but now cast in his
mood, a punishment more in policy than in
malice; even so as one would beat his offence-
less dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue
to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than
to deceive so good a commander with so
slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer.
Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble?
swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with
one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit
of wine! if thou hast no name to be known
by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with
your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but
nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing
wherefore.—O God! that men should put an
enemy in their mouths, to steal away their
brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance,
revel, and applause, transform ourselves into
beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough:
how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness,
to give place to the devil wrath: one un-
perfectness shows me another, to make me
frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler.
As the time, the place, and the condition of

this country stands, I could heartily wish this
had not befallen; but, since it is as it is,
mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again:
he shall tell me, I am a drunkard. Had I
as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer
would stop them all. To be now a sensible
man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast!
O, strange!—Every inordinate cup is un-
blessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good
familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim
no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I
think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be
drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what
you shall do. Our general's wife is now the
general:—I may say so in this respect, for that
he hath devoted and given up himself to the
contemplation, mark, and denotement of her
parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to-
her; importune her; she'll help to put you
in your place again. She is of so free, so
kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she
holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more
than she is requested. This broken joint,
between you and her husband, entreat her to
splinter; and my fortunes against any lay
worth naming, this crack of your love shall
grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love,
and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the
morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desde-
mona to undertake for me. I am desperate
of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night,
lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit.]

Iago. And what's he then, that says I play
the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy,
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his
baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetted to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a
villain,

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,

Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now; for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like
a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the
cry. My money is almost spent: I have been
to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I
think, the issue will be, I shall have so much
experience for my pains; and so, with no
money at all, and a little more wit, return
again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not
patience!

What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by
witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten
thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd
Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the
sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 't is
morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem
short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more here-
after:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit RODERIGO.*] Two
things are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—ay, that's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content
your pains:
Something that's brief; and bid, "Good
morrow, general." [*Music.*]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments
been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose
thus?

1 Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind-
instruments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O! thereby hangs a tail. 10

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument
that I know. But, masters, here's money
for you; and the general so likes your music,
that he desires you, for love's sake, to make
no more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not
be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to
hear music the general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir. 20

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag,
for I'll away. Go; vanish into air, away!

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I
hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets.
There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the
gentlewoman that attends the general's wife
be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio en-
treats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou
do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir
hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. 30

Cas. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor 40

Out of the way, that your converse and business

May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. [*Exit IAGO.*]
I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry

For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.

The general and his wife are talking of it, And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus, And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings, To take the safest occasion by the front, To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,— If you think fit, or that it may be done,— Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in: I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot, And by him do my duties to the senate: That done, I will be walking on the works; Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord; I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Garden of the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it, grieves my husband, As if the cause were his.

Des. O! that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. I know't: I thank you. You do love my lord;

You have known him long: and be you well assur'd,

He shall in strangeness stand no further off Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,

That policy may either last so long, Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,

Or breed itself so out of circumstance, That, I being absent, and my place supplied, My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that: before Emilia here,

I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it To the last article: my lord shall never rest;

I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift:

I'll intermingle everything he does With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio;

For thy solicitor shall rather die, Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,

Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like, Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe't was he.

Des. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here, A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
 If I have any grace, or power to move you,
 His present reconciliation take;
 For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
 That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning, so
 I have no judgment in an honest face.
 I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
 That he hath left part of his grief with me,
 To suffer with him. Good love, call him
 back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some
 other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home
 I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or
 Tuesday morn;
 On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday
 morn:
 I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not
 Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
 And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
 (Save that, they say, the wars must make
 examples
 Out of her best,) is not almost a fault
 To incur a private check. When shall he
 come?
 Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
 What you could ask me that I should deny,
 Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael
 Cassio, 71
 That came a-wooing with you, and so many a
 time,
 When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
 Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
 To bring him in! Trust me, I could do
 much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come
 when he will;
 I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your
 gloves,
 Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you
 warm,
 Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit so
 To your own person: nay, when I have a
 suit
 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
 It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
 And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
 Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
 To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no. Farewell, my
 lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come
 to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies
 teach you;
 Whate'er you be, I am obedient. 80
 [Exit, with EMILIA.
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch
 my soul,
 But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd
 my lady,
 Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost
 thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
 No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think, he had been ac-
 quainted with her. 100
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou
 aught in that?
 Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest! ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!
 By Heaven, he echoes me,
 As if there were some monster in his thought
 Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean
 something.
 I heard thee say even now,—thou lik'dst not
 that, 110
 When Cassio left my wife: what didst not
 like?
 And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel
 in my whole course of wooing, thou criest,
 "Indeed?"
 And didst contract and purse thy brow to-
 gether,
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
 Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou dost;
 And,—for I know thou art full of love and
 honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st
them breath,—

Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the
more :

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that's
just,

They're close delations, working from the
heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem
none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they
seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an
honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this.
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst
of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me :
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile
and false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so
pure,

But, some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
Iago ;

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st
his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,)—that your
wisdom yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice ; nor build yourself a
trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean ?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear
my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls :

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 't is some-
thing, nothing ;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to
thousands ;

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By Heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in
your hand ;

Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. O ! beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on : that cuckold lives in
bliss,

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his
wronger ;

But, O ! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet soundly
loves !

Oth. O misery !

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich
enough ;

But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—
Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in
doubt,

Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a
goat,

When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make
me jealous,

To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves
company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances
well ;

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago* ;
I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt,
prove ;

And, on the proof, there is no more but
this,—

Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of it : for now I shall
have reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit : therefore, as I am
bound,

Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof

Look to your wife ; observe her well with
Cassio ;

Wear your eye thus, not jealous, nor secure :
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to't. 201
I know our country disposition well :

In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands ; their
best conscience

Is, not to leave't undone, but keep't un-
known.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying
you ;

And, when she seem'd to shake and fear your
looks,

She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;
She that so young could give out such a
seeming, 210

To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 't was witchcraft :—but I am
much to blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your
spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider what is spoke

Comes from my love.—But, I do see you're
mov'd :

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech

To grosser issues, nor to larger reach, 220

Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,

My speech should fall into such vile success

As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my
worthy friend—

My lord, I see you're mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd.—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you
to think so

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from
itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point :—as,—to be
bold with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches, 230

Of her own cline, complexion, and degree,

Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :

Foh ! one may smell, in such, a will most
rank,

Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—

But pardon me ; I do not in position

Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, happily, repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know
more ;

Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, *Iago.* 240

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry ?—This honest
creature, doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he
unfolds.

Iago. [*Returning.*] My lord, I would I
might entreat your honour

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time.

Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,

(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)

Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,

You shall by that perceive him and his
means : 250

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment

With any strong or vehement importunity ;

Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears

(As worthy cause I have to fear I am),

And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned
spirit, 260

Of human dealings ; if I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-

strings,

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the
wind,

To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,

And have not those soft parts of conversation

That chamberers have ; or, for I am declin'd

Into the vale of years ;—yet that's not much :

She's gone, I am abus'd ; and my relief

Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage !

That we can call these delicate creatures
ours, 270

And not their appetites. I had rather be a
toad,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,

Than keep a corner in the thing I love

For others' uses. Yet, 't is the plague of
great ones ;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base ;

'T is destiny unshunnable, like death :

Even then this forked plague is fated to us,

When we do quicken. Look, where she
comes.

If she be false, O ! then heaven mocks itself.

I'll not believe it.

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Des. How now, my dear Othello? 280
Your dinner and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. 'Faith, that's with watching; 't will
away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well;

Oth. Your napkin is too little;
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not
well. 290

[Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin.
This was her first remembrance from the
Moor:

My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the
token,

(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her,

To kiss, and talk too. I'll have the work
ta'en out,

And give 't Iago:

What he will do with it, Heaven knows,
not I;

I nothing, but to please his fantasy. 300

Re-enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing
for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common
thing—

Emil. Ha?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O! is that all? What will you give
me now

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal. 310

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?

Emil. No, 'faith: she let it drop by negli-
gence;

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't
up.

Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you
have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[Snatching it.]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of im-
port,

Give 't me again: poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't; I have use
for it. 220

Go, leave me. *[Exit EMILIA.]*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,

And let him find it: trifles, light as air,

Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do some-
thing.

The Moor already changes with my poison:

Dangerous conceits are in their natures
poisons,

Which at the first are scarce found to dis-
taste;

But, with a little act upon the blood,

Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say
so:— 320

Look, where he comes!

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep

Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of
that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me
on the rack.

I swear, 't is better to be much abus'd,

Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours
of lust?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not
me: 340

I slept the next night well, fed well, was free
and merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd
at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general
camp,

Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known. O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell con-
tent! 340

Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill
trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
war!

And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counter-
feit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore;

Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture
me,

Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth
amaz'd:

For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched
fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note,
O world!

To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such
offence.

Oth. Nay, stay.—Thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a
fool,

And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is
not;

I think that thou art just, and think thou art
not.

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was
as fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or
knives,

Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with
passion.

I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iagb. And may; but how? how satisfied,
my lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on,—
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect. Damn them
then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? How
then?

What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,

Were they as prime as goats, as hot as mon-
keys,

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross

As ignorance made drunk: but yet, I say,

If imputation, and strong circumstances,

Which lead directly to the door of truth,

Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's dis-
loyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,

Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:

One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say,—“Sweet Desde-
mona;

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!”

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my
hand,

Cry,—“O sweet creature!” and then kiss
me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,

That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg

Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and
then

Cried,—“Cursed fate, that gave thee to the
Moor!”

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a
dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other
proofs,

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see no-
thing done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this :
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one : 't was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a handkerchief

(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives !

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago ;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :
'T is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate ! Swell, bosom, with thy
fraught,

For 't is of aspics' tongues !

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood !

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind perhaps
may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont :
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent
pace,

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up.—[*Kneeling.*] Now, by yond
marble heaven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.—[*Kneeling.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above !
You elements that clip us round about !
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service ! Let him com-
mand,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to 't :
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 't is done at your
request :

But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O,
damn her !

Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my
lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant
Cassio lies ?

Clo. I dare not say he lies anywhere.

Des. Why, man ?

Clo. He is a soldier ; and for one to say a
soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to. Where lodges he ?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell
you where I lie.

Des. Can anything be made of this ?

Clo. I know not where he lodges ; and for
me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or
he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edi-
fied by report ?

Clo. I will catechise the world for him ;
that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him ; bid him come hither ; tell
him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and,
hope, all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of
man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt the
doing it. [*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose that handker-
chief, Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost
my purse

Full of cruzadoes ; and but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who ? he ! I think the sun, where he
was born,

Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—

Enter OTHELLO.

How is 't with you, my lord ?

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O,
hardness to dissemble !—

How do you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart :

Hot, hot, and moist : this hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout ;
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : the hearts of old gave hands ;

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me.

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That 's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people : she told her, while
she kept it,

'T would make her amiable, and subdue my
father

Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should
hunt

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me ;
And bid me, when my fate would have me
wived,

To give it her. I did so : and take heed on 't ;
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;
To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match. .

Des. Is 't possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true : there 's magic in the web
of it.

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the
silk,

And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is 't true ?

Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to 't
well.

Des. Then would to Heaven that I had
never seen 't.

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and
rash ?

Oth. Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is it out
o' the way ?

Des. Heaven bless us !

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost ; but what an if it were ?

Oth. How ?

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir ; but I will not now.
This is a trick, to put me from my suit :
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief : my mind
misgives.

Des. Come, come ;

You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love ;
Shar'd dangers with you ;—

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away ! [Exit.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous ?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there 's some wonder in this handker-
chief :

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a
man :

They are all but stomachs, and we all but
food ;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.—Look you ! Cassio, and my
husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way ; 'tis she must
do 't :

And, lo, the happiness ! go, and importune
her.

Des. How now, good Cassio ? what 's the
news with you ?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech
you,

That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, 121
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know
him,

Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified, 130
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech. You must awhile be
patient:

What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the
cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm 140
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet
him.

There's matter in 't, indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pry'thee, do so. [*Exit IAGO.*]
Something, sure, of state—

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd prac-
tice,

Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him—
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such
cases,

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even
so;

For let our finger ache, and it indues 150
Our other healthful members ev'n to that
sense

Of pain. Nay, we must think, men are not
gods;

Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)

Arraigning his unkindness with my soul:
But now, I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray Heaven it be state-matters, as
you think,

And no conception, nor no jealous toy, 160
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him
cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be
answer'd so;

They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a
monster

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from
Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk
hereabout:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit, 170
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your
house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging,
Cassio.

What! keep a week away? seven days and
nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent
hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca; 180

I have this while with leaden thoughts been
press'd;

But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet
Bianca,

[*Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause.

Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are
jealous now,

That this is from some mistress, some remem-
brance: 190

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither: I found it in my
chamber.

I like the work well: ere it be demanded

(As like enough it will), I'd have it copied:

Take it, and do't; and leave me for this
time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little; ³⁰¹
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring
you,

For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circum-
stanc'd. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What!

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoris'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend a-bed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked a-bed, Iago, and not mean
harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
Heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,— ¹⁰⁴

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 't is hers, my lord; and,
being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not
seen;

They have it very oft, they have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By Heaven, I would most gladly have
forgot it. ¹⁰

Thou saidst,—O! it comes o'er my memory,
As dost the raven o'er the infectious house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him
do you wrong?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who, having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot chose
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said anything?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but, be you well
assur'd, ³⁰
No more than he'll unsweat.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did—I know not what
he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say,
lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with
her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confes-
sions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be
hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged,
and then to confess:—I tremble at it.
Nature would not invest herself in such
shadowing passion, without some instruction.
It is not words, that shakes me thus.—
Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips.—Is it possible?
—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!— ⁴⁸
[Falls in a trance.]

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my
lord!

My lord, I say! Othello!—

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy: ³⁰
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear.

The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by-and-by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit CASSIO.]

How is it, general? have you hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by Heaven.
'Would you would bear your fortune like a
man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those improper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.

O! 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O! thou art wise; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief

(A passion most unsuited such a man),
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;

The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. — Marry, patience;

Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago? I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTHELLO withdraws.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,

That dotes on Cassio, as 't is the strumpets' plague,

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. — Here he comes. —

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour

Quite in the wrong. — How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,

Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Degdemona well, and you are sure on 't.

[*Speaking lower.*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dower,

How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. [*Aside.*] Look, how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, 'i faith, she loves me.

Oth. [*Aside.*] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. [*Aside.*] Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*Aside.*] Do you triumph, Roman! do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her! — what! a customer? I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*Aside.*] So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her. —

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. [*Aside.*] Have you scored me? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. [*Aside.*] Iago beckons me, now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble; and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck; —

Oth. [*Aside.*] Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*Aside.*] Now he tells, how she plucked

him to my chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one. 140

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work!—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There, give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now! 160

Oth. [*Aside.*] By Heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you. 171

Cas. Prythee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Oth. [*Advancing.*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman! 183

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way. 190

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is.—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable

musician! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O! a thousand, a thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago! the pity of it, Iago! 200

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend: for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!

Iago. O! 't is foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again.—This night, Iago. 210

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

[*A trumpet within.*]
Oth. Excellent, good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico, Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. God save the worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Giving him a packet.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. 221

[*Opens the packet, and reads.*]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior: Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?
Oth. [Reading.] "This fail you not to do, as you will"—
Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
 Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
 To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What! is he angry?
Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
 For, as I think, they do command him home,
 Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. Trust me I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed?
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. How, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! [Striking her.
Des. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd
 in Venice,
 Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very
 much:
 Make her amends, she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
 If that the earth could teem with woman's
 tears,
 Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
 Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay to offend you.
 [Going.
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady.—
 I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress!
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make
 her turn:
 Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
 And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
 And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,—
 Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
 Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!
 I am commanded home.—Get you away;
 I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the
 mandate,
 And will return to Venice. — Hence!
 avaunt! — [Exit DESDEMONA.
 Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-
 night,
 I do entreat that we may sup together:
 You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and
 monkeys! [Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our
 full senate
 Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature
 Whom passion could not shake? whose solid
 virtue
 The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
 Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of
 brain?
Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe
 my censure.
 What he might be,—if, what he might, he is
 not,—
 I would to Heaven, he were!
Lod. What! strike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet
 'would I knew,
 That stroke would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his use?
 Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
 It is not honesty in me, to speak
 What I have seen and known. You shall
 observe him,
 And his own courses will denote him so,
 That I may save my speech. Do but go
 after,
 And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.
 [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?
Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did sus-
 pect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she to-
 gether.
Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then
 I heard
 Each syllable that breath made up between
 them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her
 mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is
 honest,
 Lay down my soul at stake: if you think
 other,

Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse.

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—

[*Exit EMILIA.*]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,

A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes:
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [To *EMILIA*.] Some of your function,
mistress;

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry hem, if anybody come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.
[*Exit EMILIA.*]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double-damn'd;

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?

Oth. Ah, Desdemona!—away, away, away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth.

Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me
The fixed figure, for the time of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at,—
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion

there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed?

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—would thou

hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

Made to write whore upon? What committed?

Committed!—O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon

winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not bear it. What committed?—

Des. By Heaven, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,

From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.
Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, Heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,



F. DICKSEE, *Paint.*

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

Des. Upon my knees what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words
But not the words.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you :

We have done our course ; there's money for
your pains.

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our
counsel. *[Exit.*

Emil. Alas ! what does this gentleman
conceive ?—

How do you, madam ? how do you, my good
lady ?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter
with my lord ?

Des. With who ?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam. 100

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none : do not talk to me,

Emilia :

I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,

But what should go by water. Prythee, to-
night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remem-
ber ;—

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change, indeed !
[Exit.

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very
meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse ?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ?
How is't with you ? 110

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach
young babes,

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks :

He might have chid me so ; for, in good
faith,

I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd
her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon
her,

As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I
was.

Emil. He call'd her whore : a beggar in
his drink 120

Could not have laid such terms upon his
callat.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I am sure, I am none
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas
the day !

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble
matches,

Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore ? would it not make one
weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't !
How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal
villain, 130

Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some
office,

Have not devis'd this slander ; I'll be hang'd
else.

Iago. Fie ! there is no such man : it is im-
possible.

Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon
him !

Emil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw
his bones !

Why should he call her whore ? who keeps
her company ?

What place ? what time ? what form ? what
likelihood ?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous
knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy
fellow. - - 140

O Heaven ! that such companions thou'dst
unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west !

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them ! Some such
squire he was,

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the
Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. O good Iago !
What shall I do to win my lord again ?

Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of
heaven, 150

I know not how I lost him. Here I
kneel :—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual
deed ;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form ;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, - though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life, 100
But never taint my love. I cannot say
where:

It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make
me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 't is but his
humour:

The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 't were no other,--

Iago. 'T is but so, I warrant.
[*Trumpets.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to
supper!

The messengers of Venice stay the meat. 120
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be
well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly
with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou daff'st me with some
device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me
now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than
suppliest me with the least advantage of hope.
I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am
I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what
already I have foolishly suffered. 131

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for
your words, and performances, are no kin
together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have
wasted myself out of my means. The jewels
you have had from me, to deliver to Desde-
mona, would half have corrupted a votarist:
you have told me, she hath received them, and
returned me expectations and comforts of
sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find
none. 132

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to,
man: nor 't is not very well: by this hand,
I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find
myself fopped in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 't is not very well. I

will make myself known to Desdemona: if
she will return me my jewels, I will give over
my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation;
if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction
of you. 201

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but
what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in
thee; and even, from this instant, do build
on thee a better opinion than ever before.
Give me thy hand; Roderigo: thou hast
taken against me a most just exception; but
yet, I protest I have dealt most directly in
thy affair. 210

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared,
and your suspicion is not without wit and
judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that
within thee indeed, which I have greater
reason to believe now than ever,—I mean,
purpose, courage, and valour,—this night
show it: if thou the next night following en-
joyest not Desdemona, take me from this
world with treachery, and devise engines for
my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason
and compass? 221

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come
from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's
place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and
Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and
takes away with him the fair Desdemona,
unless his abode be lingered here by some ac-
cident; wherein none can be so determinate,
as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing him? 230

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of
Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay: if you dare do yourself a profit,
and a right. He sups to-night with a har-
lotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows
not yet of his honourable fortune. If you
will watch his going thence (which I will
fashion to fall out between twelve and one),
you may take him at your pleasure: I will
be near to second your attempt, and he shall
fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at
it, but go along with me; I will show you
such a necessity in his death, that you shall
think yourself bound to put it on him. It is
now high supper-time, and the night grows to
waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]



Drawn by C. GREGORY.

Engraved by F. BURR.

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

Othello. Why, what art thou?

Desdemona. Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.

"OTHELLO," Act IV., Scene II.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA,
EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O! pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

O!—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exit* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent; He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me.

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—

Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one.—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:

She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,

And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow;

An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,

And she died singing it: that song, to-night, Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,

But to go hang my head all at one side,

And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. [*Singing.*] *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree;*

Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee;

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murrur'd her moans

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Lay by these.—

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Pr'ythee, hie thee: he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland, Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow

If I court mee women, you'll couch with mee men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch

Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light: I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 't is a great price

For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should, and undo 't when I had done. Marry; I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the

whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong

For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage,

As would store the world they played for. But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults, If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps; Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite: Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,

Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,

And have their palates, both for sweet and sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do,

When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think, it is. And doth affection breed it?

I think, it doth. Is 't frailty, that thus errs?

It is so too. And have not we affections,

Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?

Then, let them use us well; else let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home. Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that, And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. [*Retires.*]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed; And yet he has given me satisfying reasons.—'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

10

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo, He calls me to a restitution large Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him, As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain, He hath a daily beauty in his life, That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor May unfold me to him: there stand I in much peril.

21

No, he must die:—but, so I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait; 't is he.—Villain, thou diest.

[*Rushing out, and making a pass at CASSIO.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st: I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.*]

Rod. O, I am slain!

[*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.*]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever.—Help, ho! murder! murder!

[*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

23

Oth. 'T is he.—O brave Iago, honest, and just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!

Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,

And your unblest fate hies:—strumpet, I come!

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood
be spotted. [Exit.]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage?
murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very
direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans.—It is a heavy
night!

These may be counterfeits; let's think 't un-
safe

To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to
death.

Lod. Hark!

Re-enter IAGO, with a light.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with
light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this,
that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for Heaven's sake, help
me!

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant
fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so
grievously?

Cas. Iago? O! I am spoil'd, undone by
villains:

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have
done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.] What are you
there? come in, and give some help.

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[Stabs RODERIGO.]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be
these bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder!
murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or
evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio
hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is 't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't
that cried?

Iago. Who is 't that cried?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may
you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled
you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have
been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a
chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas! he faints.—O Cassio, Cassio,
Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come.
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure. O Heaven!
Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle
pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my man-
ners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a
chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 't is he.—[A chair brought in.]
O! that's well said;—the chair.—

Some good man bear him carefully from
hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—[To BIANCA.]

For you, mistress,
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain
here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend. What malice was be-
tween you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know
the man.

Iago. [To *BIANCA*.] What, look you pale?
—O, bear him out o' the air.—

[*CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne off.*

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will
speak,

Though tongues were out of use. 110

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las! what's the matter? what's
the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the
dark

By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd.
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good
Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring.—Pr'y-
thee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
What! do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I there-
fore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with
me. 120

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as
honest,

As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor
Cassio dress'd.—

Come, mistress, you must tell's another
tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on afore?—[*Aside.*] This is the
night,

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber.

DESDEMONA in bed asleep. A light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my
soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more
men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy
light, 10

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have
pluck'd thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the
tree.— [Kissing her.]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one
more.—

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill
thee,

And love thee after.—One more, and this the
last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's
heavenly;

It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord! what may you mean
by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk
by: 30

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forbid!—I would not kill thy
soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, Heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill
me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal
then,

When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear,
I know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I
fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest. 40

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for
loving.—

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd
and gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul!

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury: thou art on thy death
bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath

Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong concep-
tion,

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never
did

Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warrant of Heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief
in's hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice: •
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No; his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O, my fear interprets.—What, is he
dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for
him to my face?

Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour!

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smother's her.*]

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what,
ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this!—Not dead?
not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.

Emil. [*Within.*] What, ho! my lord, my
lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord! I
would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'t is Emilia:—by-and-by.—
She's dead.—

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving!
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in?
Were't good?—

I think she stirs again:—no.—What's best
to do?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no
wife:

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted
globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you, I may
speak with you.

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee. O! come in,
Emilia.—

Soft,—by-and-by:—let me the curtains
draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with
thee now? [*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, my good lord! yonder's foul
murder done.

Oth. What! now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was
wont,

And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young
Venetian,
Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No; Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's
out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what? 121

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:-

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again! Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself: farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell! [Dies.]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth. 131

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell: 'T was I that kill'd her.

Emil. O! the more angel she, And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband! else. 139

O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell, But that I did proceed upon just grounds To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If Heaven would make me such another world Of one entire and perfect chrysolite, I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me first: An honest man he is, and hates the slime That sticks on filthy deeds. 151

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress! villainy hath made mocks with love.—

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman; I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven, Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace! you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,— I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!

The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder! 170

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Emil. O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:

He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false.

I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false? 181

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;

Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.—

She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak.

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forbend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on. 191

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'T is a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy! villainy! villainy! I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't:—O villainy!

I thought so then :—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What! are you mad? I charge you,
get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave
to speak:.

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home. ²⁰⁰

Oth. O! O! O! *[Falling on the bed.]*

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. *[Rising.]* O! she was foul.—
I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies
your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd.

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemon! I am glad thy
father's dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live
now,

This sight would make him do a desperate
turn, ²¹⁰

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed: Cassio confess'd
it;

And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognisance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother. ²²⁰

Emil. O Heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'T will out, 't will out:—I hold my
peace, sir? no;

No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
Let Heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[IAGO offers to stab his wife.]

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief
thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness, ²³⁰
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found
it,

And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emil. By Heaven, I do not; I do not,
gentlemen.—

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a
fool

Do with so good a wife?

[IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.]

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious
villain!

Gra. The woman falls: sure, he hath kill'd
his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress'
side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you
this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without: let him not
pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same
villain,

For't is a damned slave. *[Exit.]*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.

But why should honour outlive honesty?

Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the
swan, ²⁵⁰

And die in music. *[Singing.] Willow, wil-*
low, willow.—

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel
Moor:

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. *[Dies.]*

Oth. I have another weapon in this cham-
ber;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.
O! here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee
dear:

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must
suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak
with me, ²⁶⁰

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impedi-
ments

Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain
boast!

Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.—

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd:

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail. 271
Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.—Where should Othello
go?—

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd
wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at
court,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from
heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
girl!

Even like thy chastity. 279

O, cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! dead, Desdemona! dead! O!

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in
a chair, and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most un-
fortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello;—here I
am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the
villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but
that's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*Wounds IAGO.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee
live; 281

For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello! that wert once so
good,

Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, anything:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confessed his
villainy:

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay. 300

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and
body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you
know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What! not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath
befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a
letter, 310

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook

By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented
paper,

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned
villain

But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff!—

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:

And he himself confess'd, but even now, 323
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him, 330
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go
with us:

Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him
long,

It shall be his. You shall close prisoner
rest,

Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him
away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you
go. 340

I have done the state some service, and they
know

No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of 'me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must
you speak

Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away.

Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose sub-
du'd eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood, • 351
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down
this ;

And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian ; and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. • [Stabs himself.

Lod. O bloody period !

Gra. All this's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee :—no
way but this,

[Falling upon DESDEMONA.
Killing myself to die upon a kiss. [Dies.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had
no weapon ; 352

For he was great of heart.

Lod. [To IAGO.] O Spartan dog !
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !
Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;
This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord
governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;
The time, the place, the torture :—O, enforce
it ! 371

Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[Exeunt.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-
worled

A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice ac-
corded,

And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and
rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime
it saw

The carcass of a beauty spent and done :
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of Heaven's
fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd
age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what content it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage
ride,

As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime, diverted, their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do ex-
tend

Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd
hat,

Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still bid bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from
thence,

Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess
begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the
flood;

Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and
damned here."

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied,
Which may her suffering ecstacy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you be-
hold

The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power;
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Fresh to myself, if, I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit,—it was to gain my grace,—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,⁸⁰
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face.
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her
place;

And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked
curls,

And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the
mind;

For on his visage was in little drawn,⁹⁰
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin:
His phoenix down began but to appear.
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to
wear;

Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear,
And nice affections wavering stool in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tong'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though
they be.

His rudeness so, with his authoris'd youth,
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

"Well could he ride, and often men would
say,

"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course,
what stop he makes!"

And controversy hence a question takes,¹¹⁰
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

"But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their
place,

Came for additions, yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by
him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue¹²⁰
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter
weep,

He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

"That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he
haunted:¹³⁰

Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have
granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills
obey.

"Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought
assign'd

And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow
them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe
them.

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple (not in part),
What with his art in youth, and youth in
art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my
flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor, being desired, yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,¹⁵
With safest distance I mine honour shielded
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the
foil
Of this false jewel; and his amorous spoil.

"But, ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay!
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen¹⁶⁰
By blunting us to make our wits more
keen.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon other's proof ;
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry, 'It is thy
last.'

"For further I could say, 'This man's un-
true,'
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling ;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards
grew, 171
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;
Thought characters, and words, merely but
art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling
pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid :
'That's to ye sworn, to none was ever said ;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto, 181
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

"All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;
Love made them not : with acture they may
be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind :
They sought their shame that so their shame
did find,
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"Among the many that mine eyes have
seen, 190
Not one whose flame my heart so much as
warn'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd :
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was
harm'd ;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was
free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies
sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;
Figuring that they their passions likewise
lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood 200
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;

Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"And, lo ! behold these talents of their
hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd),
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality."

"The diamond, why, 't was beautiful and
hard, 211
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend ;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
The heaven-hued sapphire, and the opal
blend
With objects manifold : each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or mad : some

"Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them
not, 220
But yield them up where I myself must
render ;

"That is, to you, my origin and ender :
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"O ! then advance of yours that phraseless
hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of
praise ;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did
raise ;
What me, your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you ; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums. 231

"Lo ! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note ;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms
dote :
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence re-
move,
To spend her living in eternal love.

"But O, my sweet ! what labour is't to
leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives ? 241

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Paling the place which did no form receive ;
Playing patient sports in unconstrained
gyves ?

She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her
might.

“ ‘ O, pardon me, in that my boast is true !
The accident which brought me to her eye,*
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly ;
Religious love put out religion's eye :
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

“ ‘ How mighty then you are, O, hear me
tell !

The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my
well,

And mine I pour your ocean all among :
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being
strong.

Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

“ ‘ My parts had power to charm a sacred
nun,

Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes, when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.

O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor
space,

In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are
thine.

“ ‘ When thou impresses, what are precepts
worth

Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred,
fame !

Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst
sense, 'gainst shame ;

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it
bears,

The alpes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

“ ‘ Now, all these hearts that do on mine
depend,

Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they
pine,

And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst
mine,

Lending soft audience to my sweet design,

And credent soul to that strong-bonded
oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.' 290

“ This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were lovell'd on my
face ;

Each cheek a river running from a fount .
With brinish current downward flow'd apace.
O, how the channel to the stream gave
grace !

Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing
roses

That flame through water which their hue
encloses.

“ O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear !

But with the inundation of the eyes 290

What rocky heart to water will not wear ?

What breast so cold that is not warmed
here ?

O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extinture
hath !

“ For, lo ! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears ;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd ;

Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears :

Appear to him, as he to me appears,

All melting ; though our drops this difference
bore, 300

His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

“ In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and
leaves,

In either's aptness, as it best deceives
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white, and swoon at tragic
shows :

“ That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim, 310
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would
maim :

Against the thing he sought he would
exclaim ;

When he most burn'd in heart-wished luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold
chastity.

“ Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd :

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

That the unexperient gave the tempter
place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so
lover'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make,
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye!
O, that false fire, which in his cheek so glow'd!
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly!
O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestow'd?
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!"

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